

"Consistently fun
and engaging."

- Newsarama

BLACK CAT



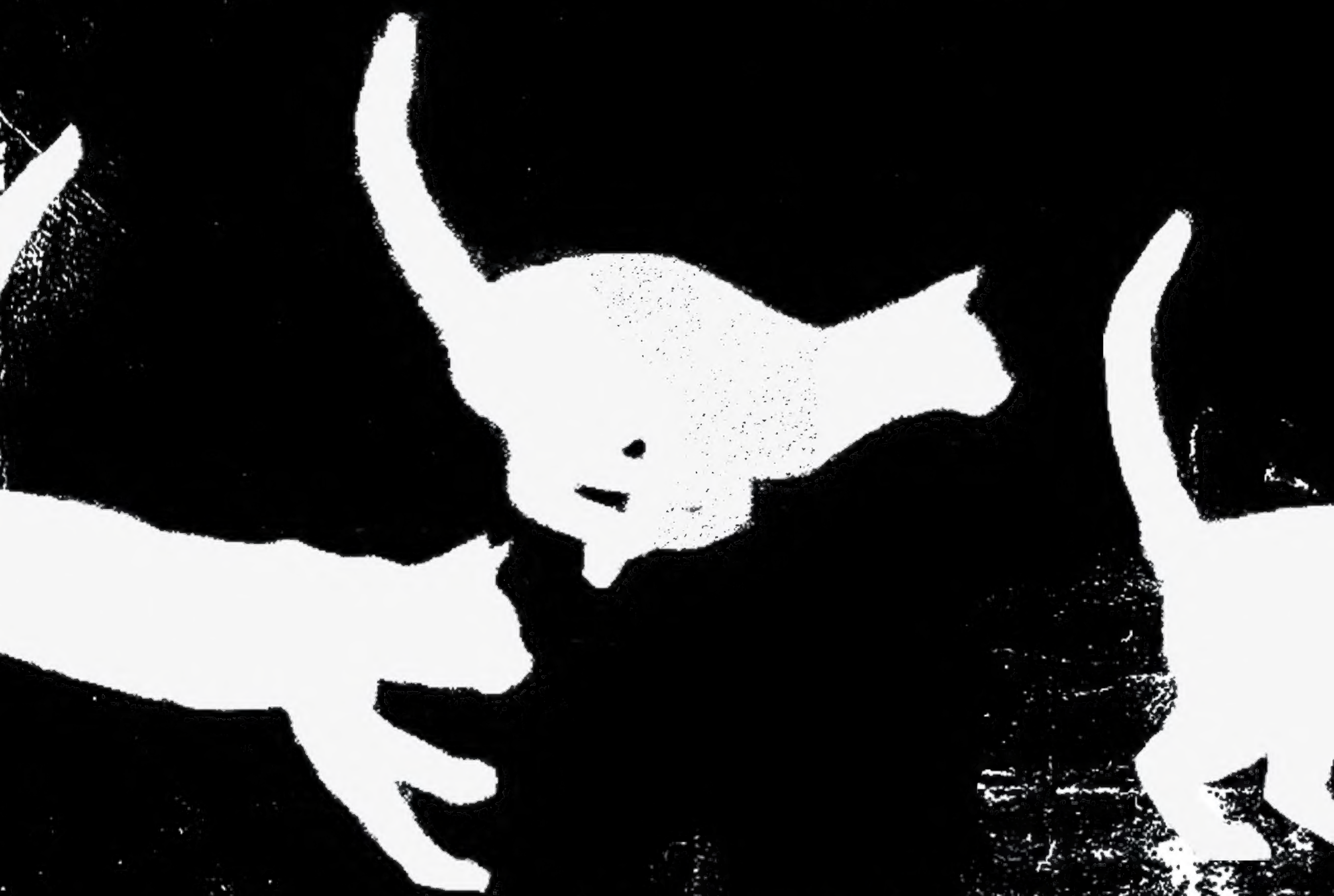
MAC KAY
VILLA
VAZQUEZ
BUSTOS
GEDEON
REBER

ALL DRESSED UP

MARVEL

BLACK CAT

ALL DRESSED UP





BLACK CAT

ALL DRESSED UP

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BLACK CAT #11-12

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BLACK CAT ANNUAL #1

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KATHLEEN WISNESKI

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NICK LOWE

FREE COMIC BOOK DAY 2020

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PATRICK GLEASON

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letterer

VC's CLAYTON COWLES

cover art

J. SCOTT CAMPBELL & SABINE RICH

assistant editor

KATHLEEN WISNESKI

editor

NICK LOWE



PARAMUS, NEW JERSEY.

"SO IT'S COME
TO THIS."

NEW
JERSEY.

HIDING
OUT IN NEW
JERSEY.

SNOB.

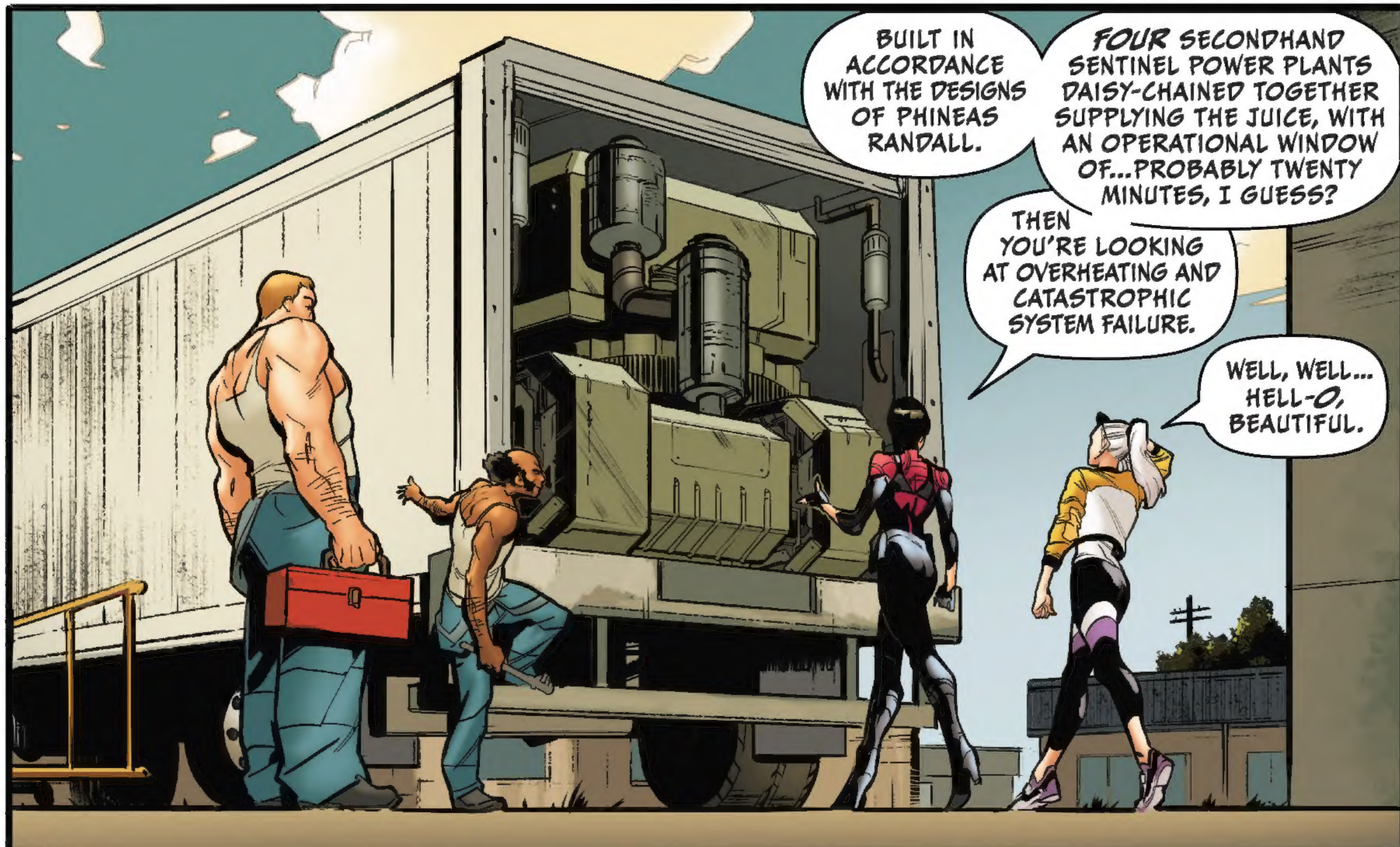
I GOT ANOTHER
PLACE, OUT IN
RED HOOK. FOR
THE **PRESTIGE**,
YOU KNOW?

BARELY WORTH
IT. LIKE MY OLD
MOTHER ALWAYS
USED TO SAY:
YOU WANT TO DO
WORK...

...YOU GO TO
NEW JERSEY.

YOU
WANTED
A RANDALL
GATE? I
BUILT YOU
A RANDALL
GATE.

ON WHEELS,
NO LESS. TRY
GETTING THAT IN
BROOKLYN.



BUILT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DESIGNS OF PHINEAS RANDALL.

FOUR SECONDHAND SENTINEL POWER PLANTS DAISY-CHAINED TOGETHER SUPPLYING THE JUICE, WITH AN OPERATIONAL WINDOW OF...PROBABLY TWENTY MINUTES, I GUESS?

THEN YOU'RE LOOKING AT OVERHEATING AND CATASTROPHIC SYSTEM FAILURE.

WELL, WELL... HELL-O, BEAUTIFUL.



SPLENDID, ISN'T IT?

IT IS. THIS IS IT, ISN'T IT?



IT IS.

OR RATHER, IT ALMOST IS.

OF COURSE.



WE HAVE THE DOOR, AND THE COORDINATES TO WHICH WE WISH OUR DOOR TO OPEN.

WE REQUIRE BUT **ONE** MORE PIECE BEFORE WE CRACK THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER AND GO DOWN IN HISTORY.

LET ME GUESS. A KEY.

PRECISELY.



PROBLEM IS, THIS IS SPECIAL STUFF, THIS KEY.

OR DIMENSIONAL RESONATOR, WHATEVER YOU LIKE. I CAN'T BUILD IT.

I DON'T HAVE THE TOOLS.

SO WHO DOES?

SHE ASKED, TERRIFIED OF THE ANSWER...

Oh...

TWO DAYS
LATER

"...NO ONE
SERIOUS."

ELODIE
GROS?

STARK
UNLIMITED

Hmm?

MR. STARK
WILL SEE YOU
NOW.

RED HAIR.

YOU GOT TO BE
KIDDING ME.

BUT OUR
RESEARCH
HAS STARK
ROMANTICALLY
LINKED WITH
TWO DIFFERENT
REDHEADS.

SO I GO RED.

HUMILIATING.

WHAT IS IT
WITH THESE
GUYS AND
REDHEADS?



TWO DAYS EARLIER.

SO WHAT'S OUR IN?

THIS IS STARK SECURITY. THE CAT BURGLAR GAG IS NOT AN OPTION HERE.



EVERY MAN HAS WEAKNESSES. WHAT ARE STARK'S?

HE'S A DRUNK, SO...THE WAGERING VICAR?

THUMP!



ISN'T HE FAMOUSLY OFF THE SAUCE? I SAW IT IN THAT HENRY HELLRUNG MOVIE.

BESIDES, WE'D NEED A BADGER FOR THE WAGERING VICAR AND I'M NOT BREAKING INTO THE ZOO AGAIN.



WOMEN!

HE'S A NOTORIOUS WOMANIZER!

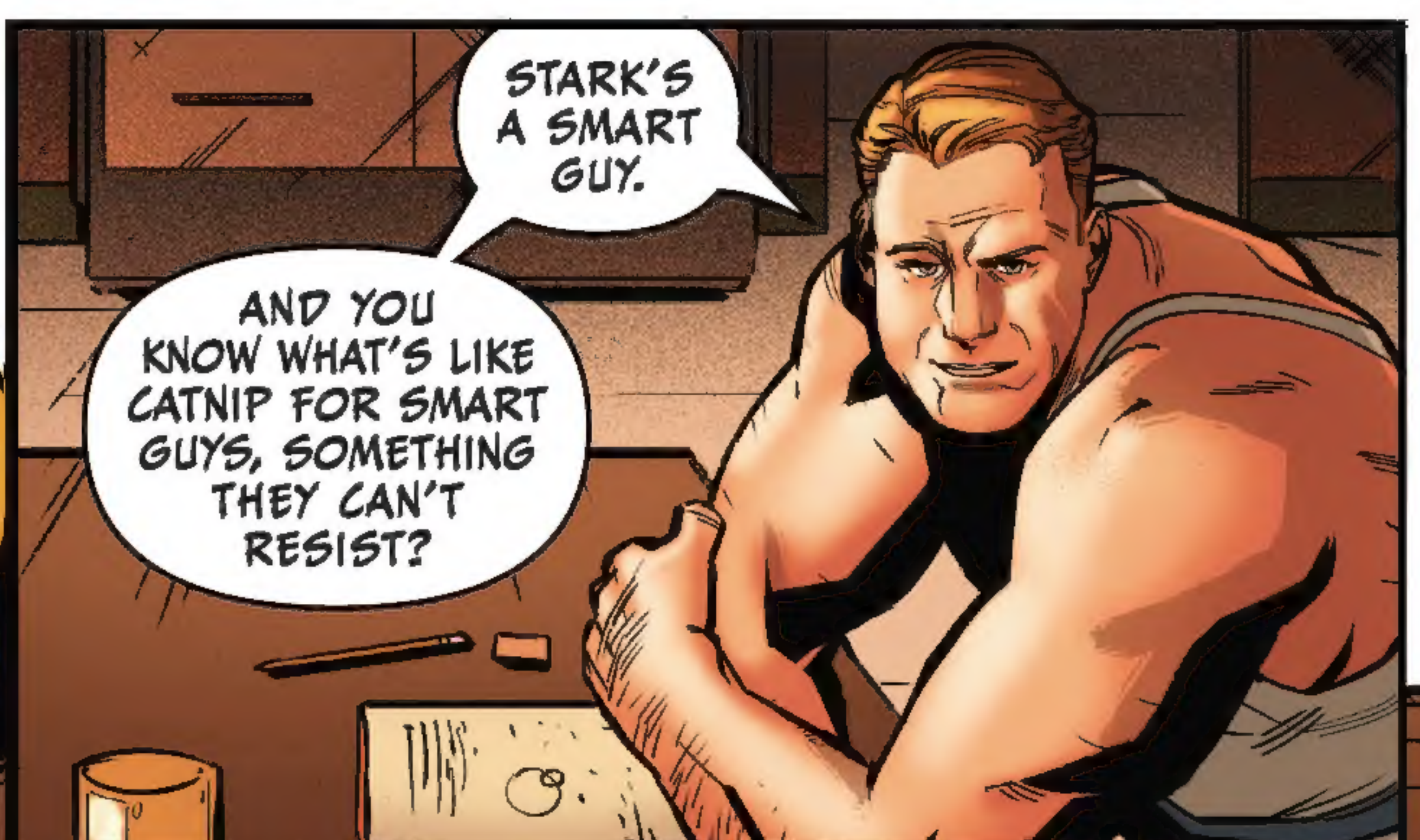
THE SEVENTEEN STEPBROTHERS IS THE ONLY PLAY.



HE'S NOT JOHNNY STORM, HE'D NEVER FALL FOR THAT ONE. THE "ADORING FLOOZY" GAG WOULD BE DEAD IN THE WATER.

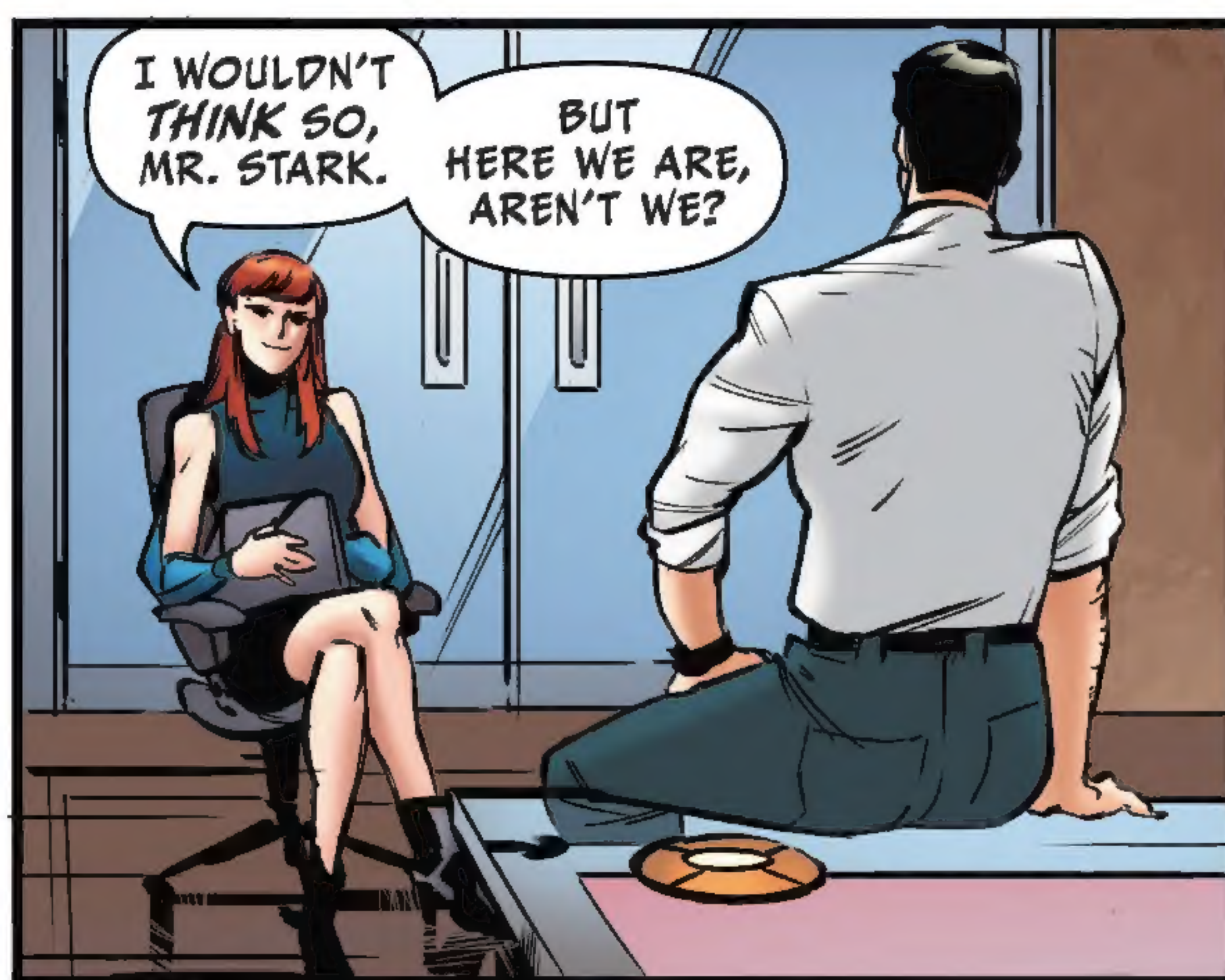
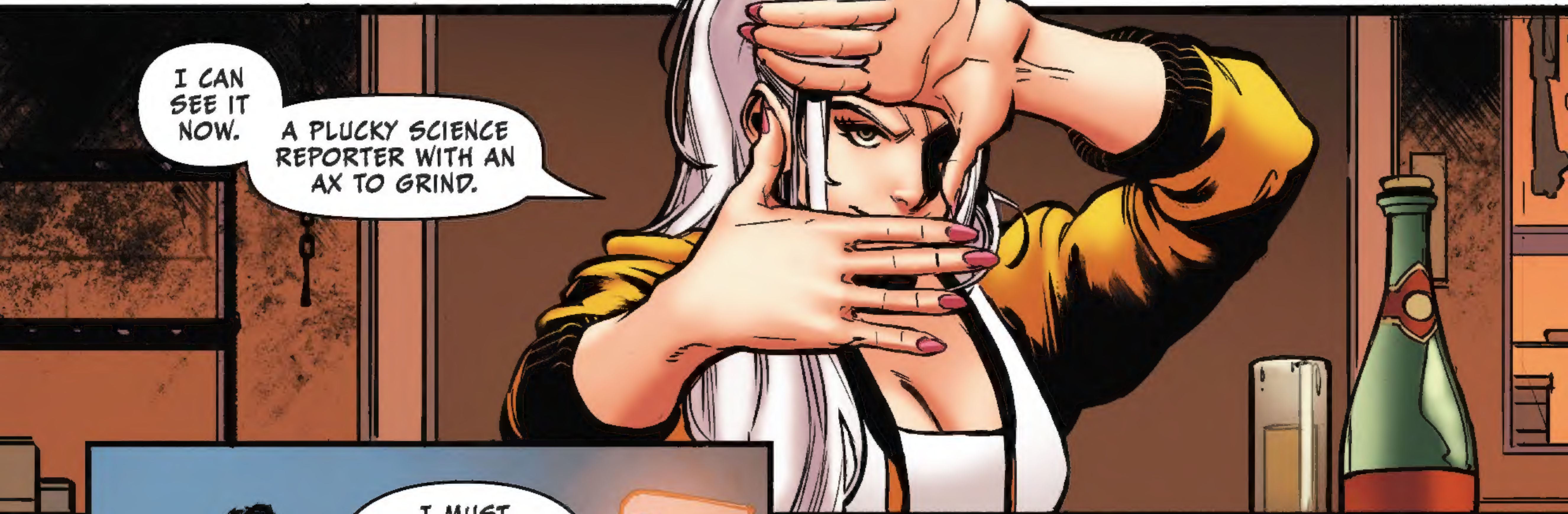
AND WHERE IN THE WORLD WOULD WE GET A TRIPLANE?

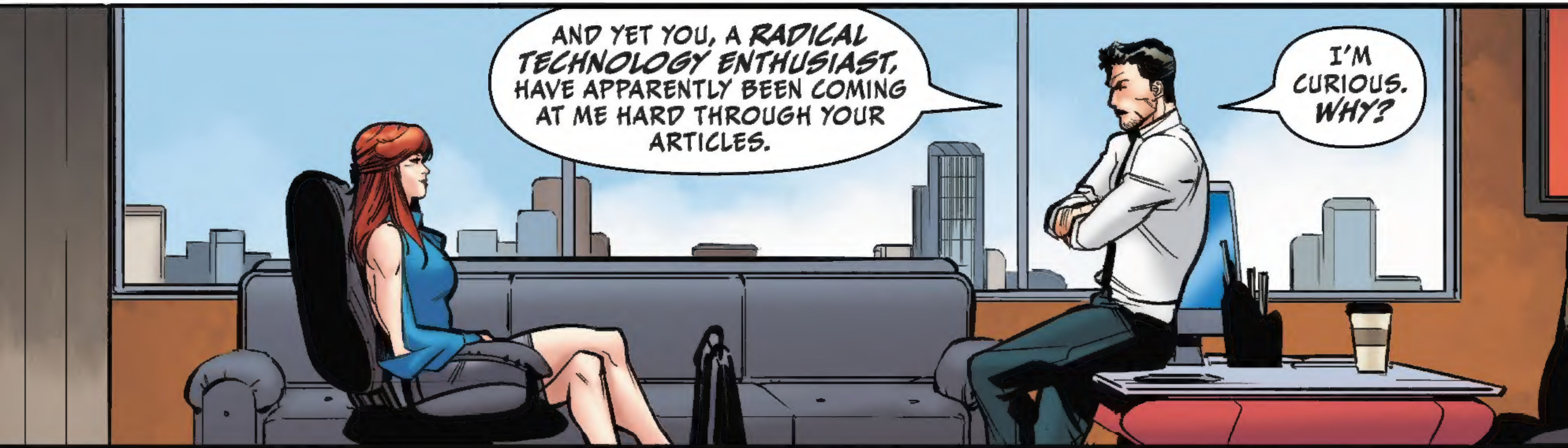
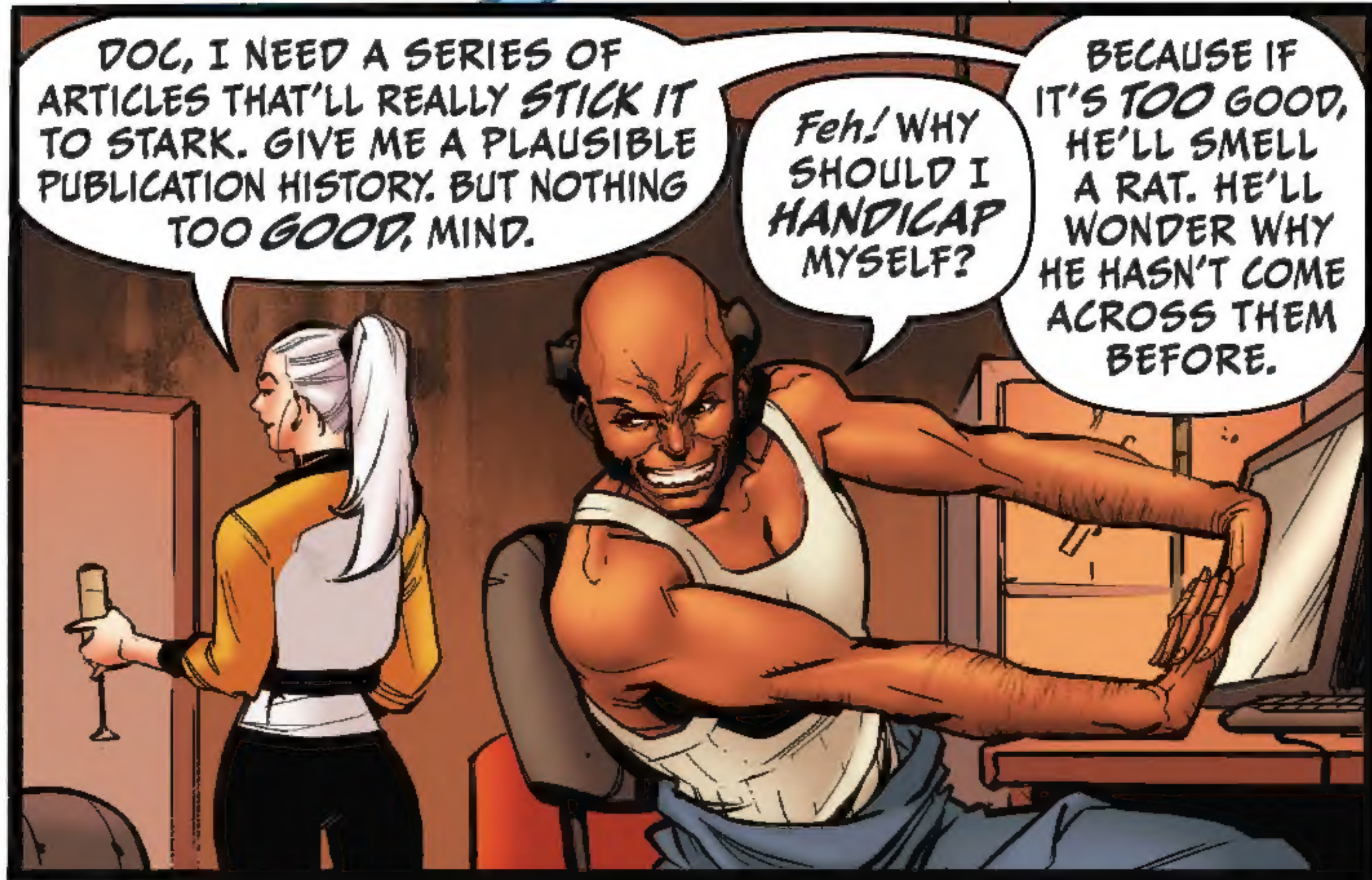
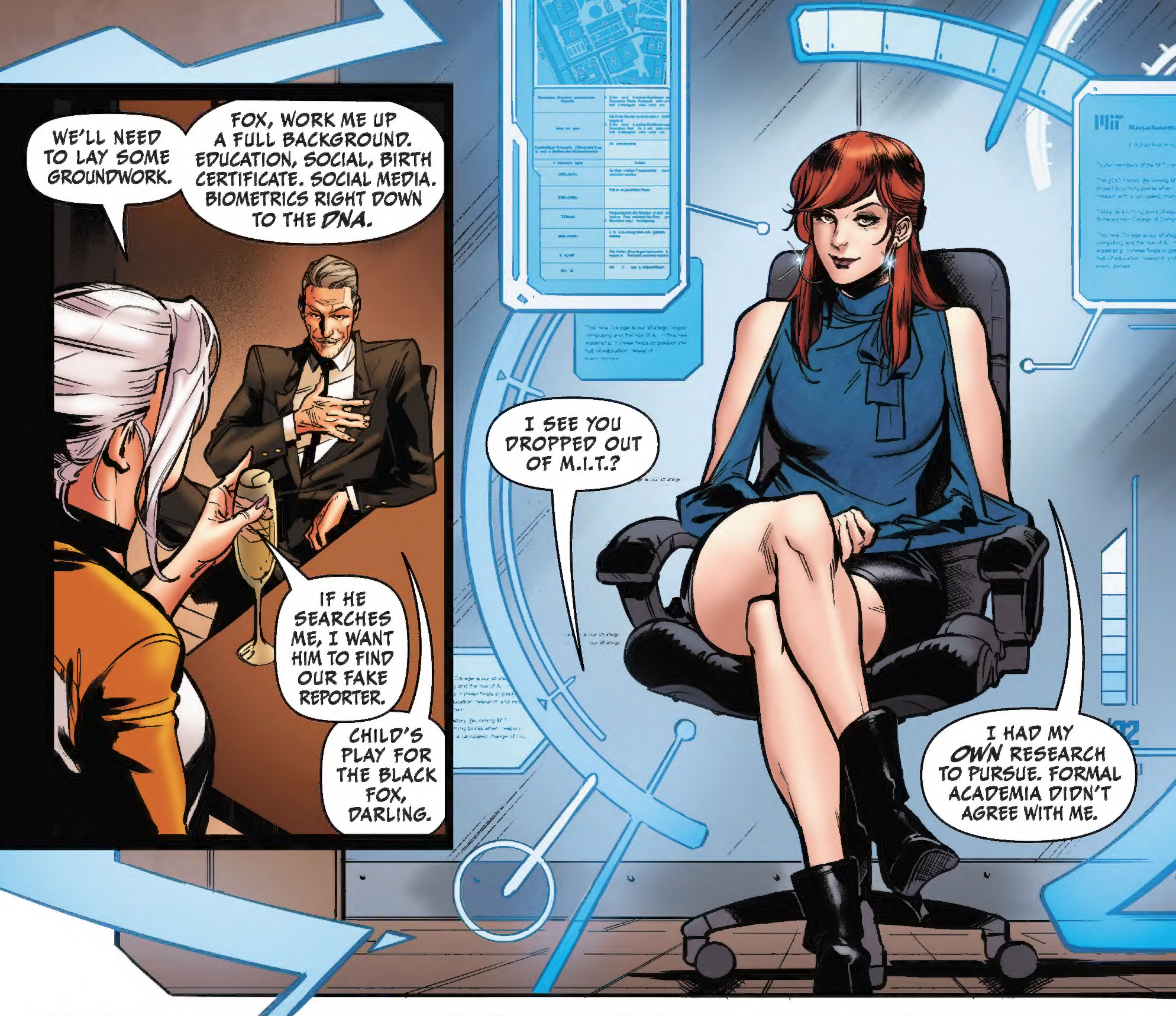
BRUNO, WHAT DO YOU GOT?



STARK'S A SMART GUY.

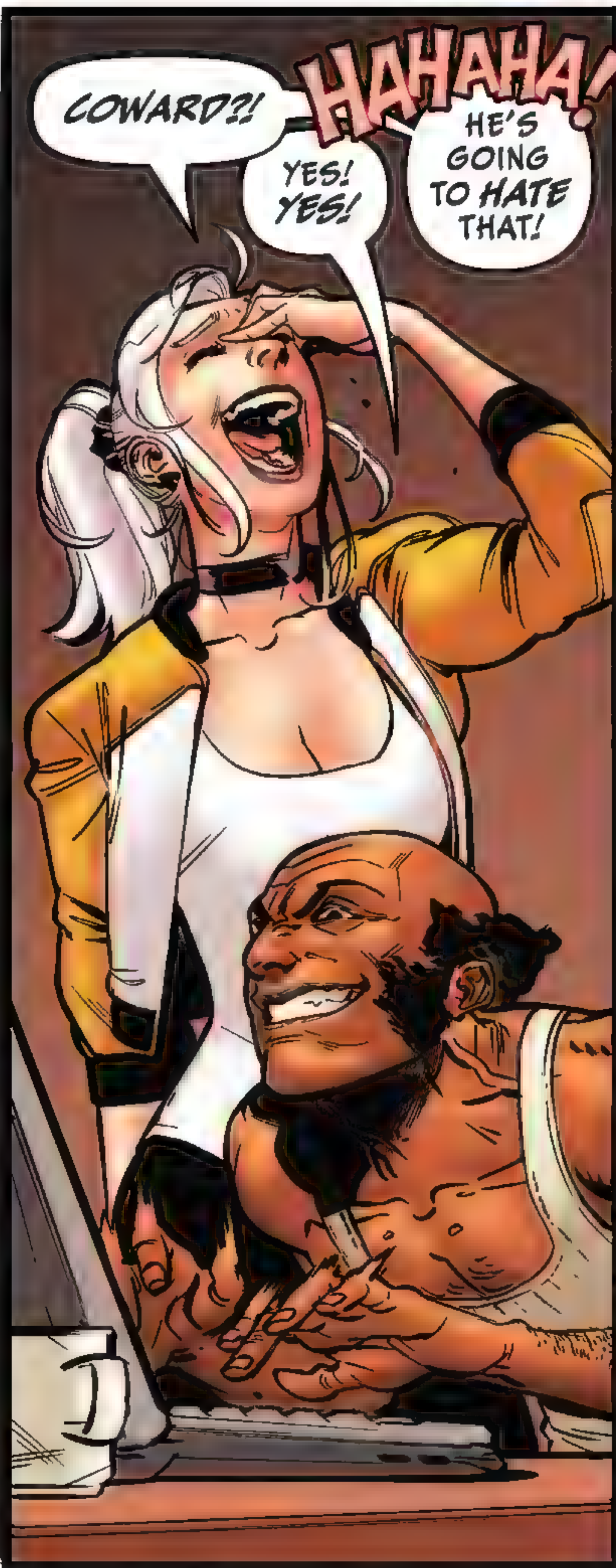
AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S LIKE CATNIP FOR SMART GUYS, SOMETHING THEY CAN'T RESIST?







IT'S
BECAUSE
YOU'RE A
COWARD.

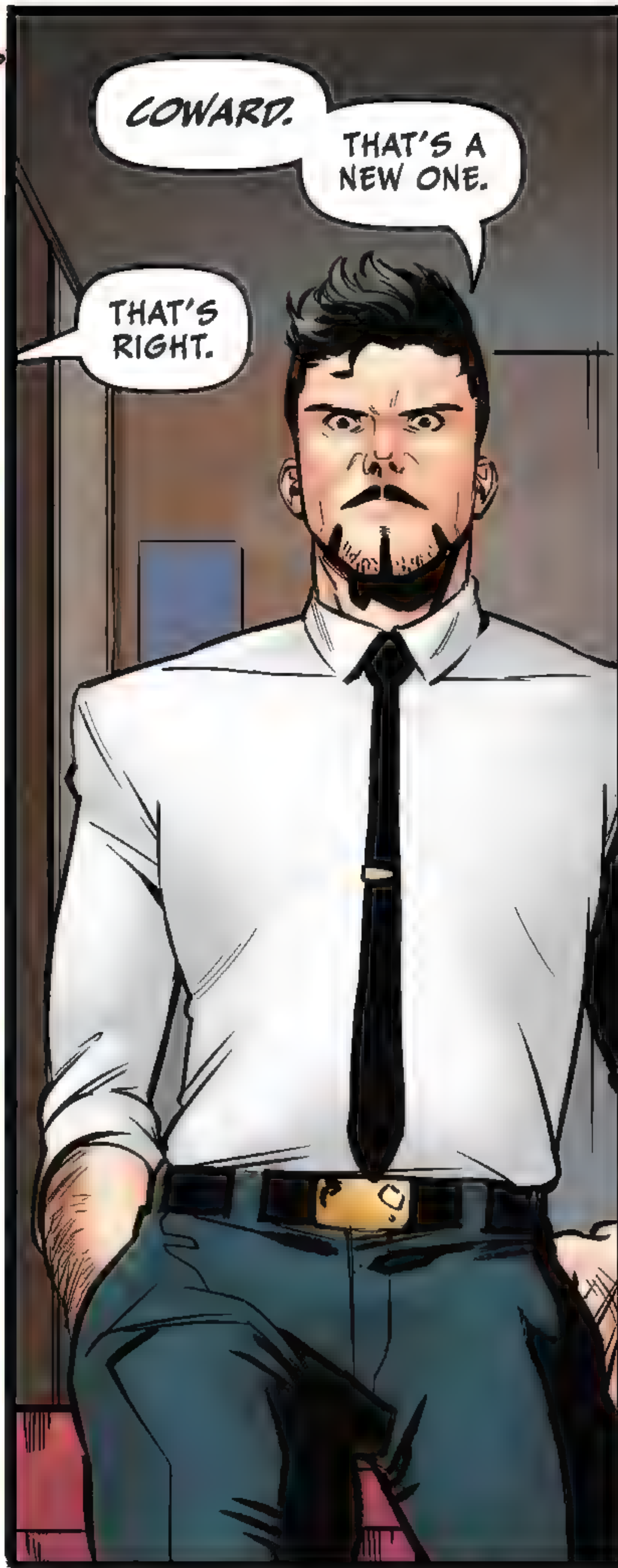


COWARD?!

YES!
YES!

HAHAHA!

HE'S
GOING
TO HATE
THAT!



COWARD.

THAT'S A
NEW ONE.

THAT'S
RIGHT.



BUT YOU KNEW
THAT, IF YOU READ
MY ARTICLES.

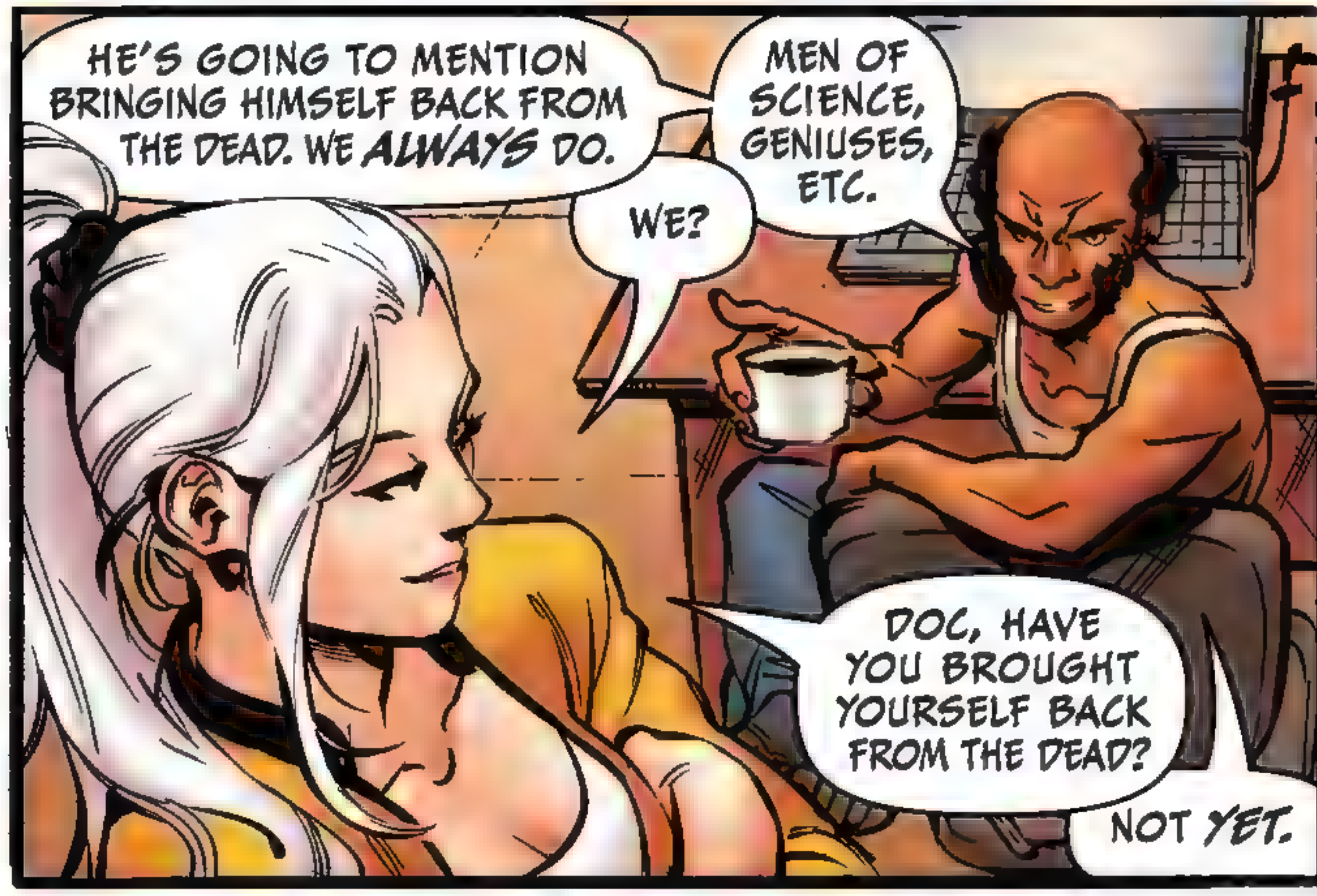
YOU HAVE A MIND LIKE
NONE OTHER. YOU HAVE
RESOURCES TO RIVAL ANY
OTHER ORGANIZATION
ON THE PLANET.



BUT YOU JUST
KEEP THINKING
SO SMALL.

SMALL?!

DID YOU
MISS THE PART
WHERE I BROUGHT
MYSELF BACK
FROM THE DEAD?



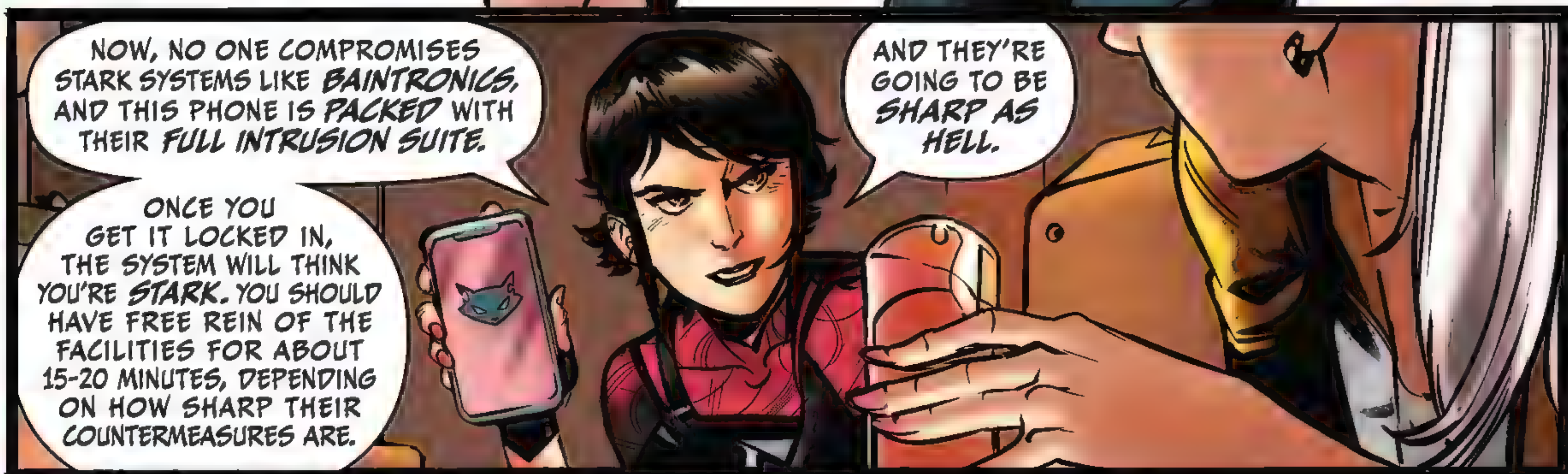
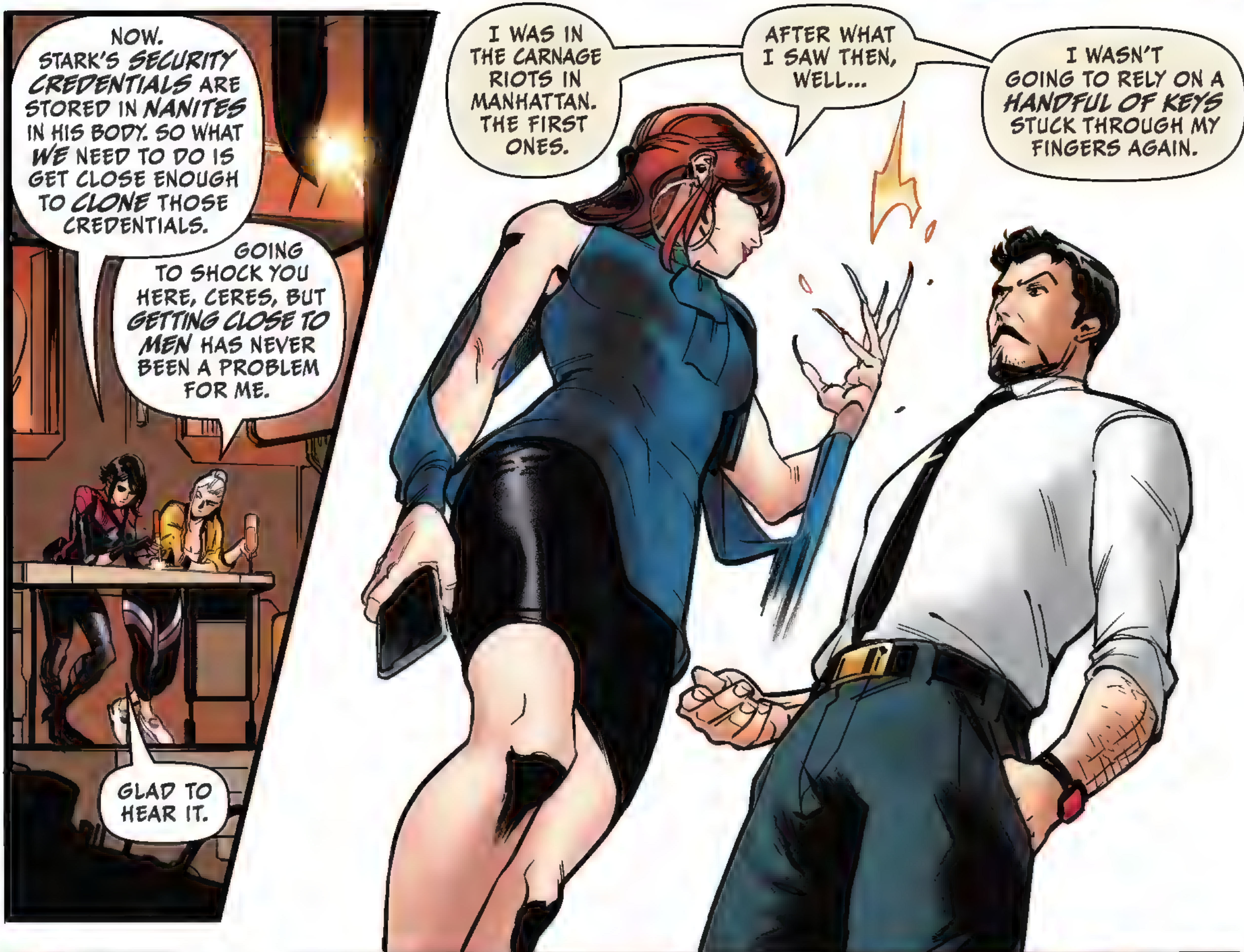
HE'S GOING TO MENTION
BRINGING HIMSELF BACK FROM
THE DEAD. WE ALWAYS DO.

MEN OF
SCIENCE,
GENIUSES,
ETC.

WE?

DOC, HAVE
YOU BROUGHT
YOURSELF BACK
FROM THE DEAD?

NOT YET.





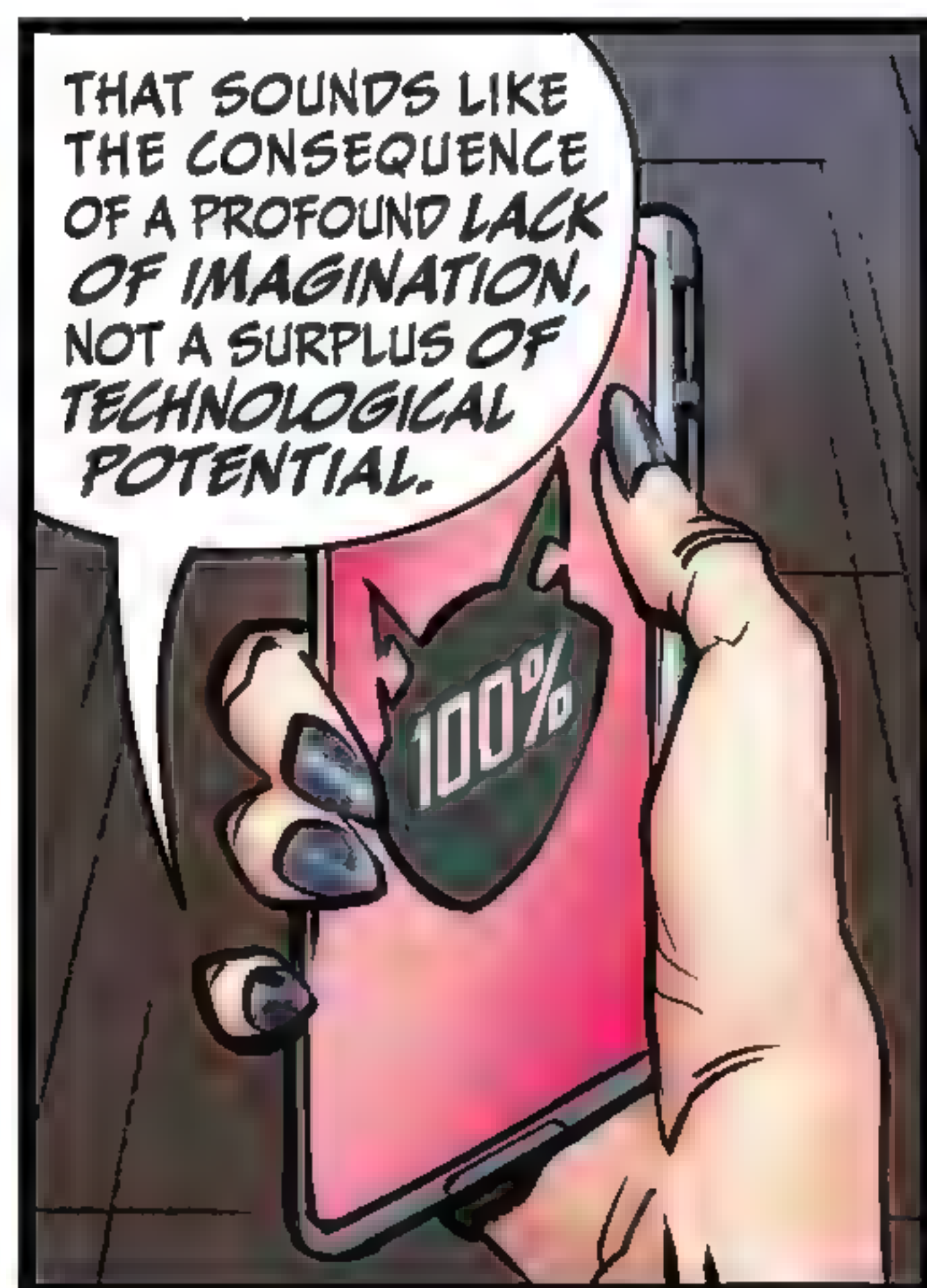
I GET IT, I *DO*. WE'RE ALL UGLY GIANT BAGS OF MOSTLY WATER. WHY *NOT* BE BETTER?

BUT IT'S NOT THAT *SIMPLE*.

THIS WORK IS EXQUISITE, BY THE WAY.



REBUILDING YOURSELF COMES WITH A WHOLE HOST OF NEW PROBLEMS... EXISTENTIAL ONES.



THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE CONSEQUENCE OF A PROFOUND LACK OF IMAGINATION, NOT A SURPLUS OF TECHNOLOGICAL POTENTIAL.



THIS RAP AIN'T GOING TO HOLD UP LONG, BOSS. IT AIN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL "PHILOSOPHICALLY COHERENT."

I ONLY NEED TO KEEP HIM ON THE HOOK LONG ENOUGH TO LOCK HIS SECURITY CREDENTIALS, BRUNO. AFTER THAT, I NEED A DISTRACTION.



STARK UNLIMITED EMPLOYEES:

WE ARE EXPERIENCING A SUPERHUMAN AGGRESSION EVENT.

PLEASE GATHER AT YOUR DESIGNATED MUSTER POINTS.

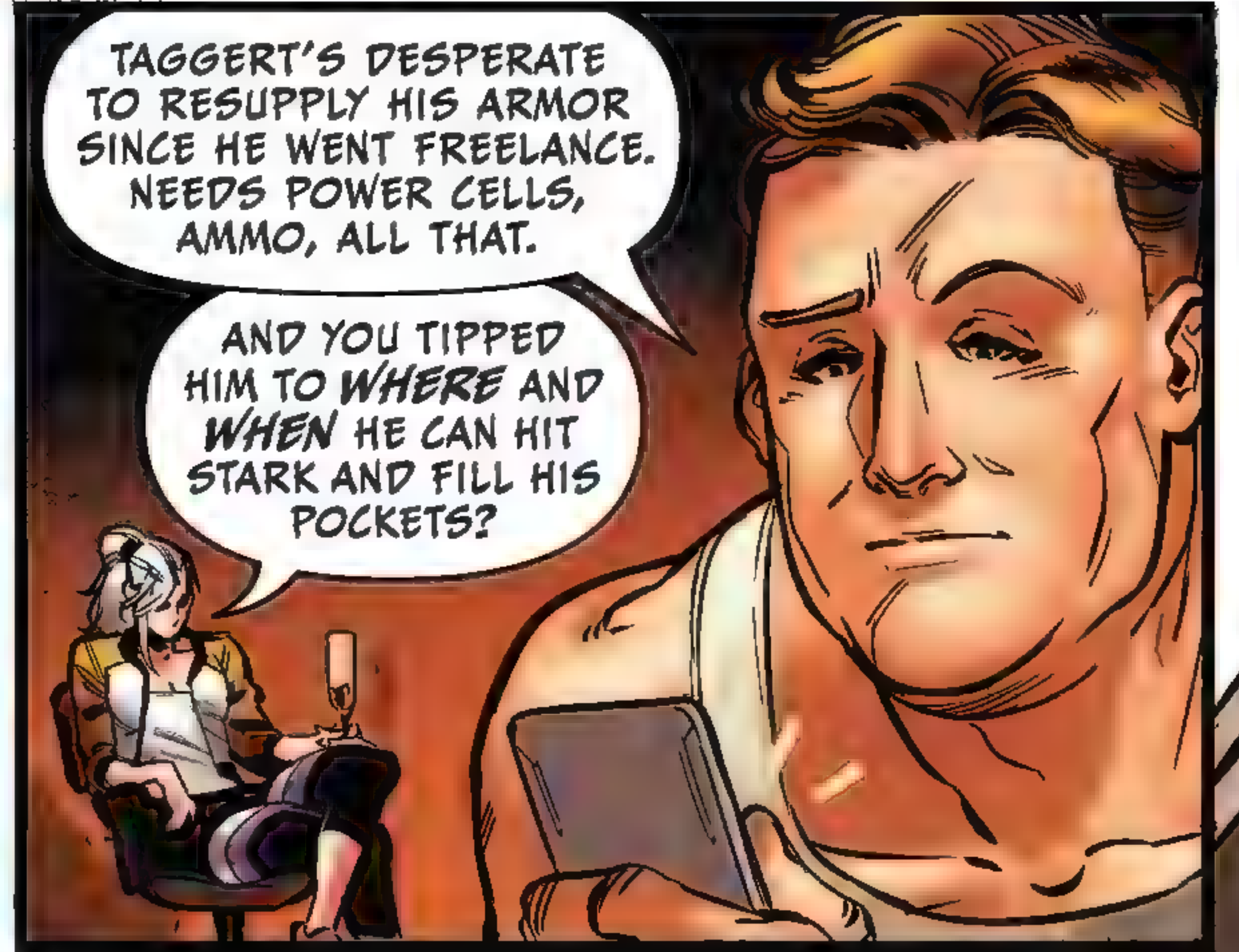
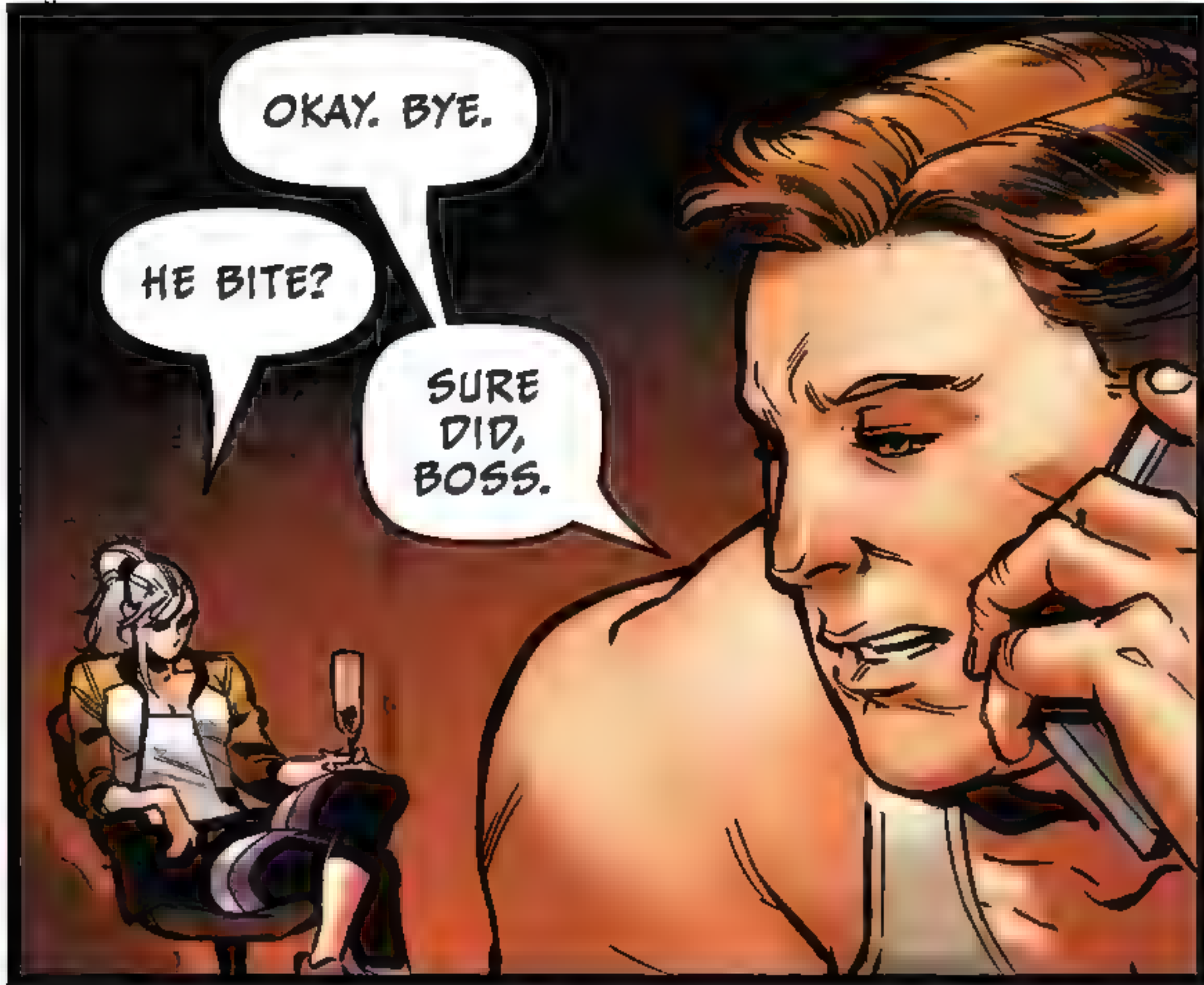
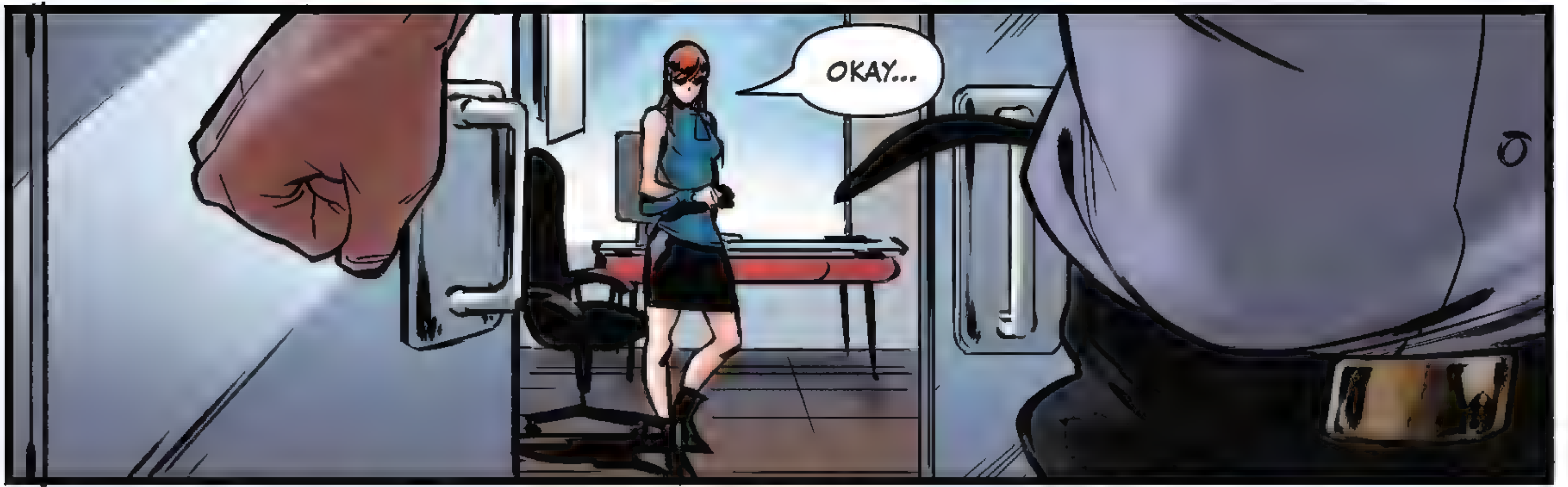
Oh, FOR...

WHAT-- WHAT IS IT?!

STAY HERE, YOU'LL BE SAFE. I PROMISE.

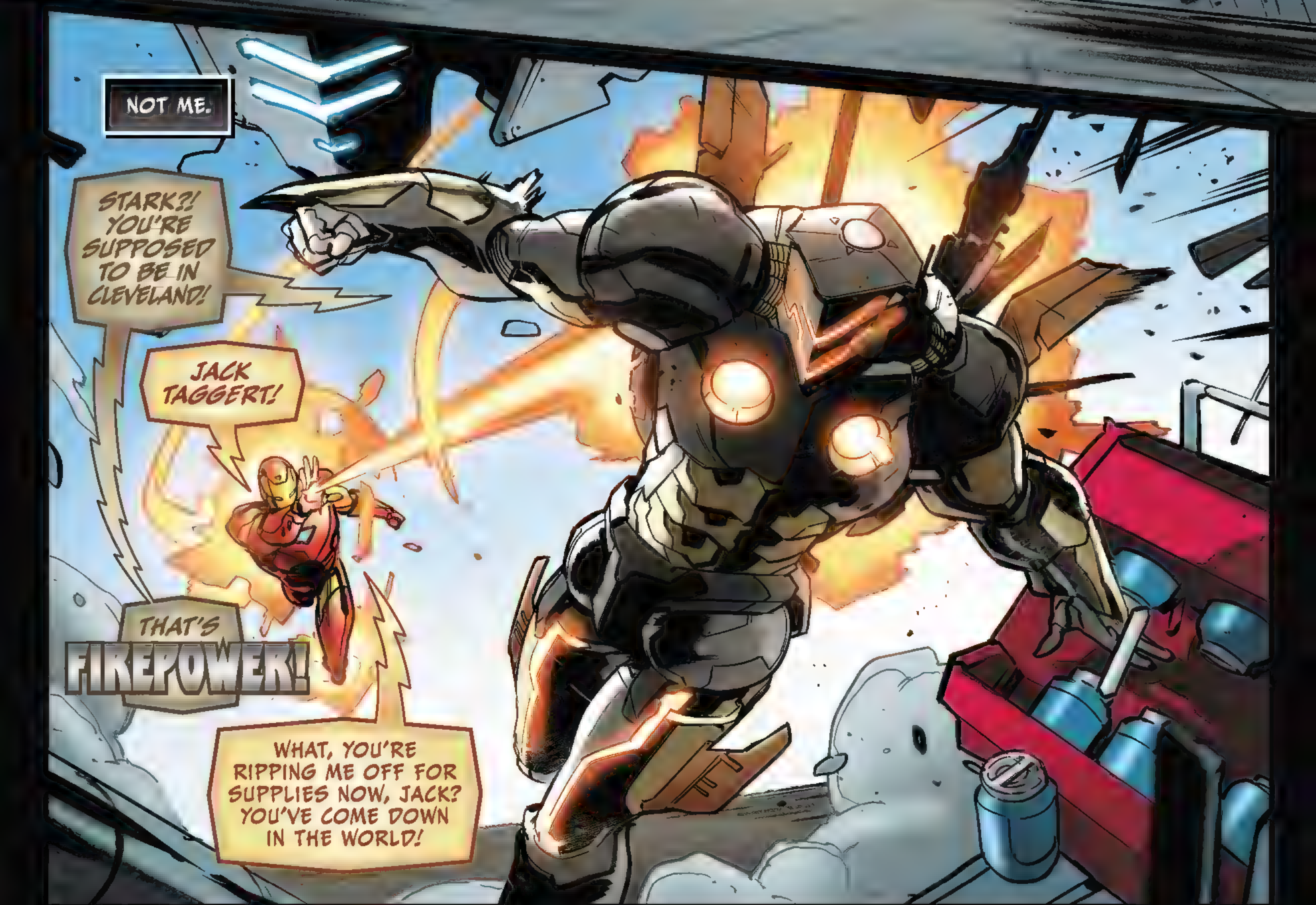
I'LL BE BACK, BUT I NEED TO GO DEAL WITH SOMEONE.

WHOEVER IT IS *THIS* TIME.





...WHO'D WANT TO
BE NORMAL FOLKS?



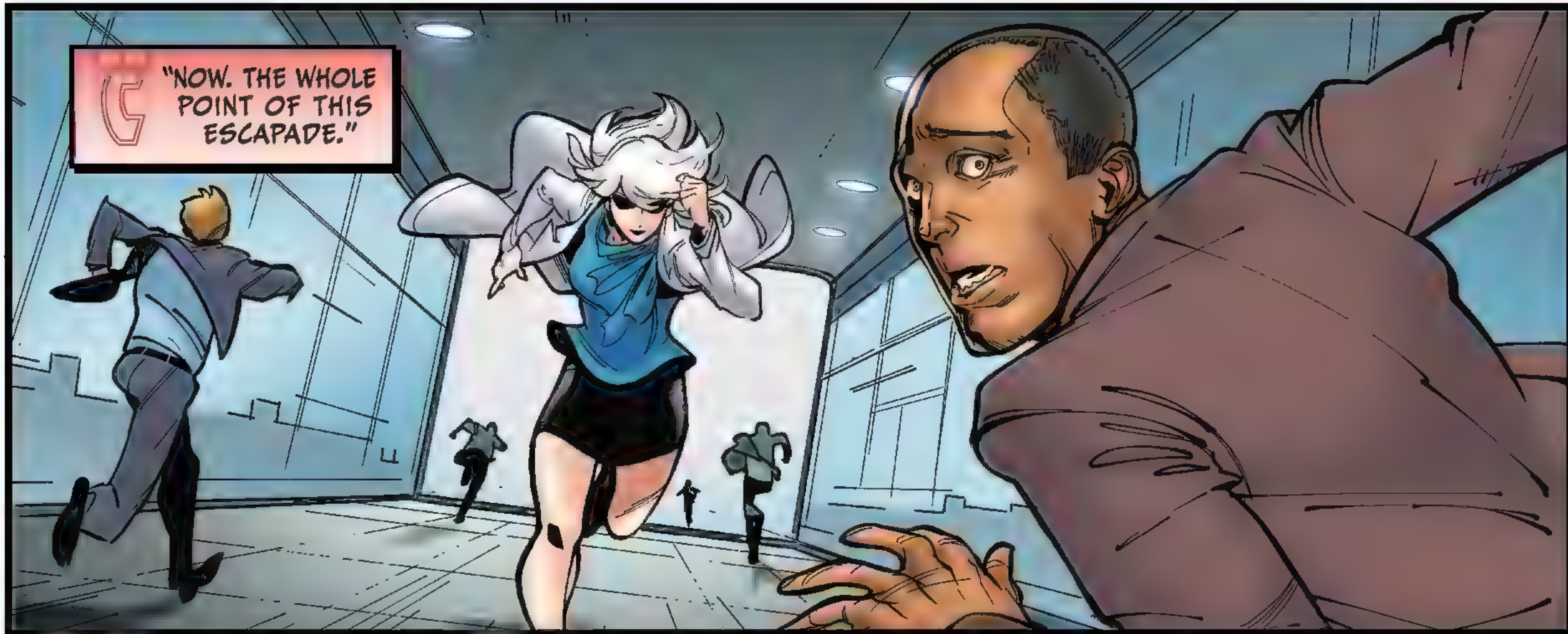
NOT ME.

STARK?!
YOU'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE IN
CLEVELAND!

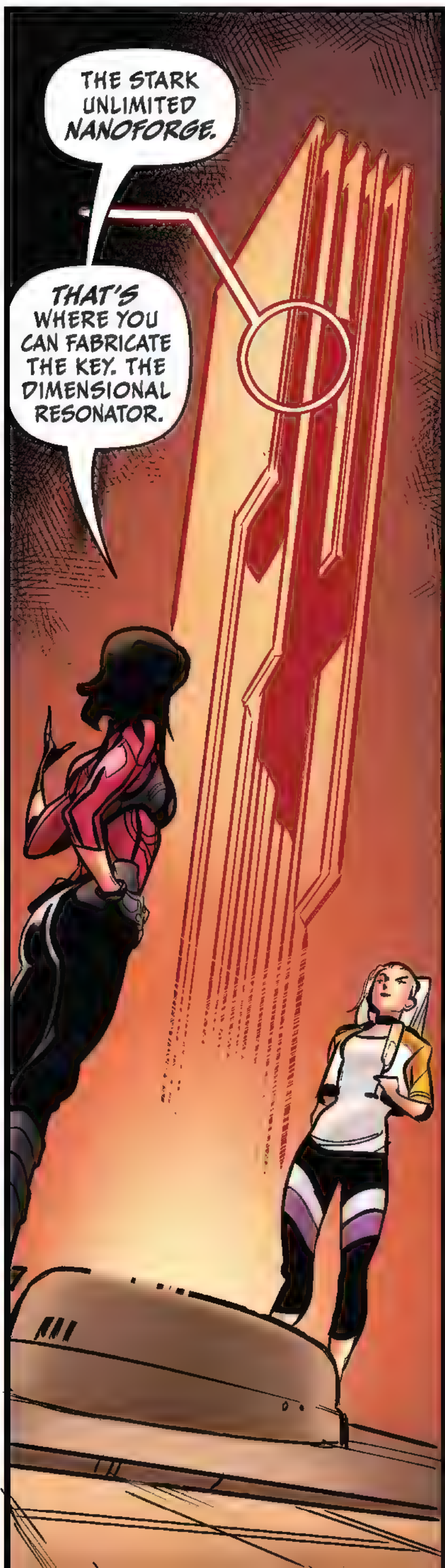
JACK
TAGGERT!

THAT'S
FIREPOWER!

WHAT, YOU'RE
RIPPING ME OFF FOR
SUPPLIES NOW, JACK?
YOU'VE COME DOWN
IN THE WORLD!



"NOW. THE WHOLE POINT OF THIS ESCAPEDE."



THE STARK UNLIMITED NANOFORGE.

THAT'S WHERE YOU CAN FABRICATE THE KEY. THE DIMENSIONAL RESONATOR.

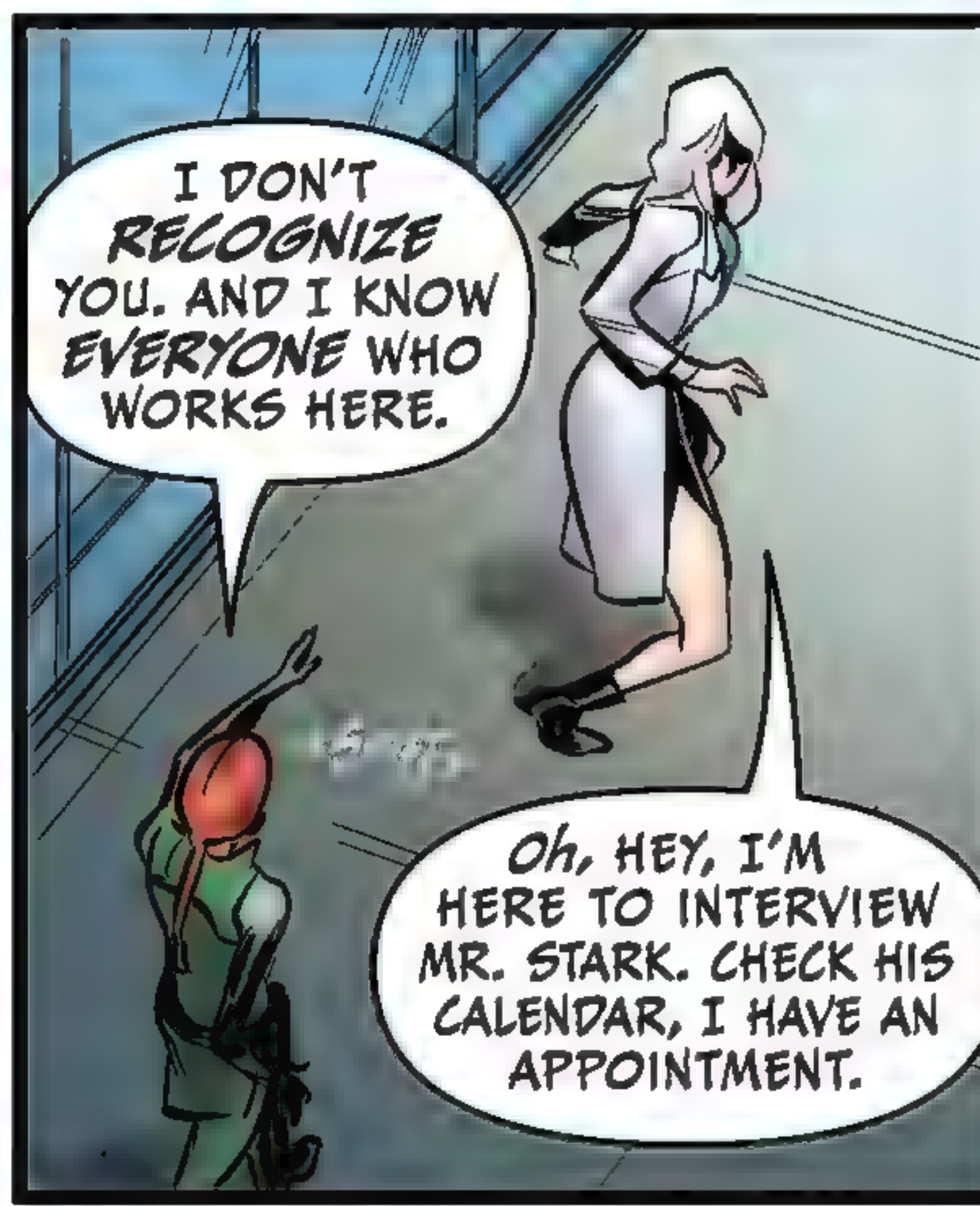


"GET IN, FAB THE KEY, GET OUT."



"YOU SHOULD HAVE PLENTY OF TIME BEFORE YOUR SECURITY CREDENTIALS EXPIRE, BUT DON'T DILLYDALLY."

HEY!



I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU. AND I KNOW EVERYONE WHO WORKS HERE.

Oh, hey, I'm here to interview Mr. Stark. Check his calendar, I have an appointment.



SO WHAT'S WITH THE LAB COAT?!

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUTSIDE OF YOUR DESIGNATED AREA?!

PUT YOUR HANDS UP, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

I SWEAR, YOU REDHEADS. IT'S LIKE YOU'RE COLLECTIVELY OUT TO GET ME.

LOOK, I REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. I'M ON A SCHEDULE...

SHUT UP!

=Sniff=

I HAD SHUT DOWN MY IMPLANTED QUANTUM PROBABILITY PULSATOR-- MY BAD LUCK MACHINE-- EARLIER. I DIDN'T WANT STARK LOOKING AT IT TOO CLOSELY WHEN HE SCANNED ME.

I JUST TURNED IT BACK ON.

Aaagh!

Whoa!

NOW THAT'S SOME BAD LUCK!

Tac!

LIKE I SAID, I GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP...

CHACK!

...SO WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A LOAD OFF AND LET ME DO MY JOB?

WHAT--?

JUST A NARCPATCH.

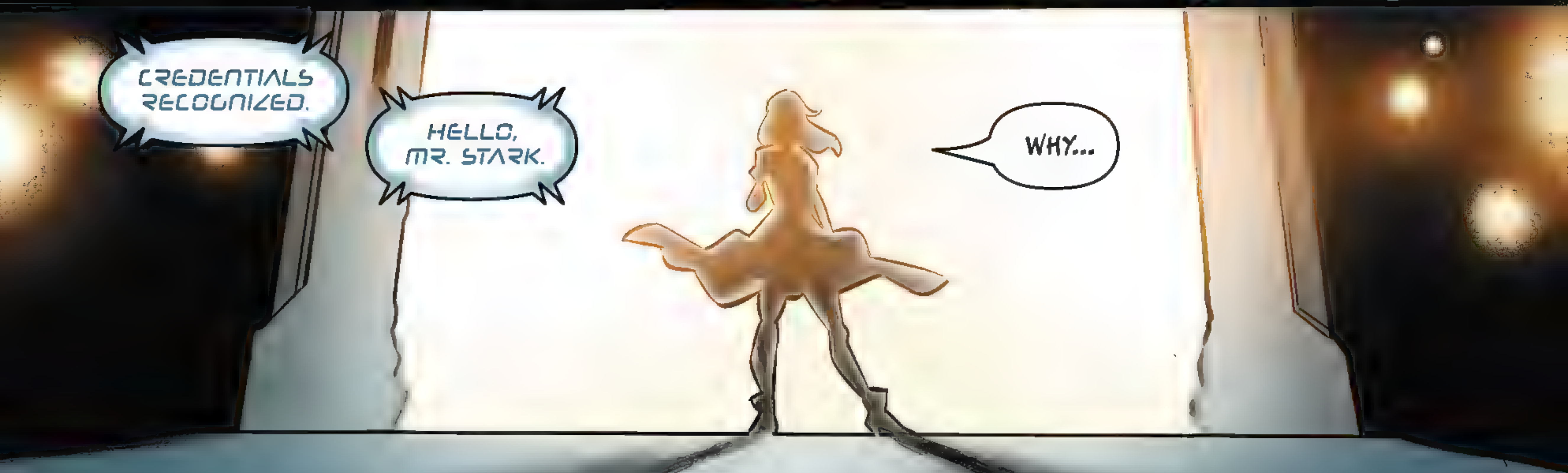
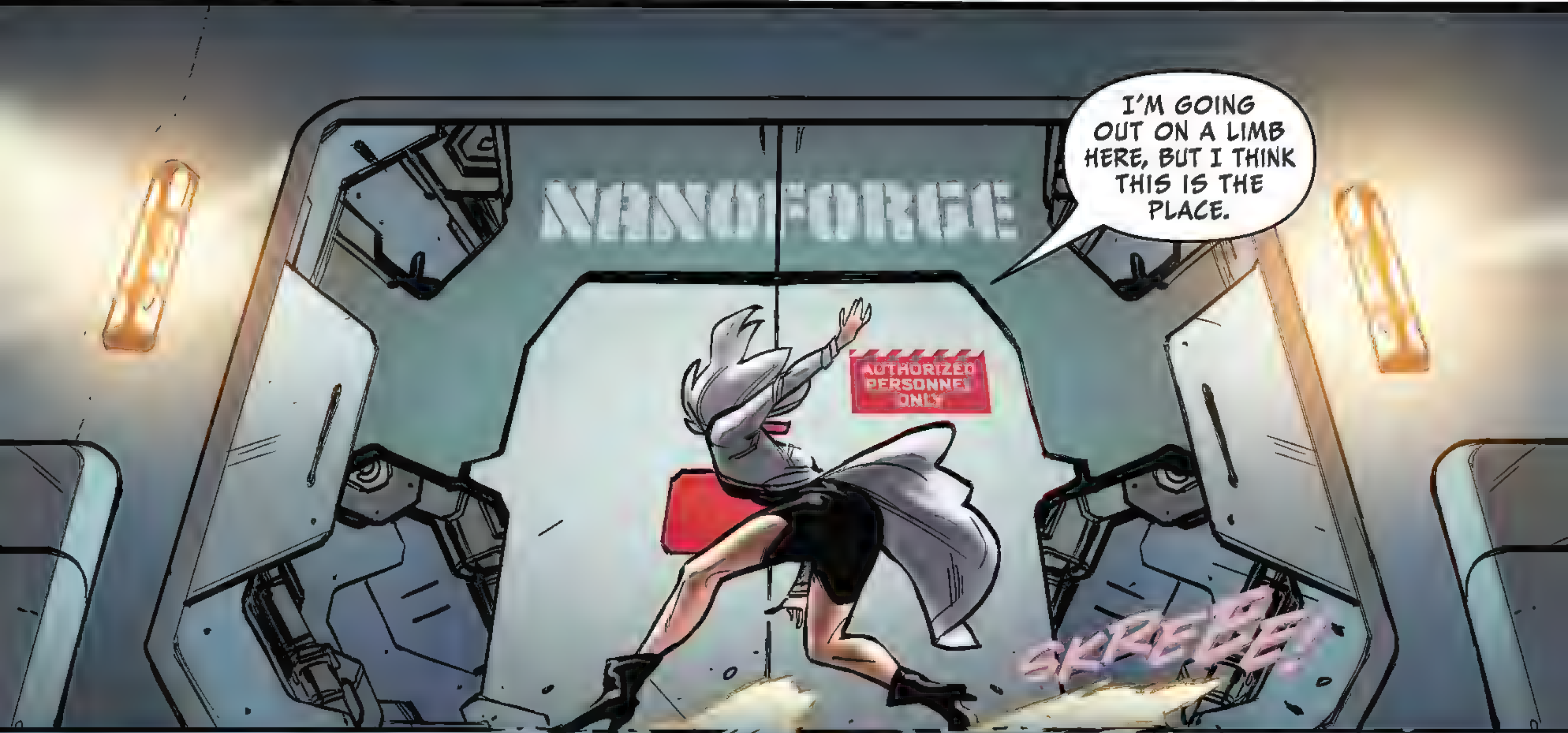
LISTEN, DON'T FEEL BAD. I'M A PRO. I EAT SECURITY BOSSES FOR BREAKFAST.

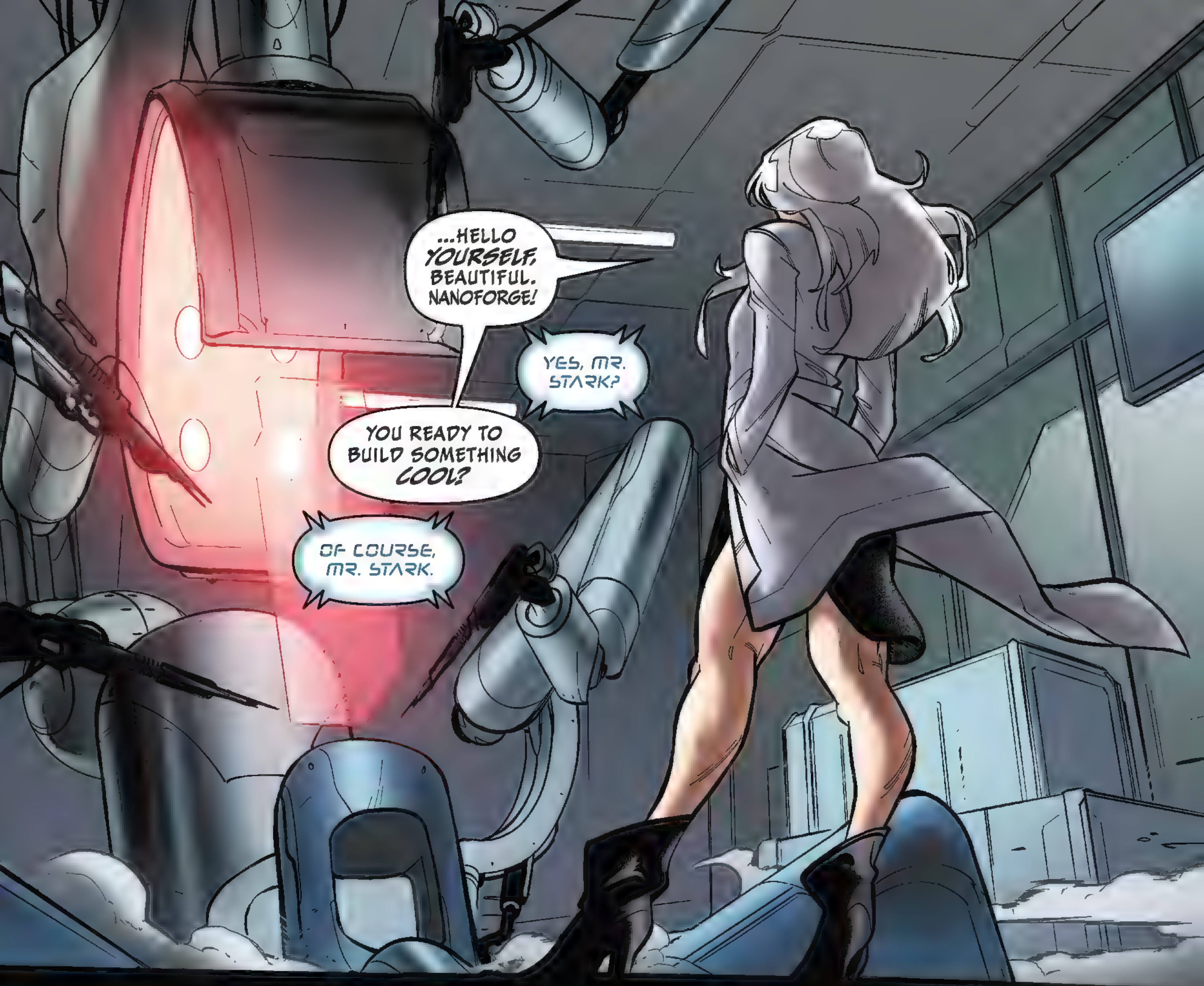
Crunch!

IT MAKES ME STRONG. LIKE WHEATIES.



BUT WE'RE STILL GOOD.



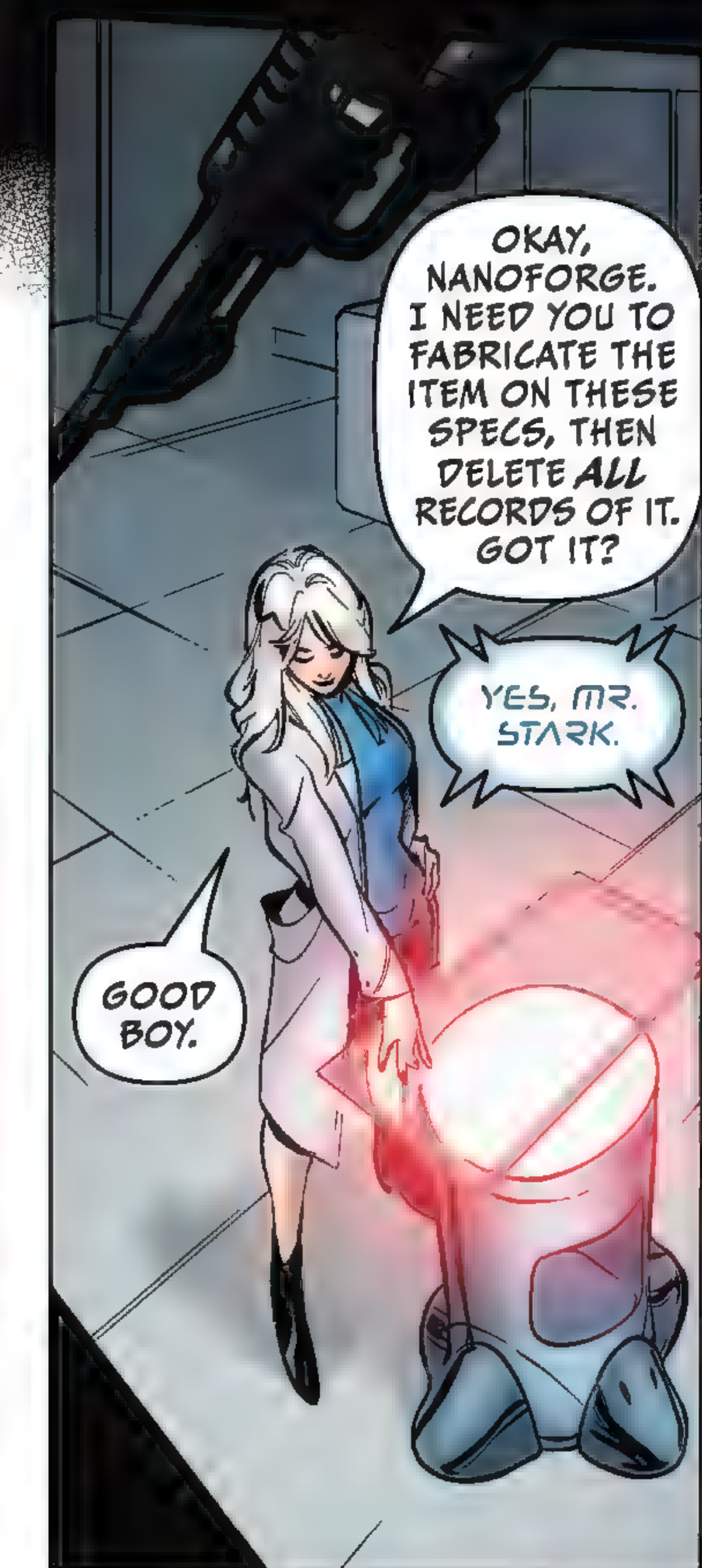


...HELLO
YOURSELF,
BEAUTIFUL.
NANOFORGE!

YES, MR.
STARK?

YOU READY TO
BUILD SOMETHING
COOL?

OF COURSE,
MR. STARK.



OKAY,
NANOFORGE.
I NEED YOU TO
FABRICATE THE
ITEM ON THESE
SPECS, THEN
DELETE ALL
RECORDS OF IT.
GOT IT?

YES, MR.
STARK.

GOOD
BOY.

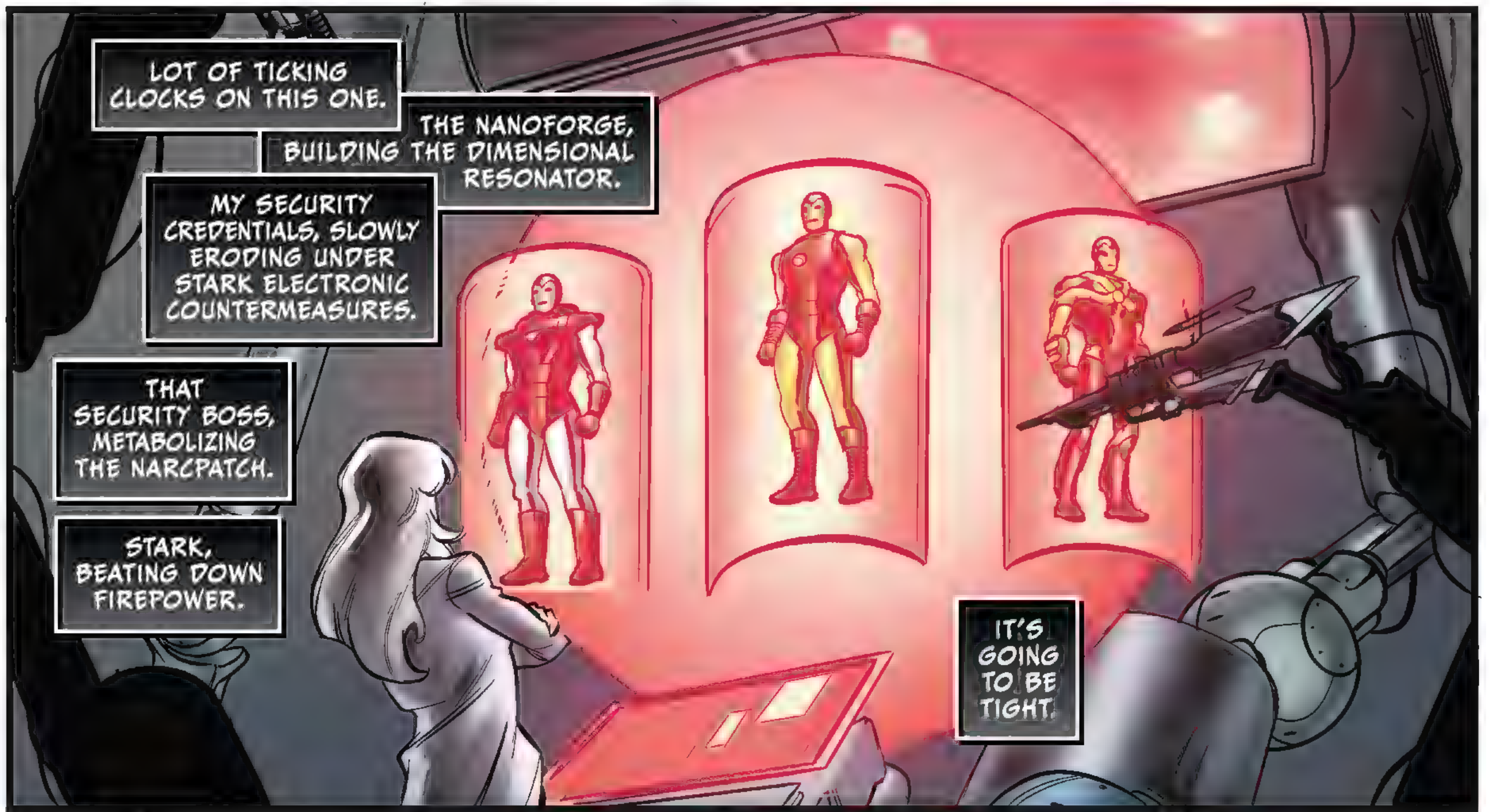


AND LET'S
GET ALL
THIS DONE
RIKKI-TIK,
Huh?

I AM NOT
FAMILIAR WITH
THAT IDIOM.

QUICKLY,
NANOFORGE.
GET IT DONE
QUICKLY.

52%



LOT OF TICKING CLOCKS ON THIS ONE.

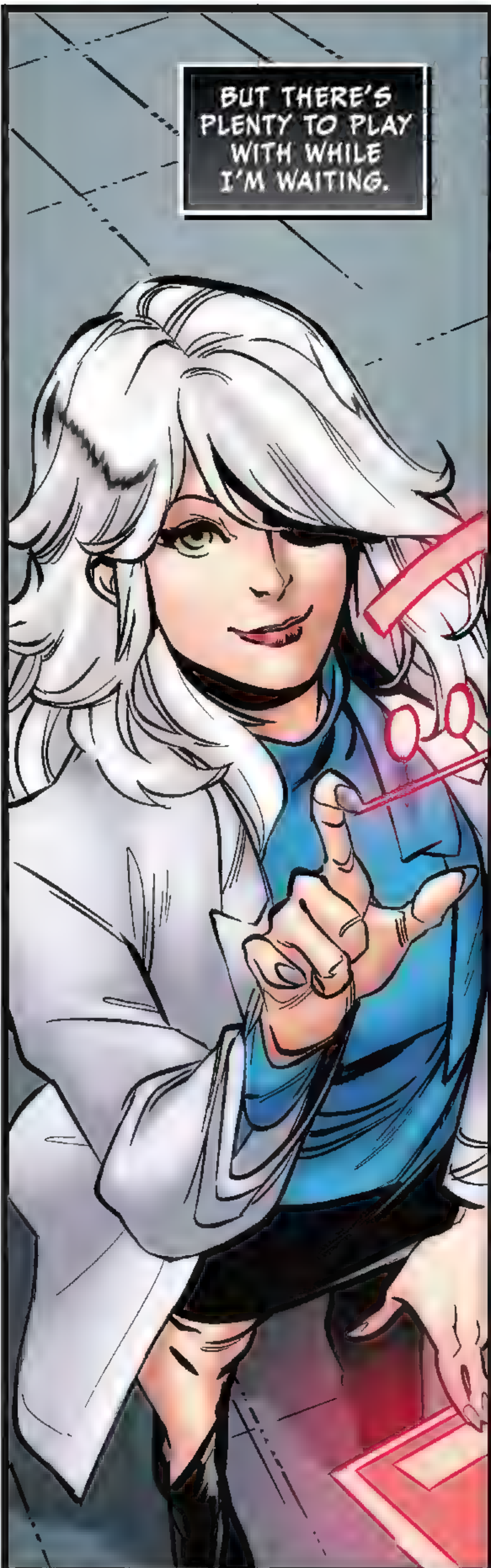
THE NANOFORGE, BUILDING THE DIMENSIONAL RESONATOR.

MY SECURITY CREDENTIALS, SLOWLY ERODING UNDER STARK ELECTRONIC COUNTERMEASURES.

THAT SECURITY BOSS, METABOLIZING THE NARCPATCH.

STARK, BEATING DOWN FIREPOWER.

IT'S GOING TO BE TIGHT.

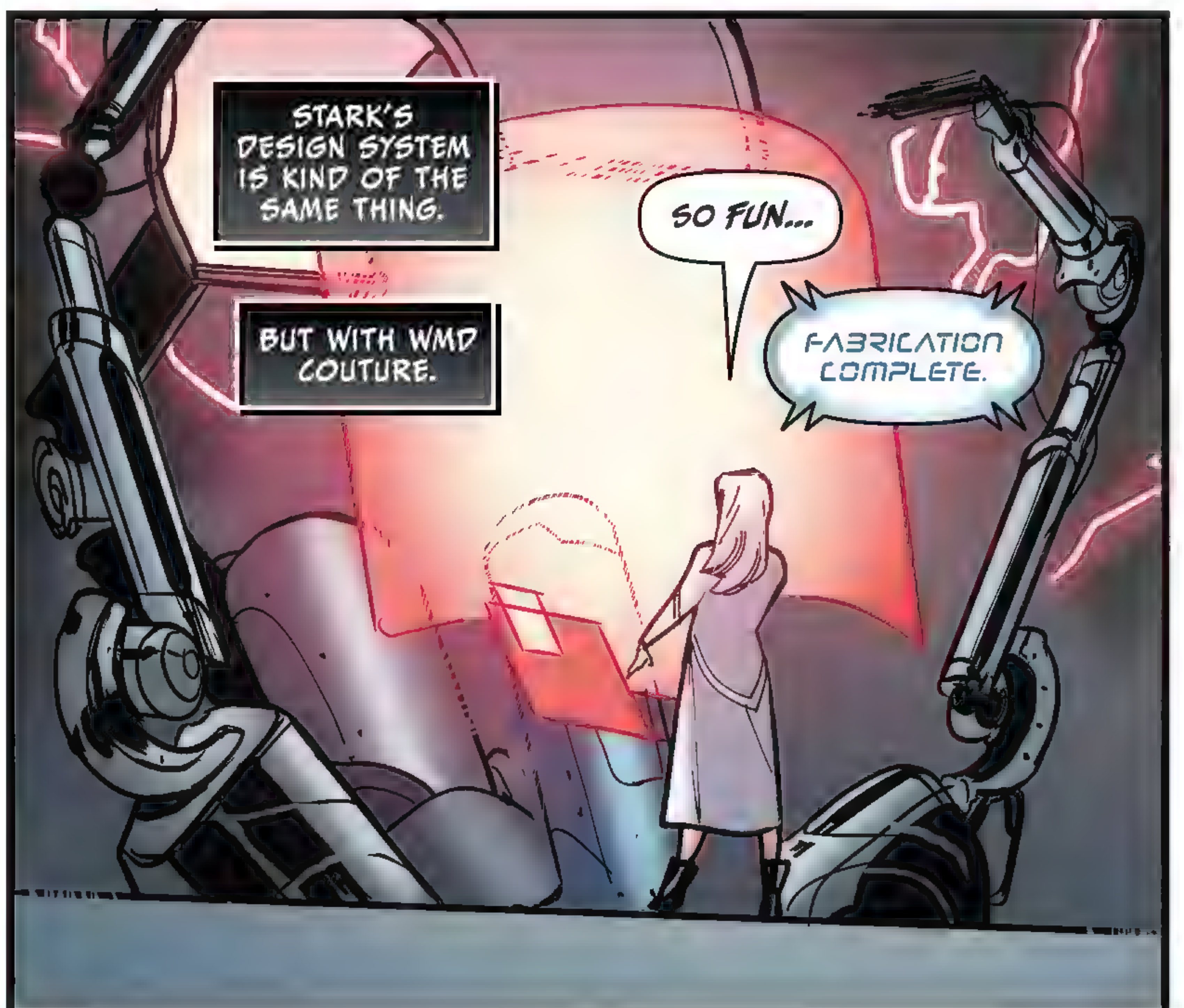


BUT THERE'S PLENTY TO PLAY WITH WHILE I'M WAITING.



WHEN I WAS A KID, I LOVED PAPER DOLLS.

CUT 'EM OUT, PUT DIFFERENT OUTFITS ON. DIFFERENT ACCESSORIES.

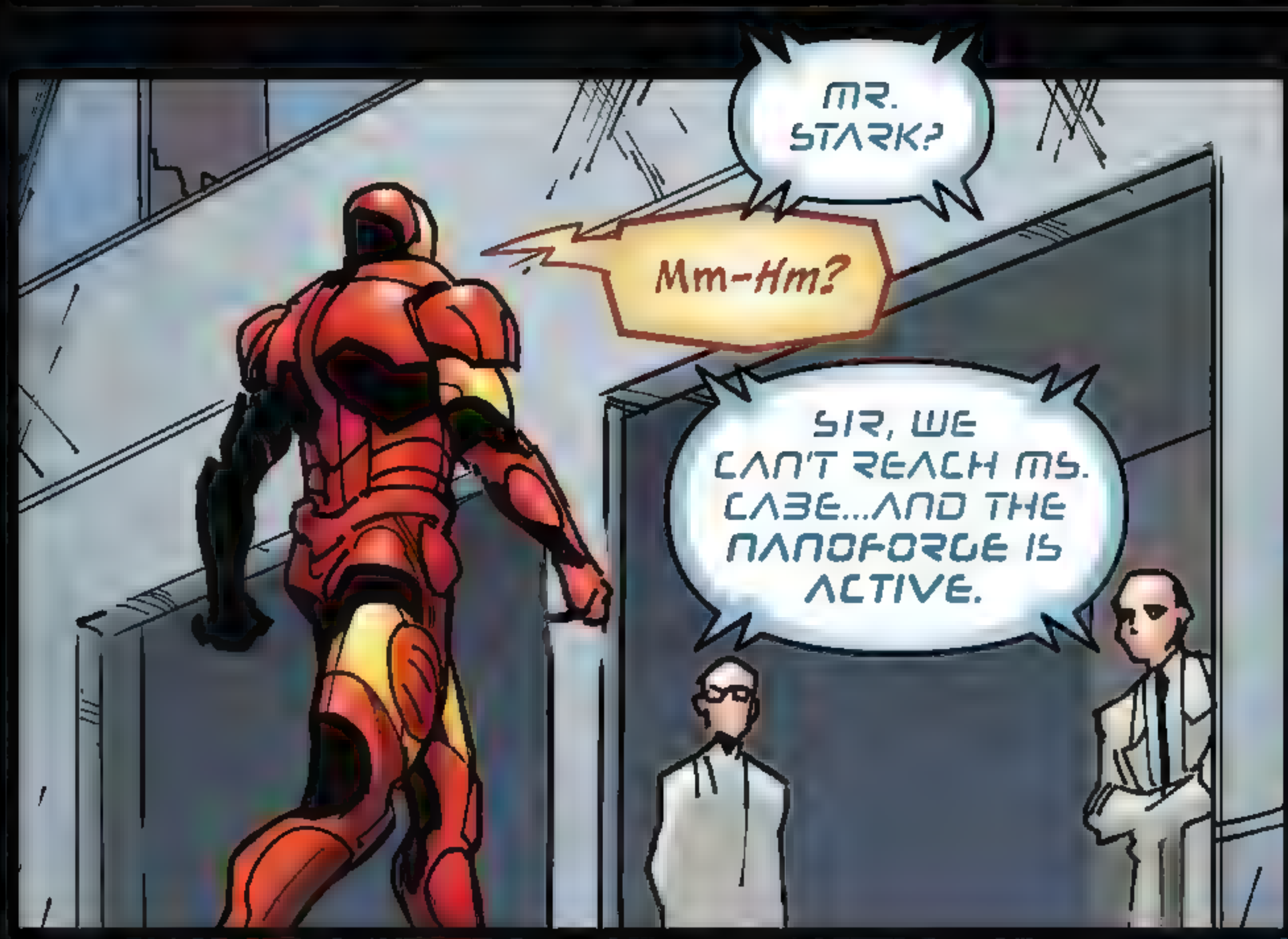


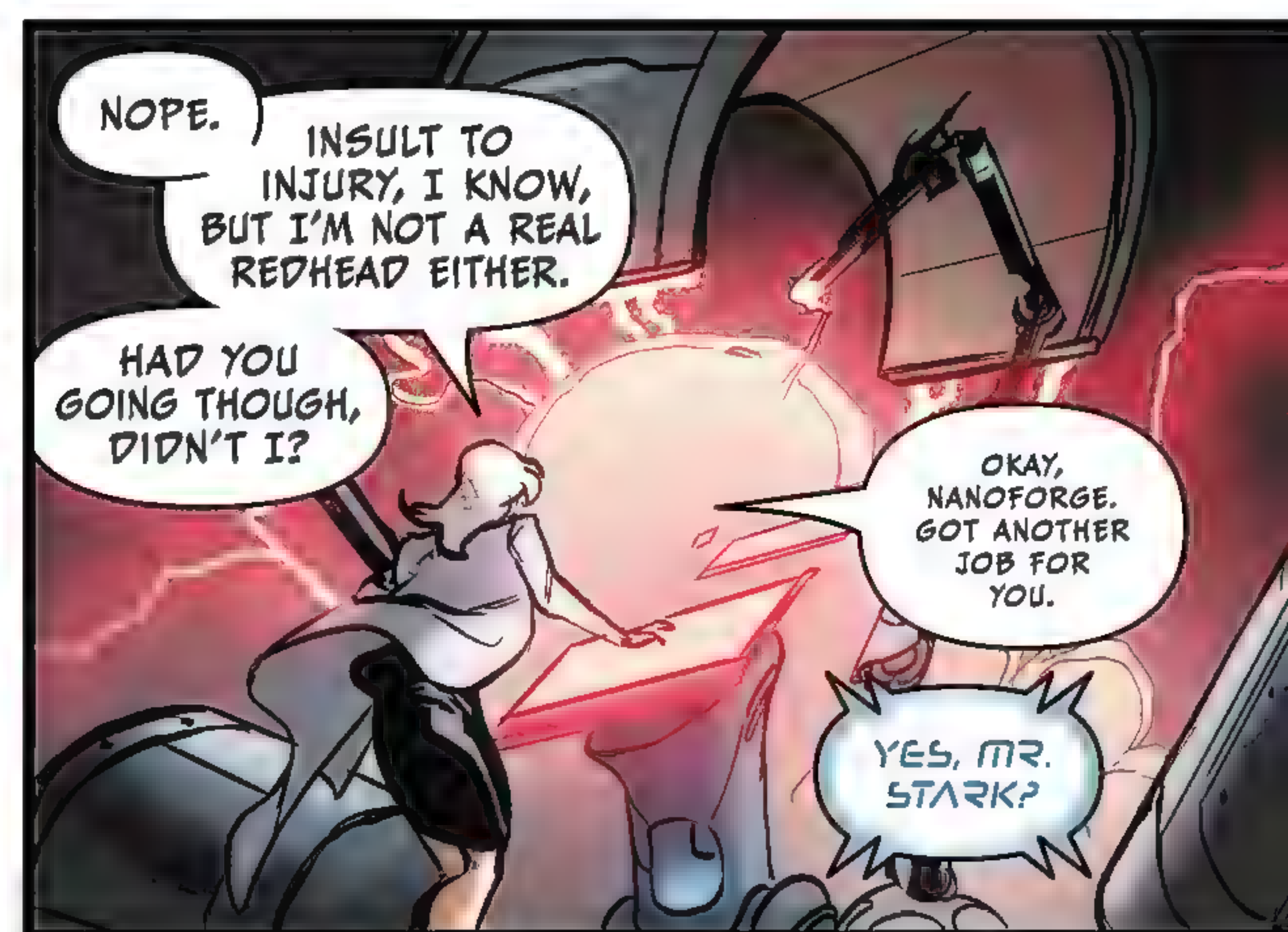
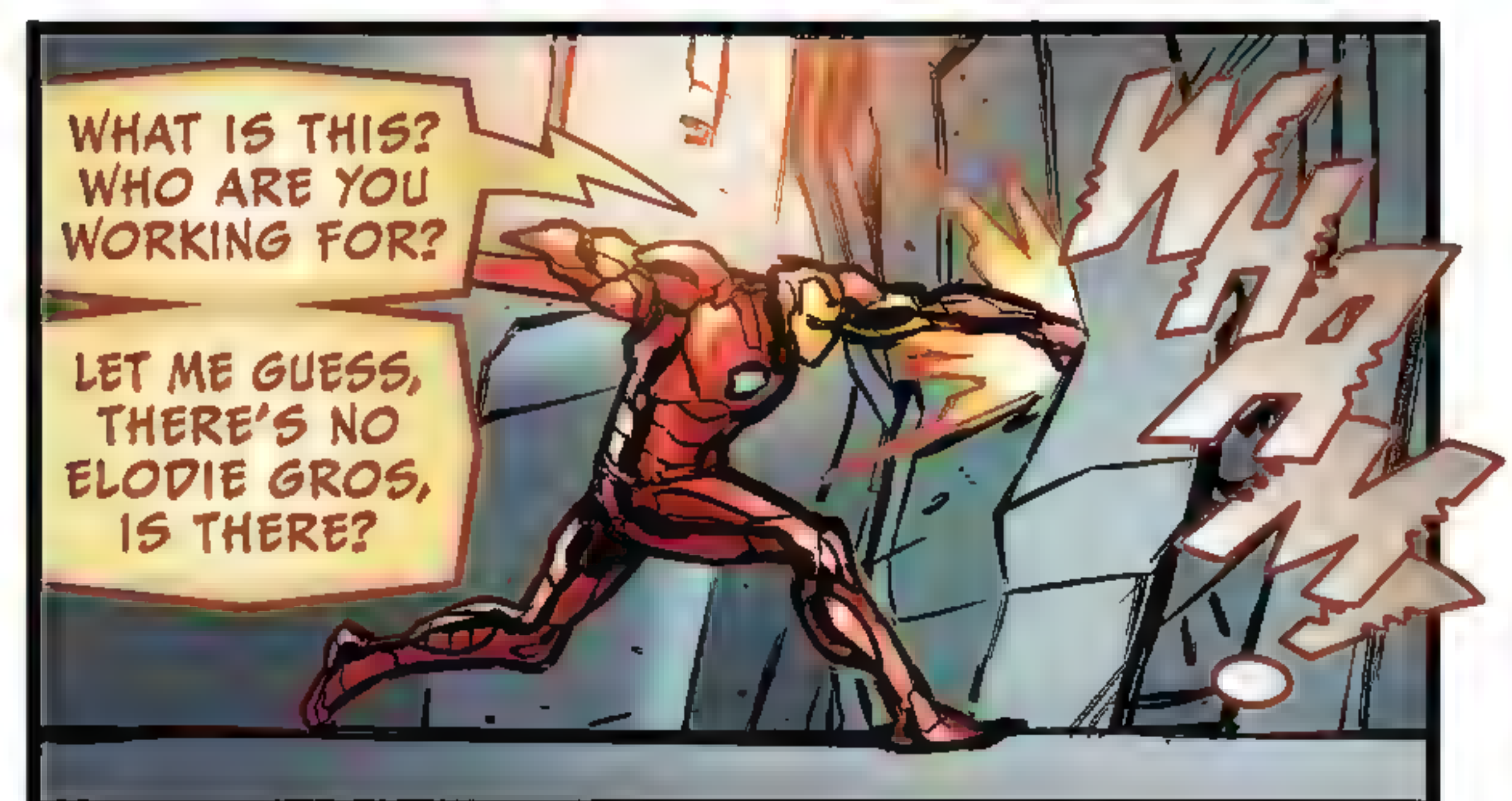
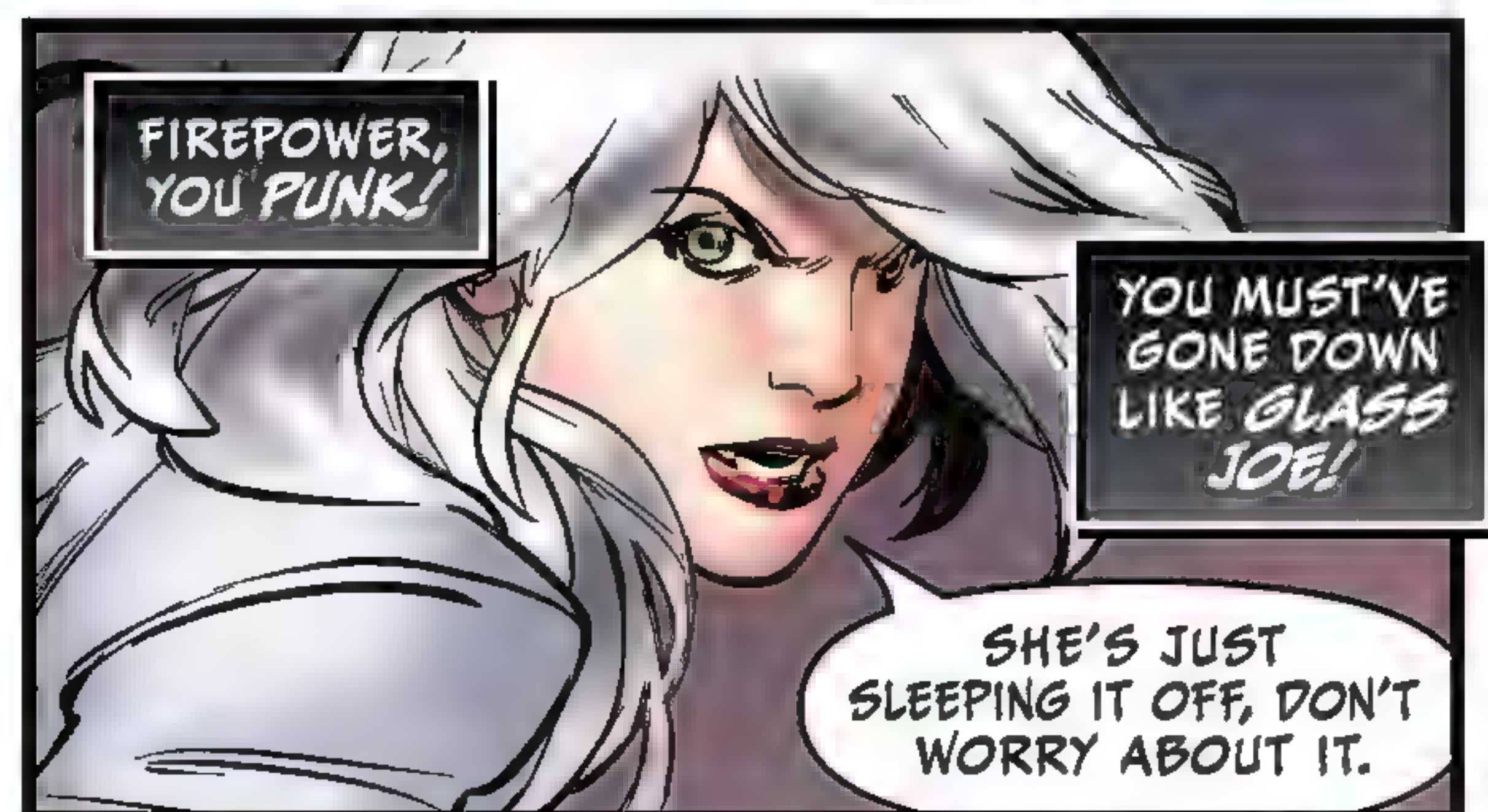
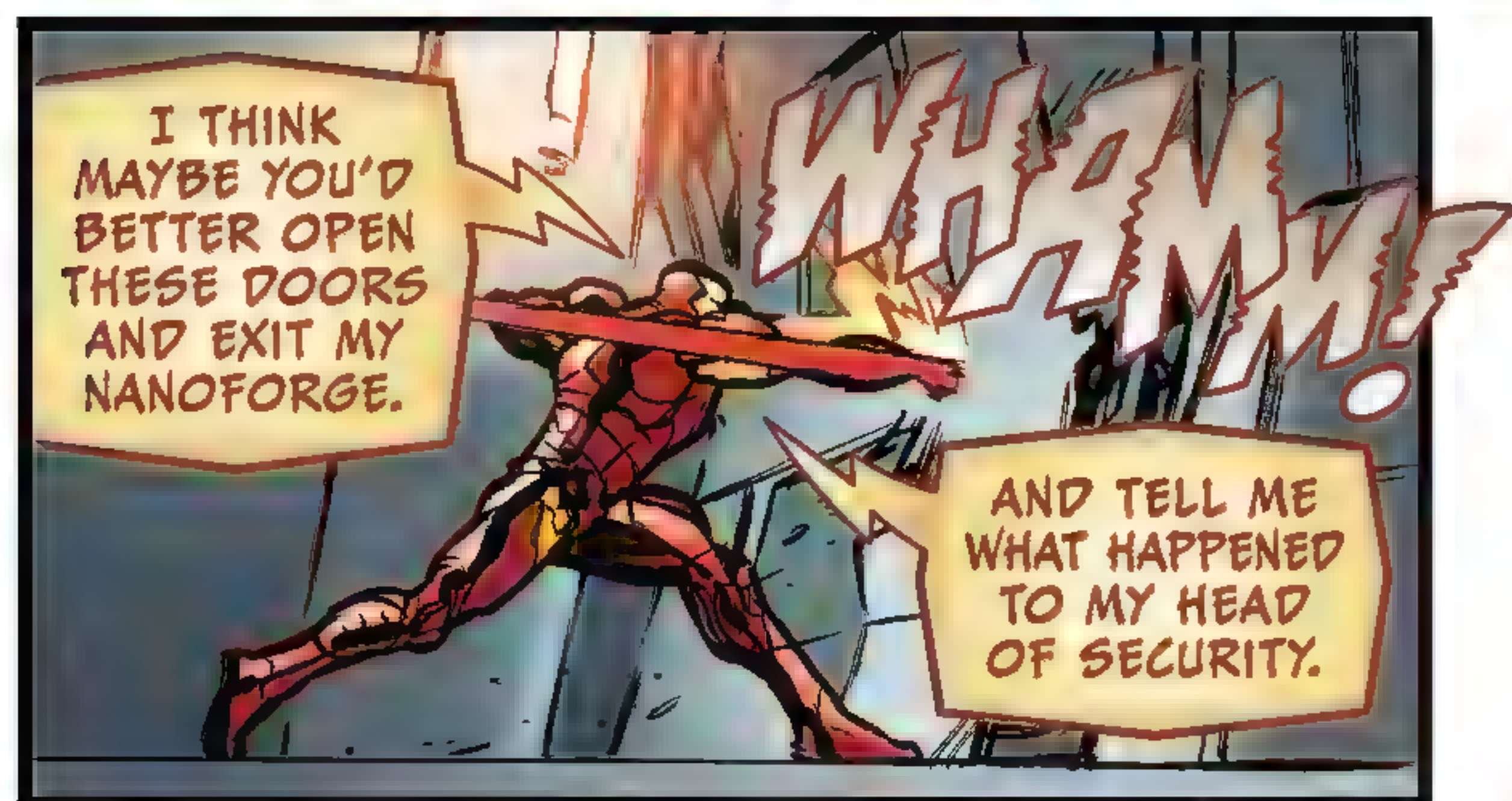
STARK'S DESIGN SYSTEM IS KIND OF THE SAME THING.

BUT WITH WMD COUTURE.

SO FUN...

FABRICATION COMPLETE.







THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THE NANOFORGE, WHOEVER YOU ARE.

AND IT'S THROUGH ME.

GIVE IT UP!

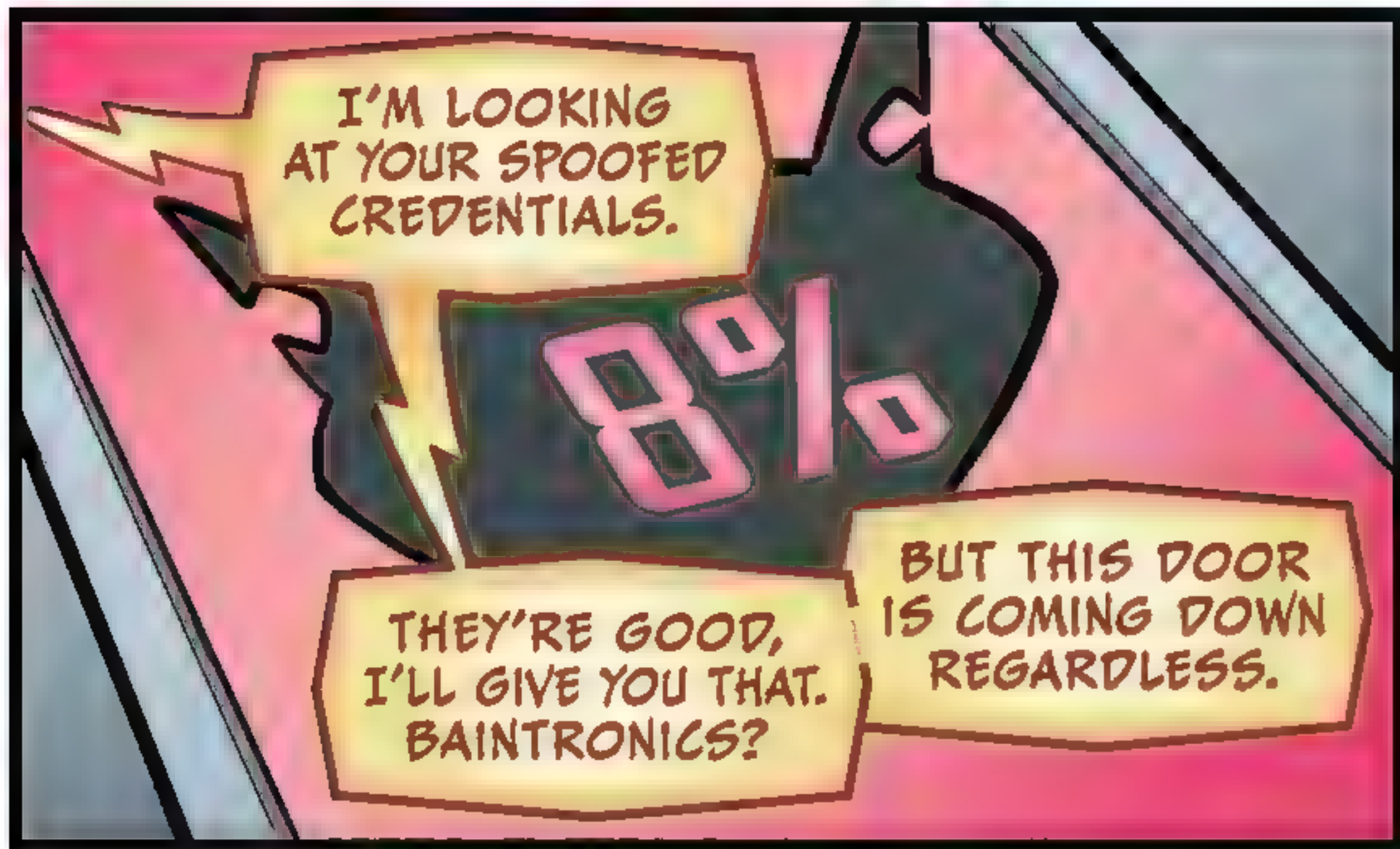


...AND DO IT UP IN A GLOSSY BLACK.

WHAT, AFTER I'VE COME ALL THIS WAY?

COME ON, TONY. WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?

AND WHAT THE HELL, THROW SOME CAT EARS ON IT.



I'M LOOKING AT YOUR SPOOFED CREDENTIALS.

8%

THEY'RE GOOD, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. BAINTRONICS?

BUT THIS DOOR IS COMING DOWN REGARDLESS.



TIME'S ALMOST UP!

I'M COMING IN! THIS ISN'T GOING TO GO GREAT FOR YOU, LADY!



SKRASH

MEN

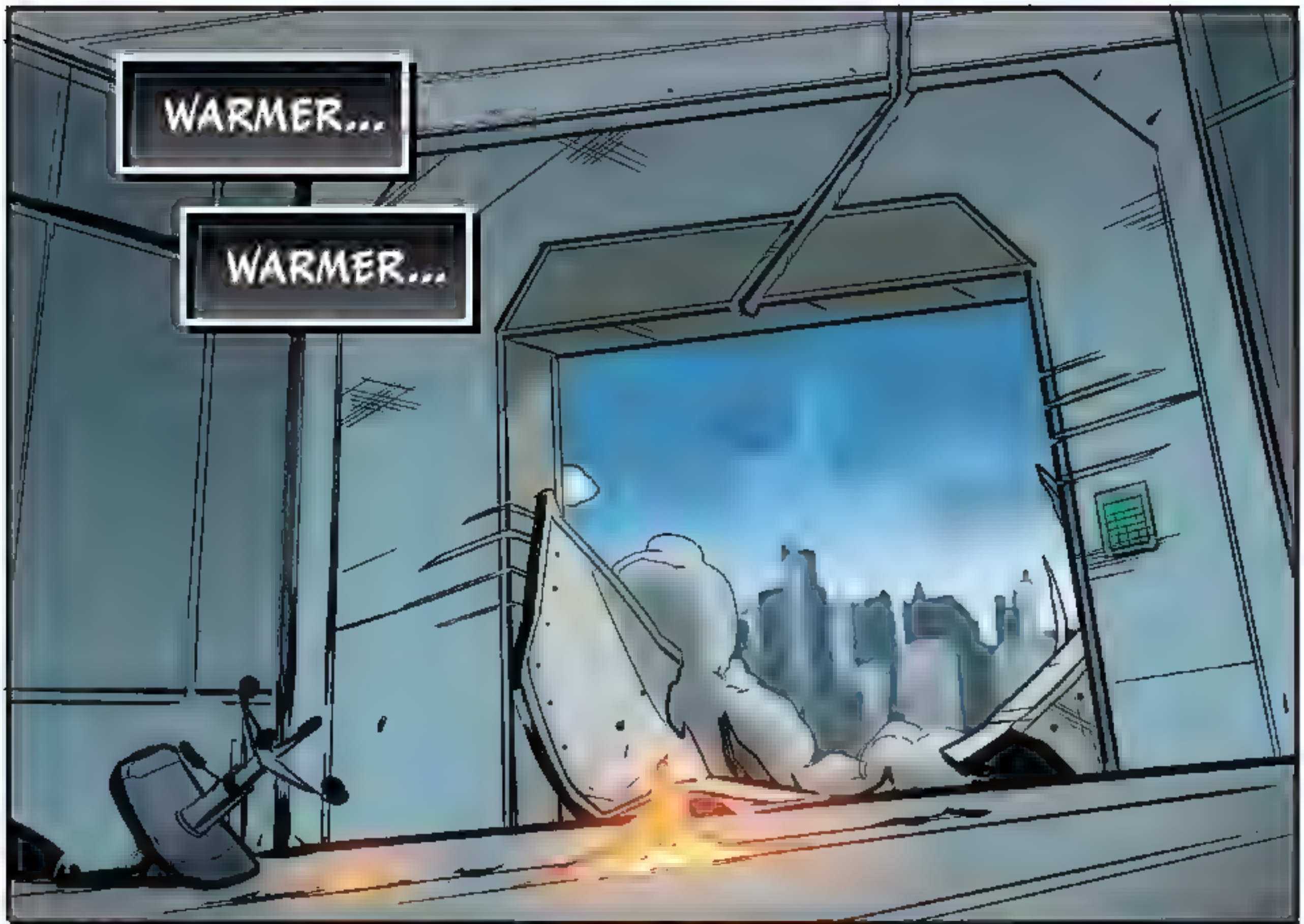
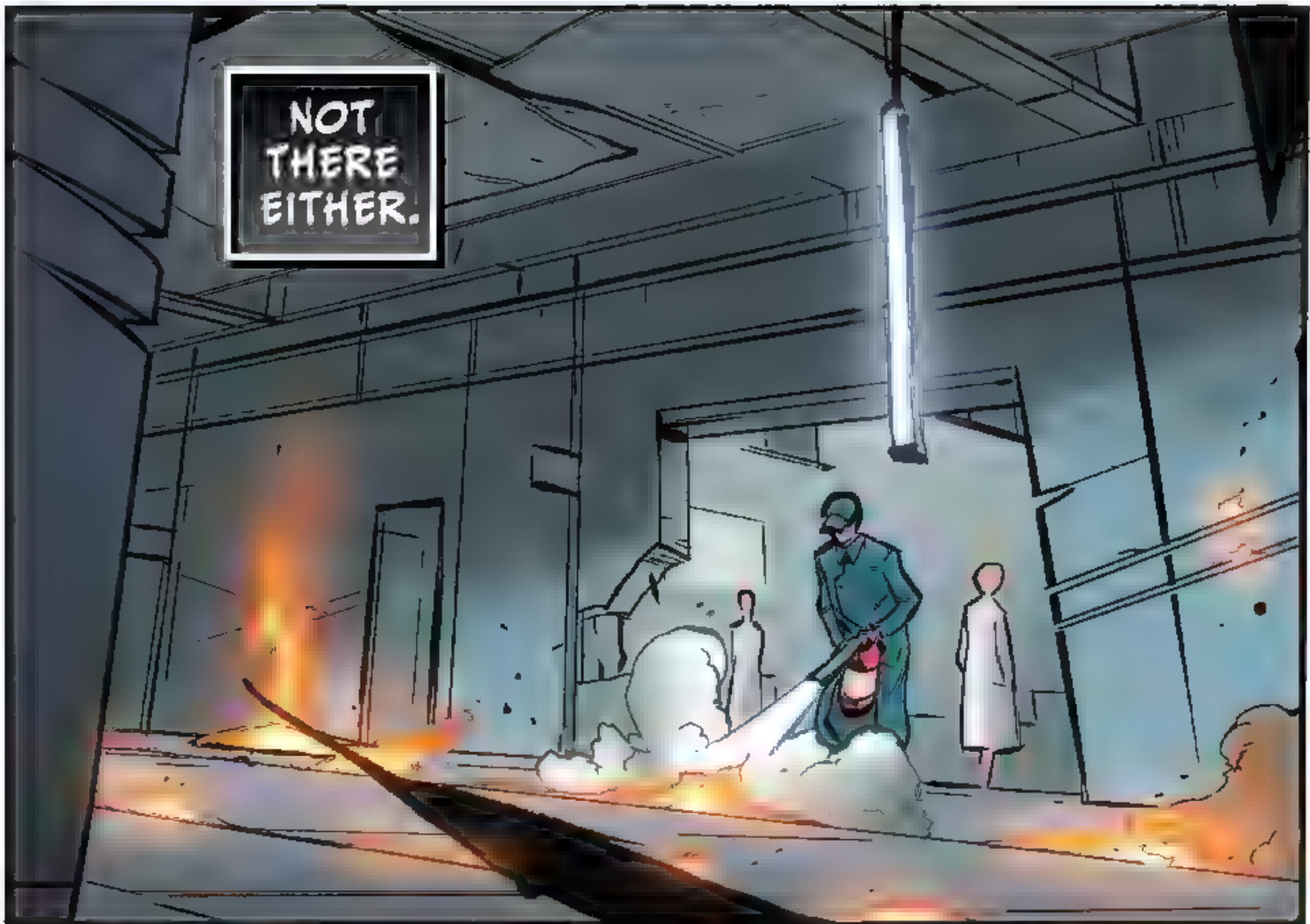
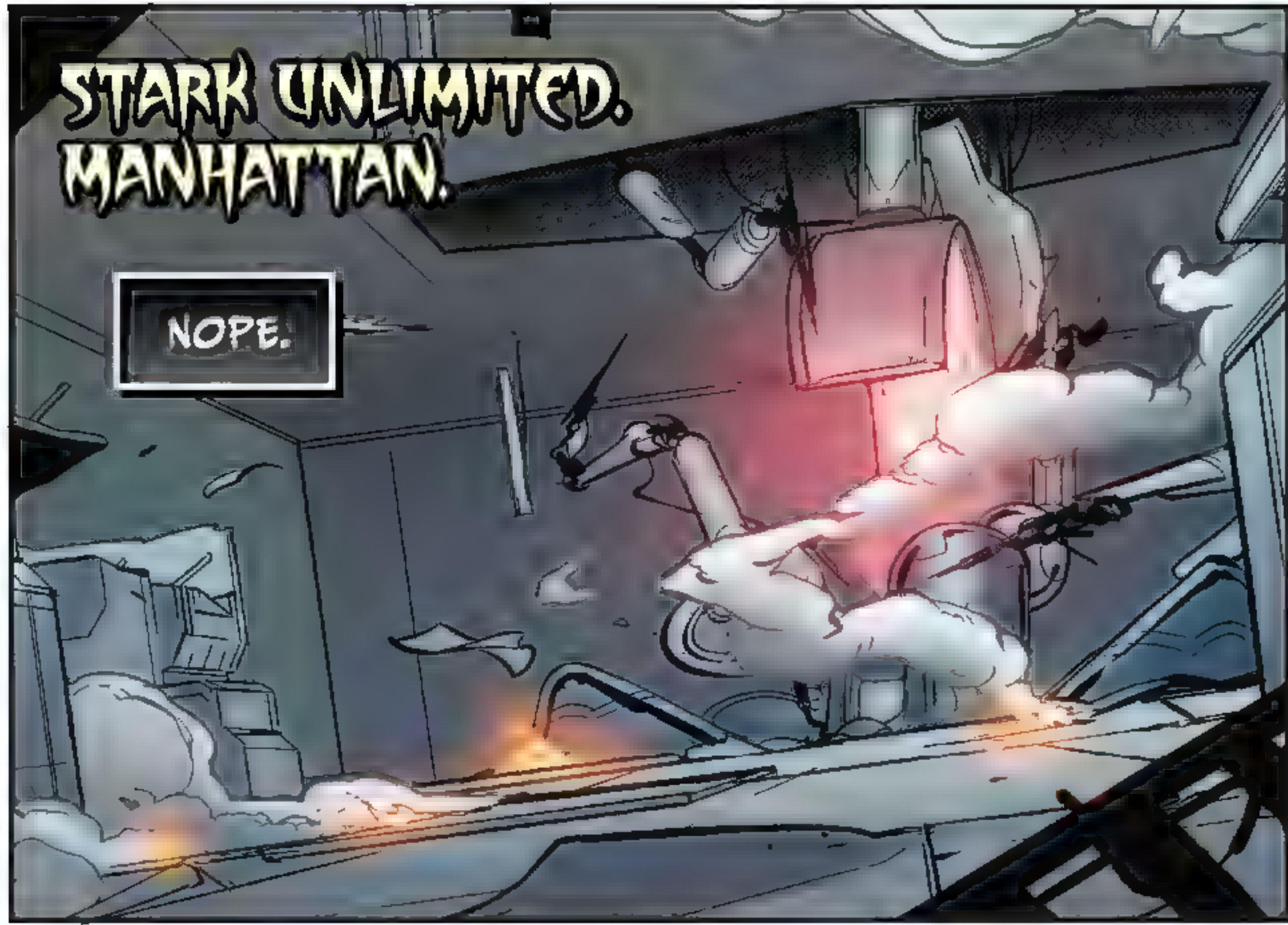
YOU HATE WAITING FOR A LADY TO GET DRESSED...



...BUT
COME
ON:

HOW
GREAT DO
I LOOK?!





THERE.

DON'T BE
FOOLED BY THE
SPEED METAL
EXTERIOR.

IT'S ME. THE
BLACK CAT.

LAND,
POWER
DOWN,
AND--

YAAAGH!

THROWING
DOWN WITH
IRON MAN
AT 1,000 FEET
ABOVE SEA
LEVEL.

A PRETTY
GOOD DAY!





HoOo!

YOU STILL
WITH ME,
COWBOY?



STARK IS A
ROBOT JOCK
PAR EXCELLENCE.

CHOOM!

WHOA!

HE'S BEEN FLYING
THESE METAL
DEATH MACHINES
FOR YEARS.

MEANWHILE,
I'VE BEEN AT IT
FOR...SEVEN
MINUTES?



IT'S OKAY
THOUGH.

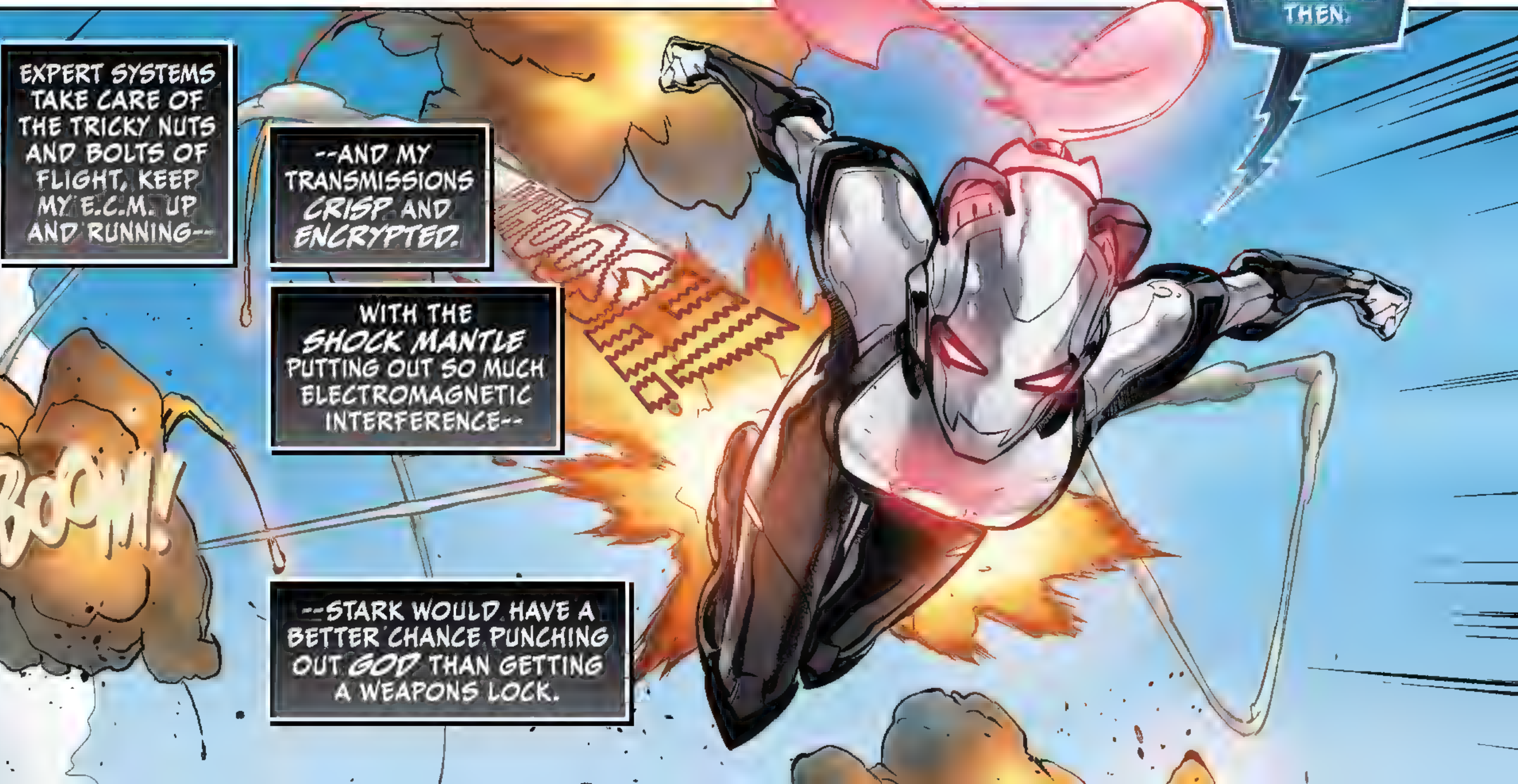
I'M A FAST
LEARNER.

MISSILES
INBOUND.

DO THEY
HAVE TARGET
LOCK?

NEGATIVE.

THAT'S
JUST FINE,
THEN.



EXPERT SYSTEMS
TAKE CARE OF
THE TRICKY NUTS
AND BOLTS OF
FLIGHT, KEEP
MY E.C.M. UP
AND RUNNING--

--AND MY
TRANSMISSIONS
CRISP AND
ENCRYPTED.

WITH THE
SHOCK MANTLE
PUTTING OUT SO MUCH
ELECTROMAGNETIC
INTERFERENCE--

--STARK WOULD HAVE A
BETTER CHANCE PUNCHING
OUT GOD THAN GETTING
A WEAPONS LOCK.



PLUS, MY LITTLE BLACK DRESS HERE HAS A SECRET WEAPON.

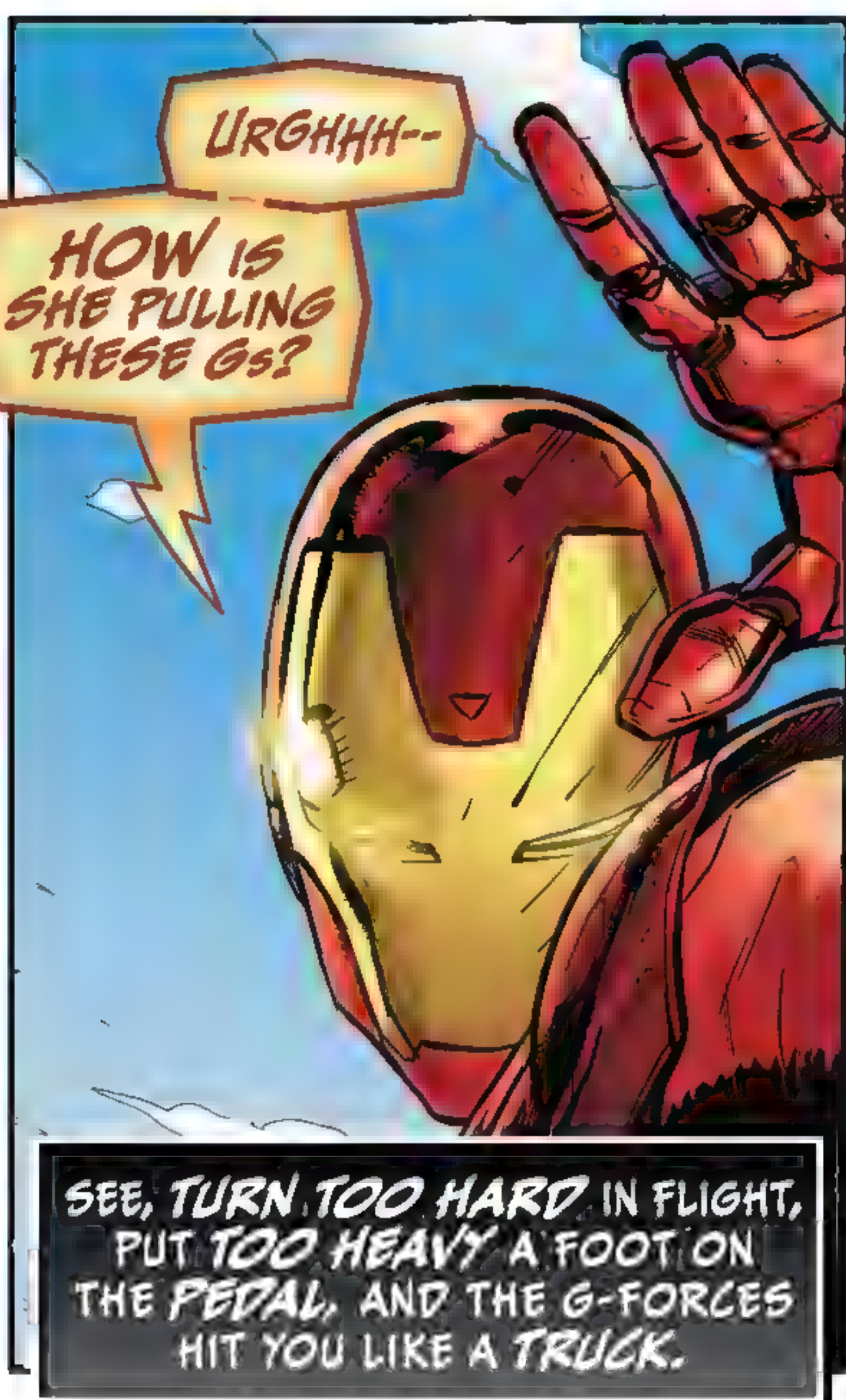
I CAN'T FLY LIKE STARK...



...BUT I CAN OUTMANEUVER HIM.

THIS CAT IS NOTHING IF NOT NIMBLE.

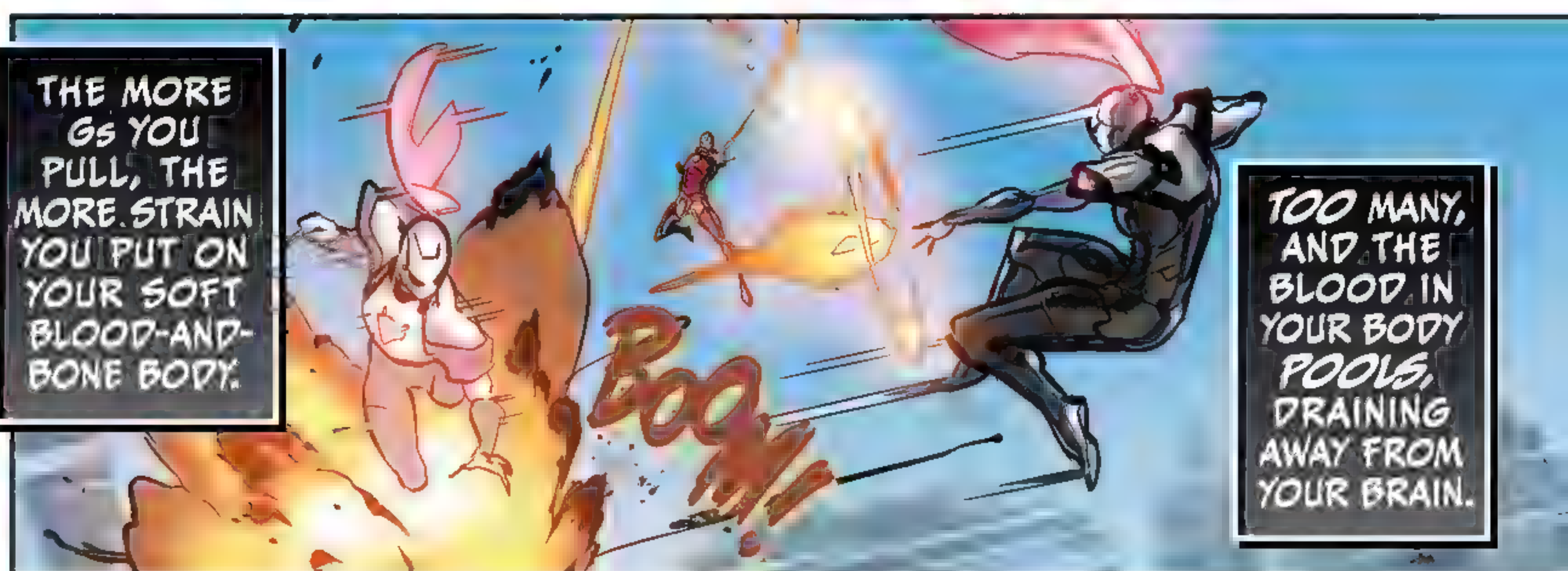
SHRRZZZ!



URGH--

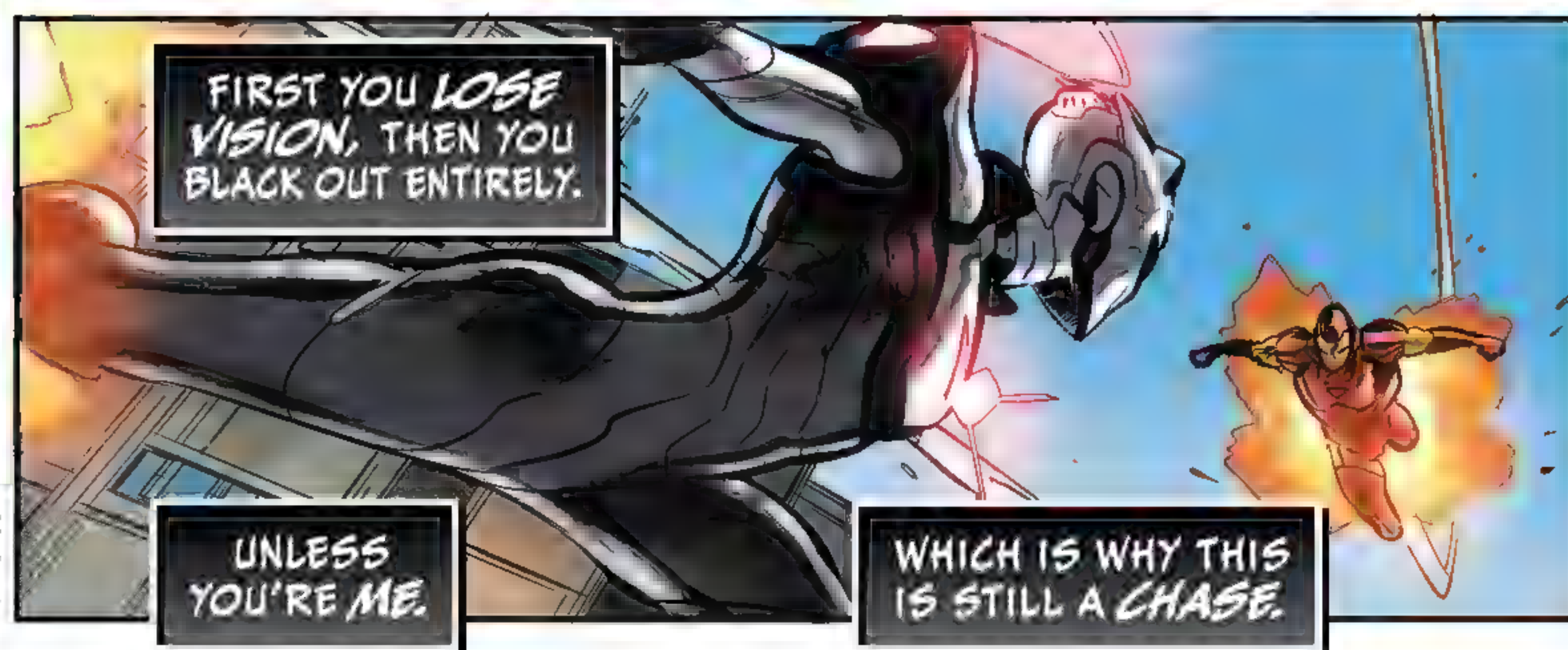
HOW IS SHE PULLING THESE GS?

SEE, TURN TOO HARD IN FLIGHT, PUT TOO HEAVY A FOOT ON THE PEDAL, AND THE G-FORCES HIT YOU LIKE A TRUCK.



THE MORE GS YOU PULL, THE MORE STRAIN YOU PUT ON YOUR SOFT BLOOD-AND-BONE BODY.

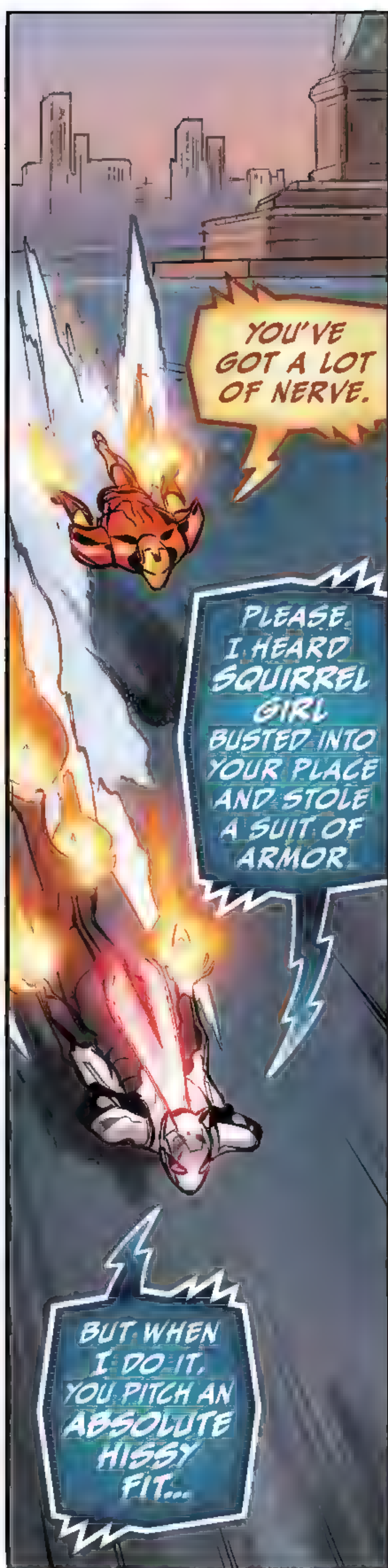
TOO MANY, AND THE BLOOD IN YOUR BODY POOLS, DRAINING AWAY FROM YOUR BRAIN.

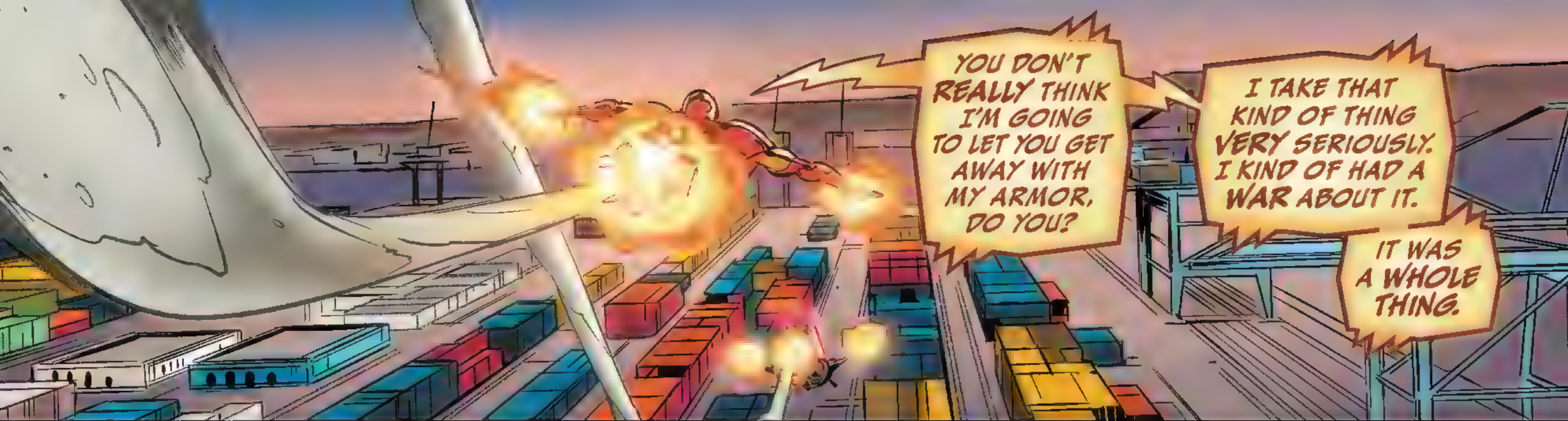


FIRST YOU LOSE VISION, THEN YOU BLACK OUT ENTIRELY.

UNLESS YOU'RE ME.

WHICH IS WHY THIS IS STILL A CHASE.

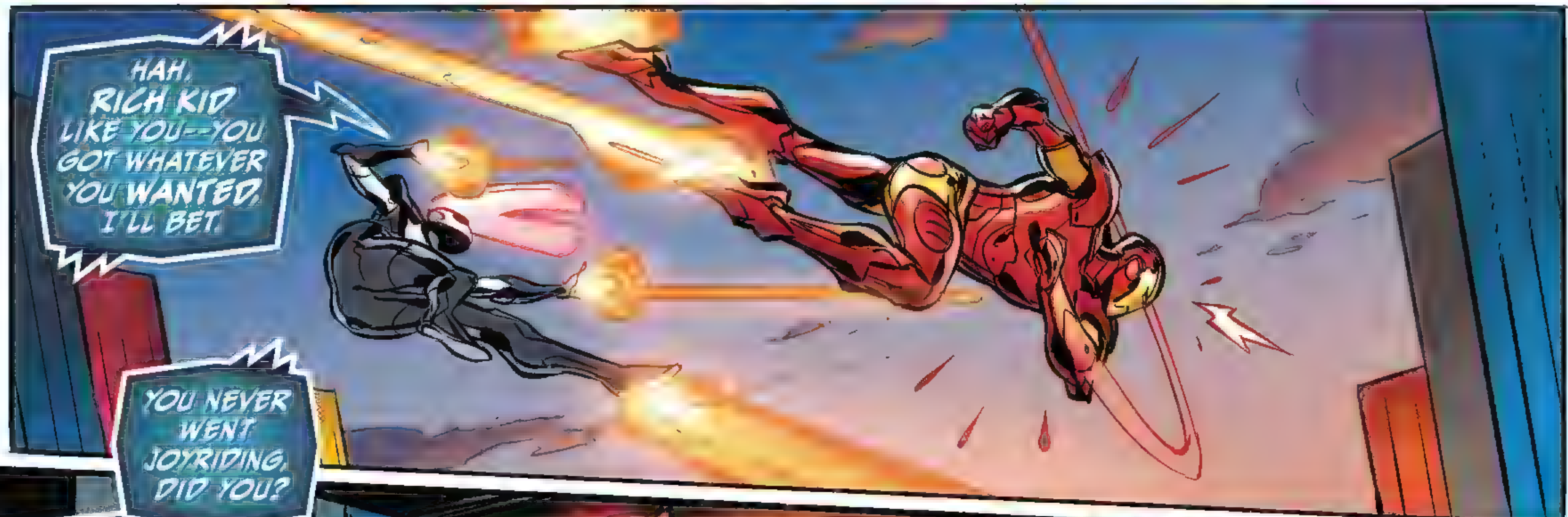




YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH MY ARMOR, DO YOU?

I TAKE THAT KIND OF THING VERY SERIOUSLY. I KIND OF HAD A WAR ABOUT IT.

IT WAS A WHOLE THING.



HAH, RICH KID LIKE YOU--YOU GOT WHATEVER YOU WANTED, I'LL BET.

YOU NEVER WENT JOYRIDING, DID YOU?



DIDN'T HAVE TO. PROBABLY GOT A LAMBORGHINI FOR YOUR SWEET SIXTEEN.

A '71 HEMI 'CUDA, ACTUALLY.

POINT IS, YOU DON'T RIP OFF THE CAR BECAUSE YOU WANT TO KEEP IT.

NO...

WHEN YOU GO JOYRIDING, YOU STEAL THE CAR BECAUSE YOU WANT TO DRIVE IT.

FOR THE THRILL. FOR THE HELL OF IT.



NOW, I DON'T KNOW
HOW LONG STARK
TAKES TO BUILD ONE
OF THESE SUITS.

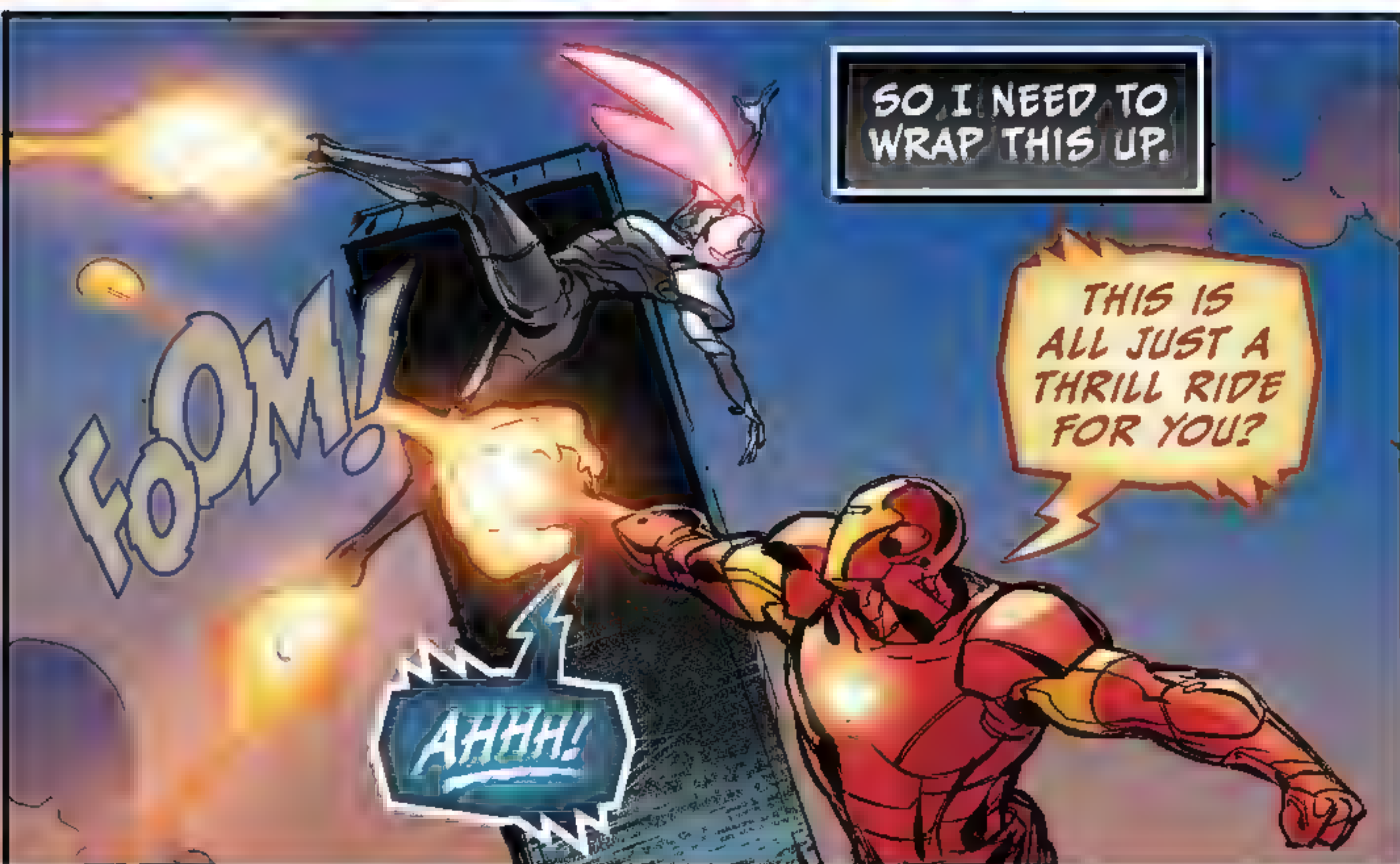
BUT IT SURE ISN'T
A FEW MINUTES.

I PUSHED THE
NANOFORGE TOO
HARD TO PUT
THIS BUCKET OF
BOLTS TOGETHER
QUICKLY.

NO LIFE SUPPORT. NO
MISSILES, REPULSORS--
NOTHING BUT THE CLAWS.

IT'S ALL
SPEED AND
ELECTRONIC
DEFENSE.

AND IT'S
STARTING
TO COME
APART.



SO I NEED TO
WRAP THIS UP.

THIS IS
ALL JUST A
THRILL RIDE
FOR YOU?

FOOM!

AHHH!



YOU RIP OFF
A SPORTS CAR
YOU WANT TO
OPEN IT UP.

REALLY
SEE WHAT IT
CAN DO.



BUT WHEN YOU
RIP OFF A WAR
MACHINE...

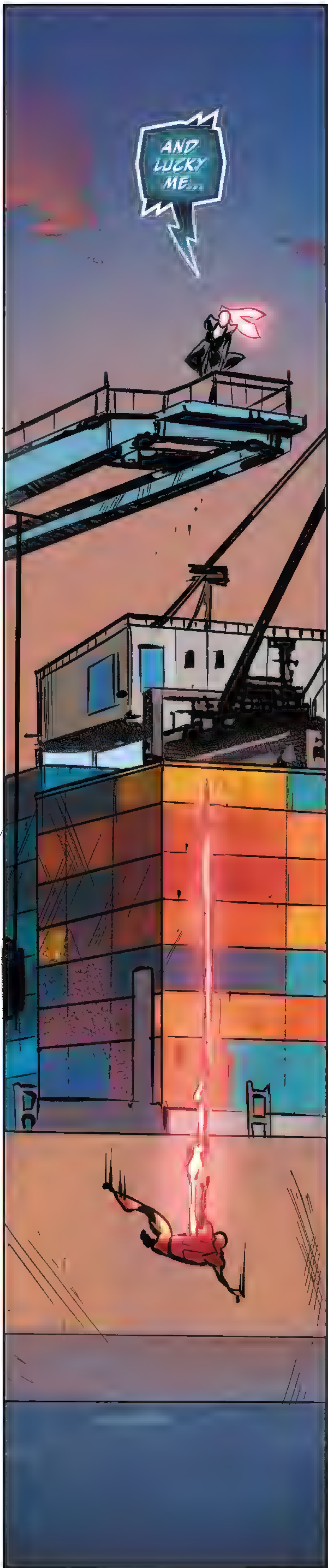
SKRITCH!



YAARGH!

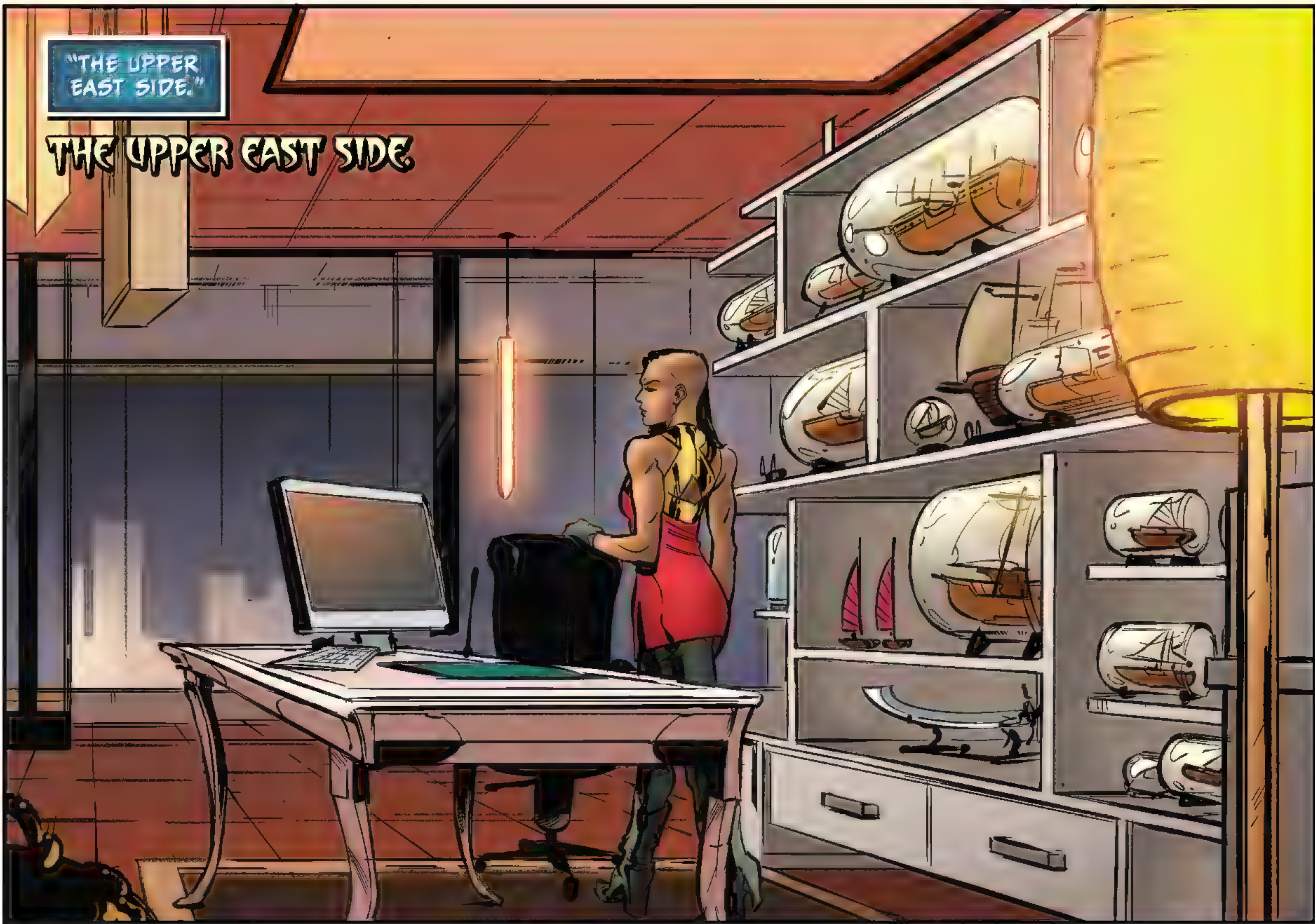
...AND YOU
WANT TO PUT
IT THROUGH
ITS PAGES?

THEN, BABY,
YOU TAKE IT
TO WAR.



"THE UPPER
EAST SIDE."

THE UPPER EAST SIDE

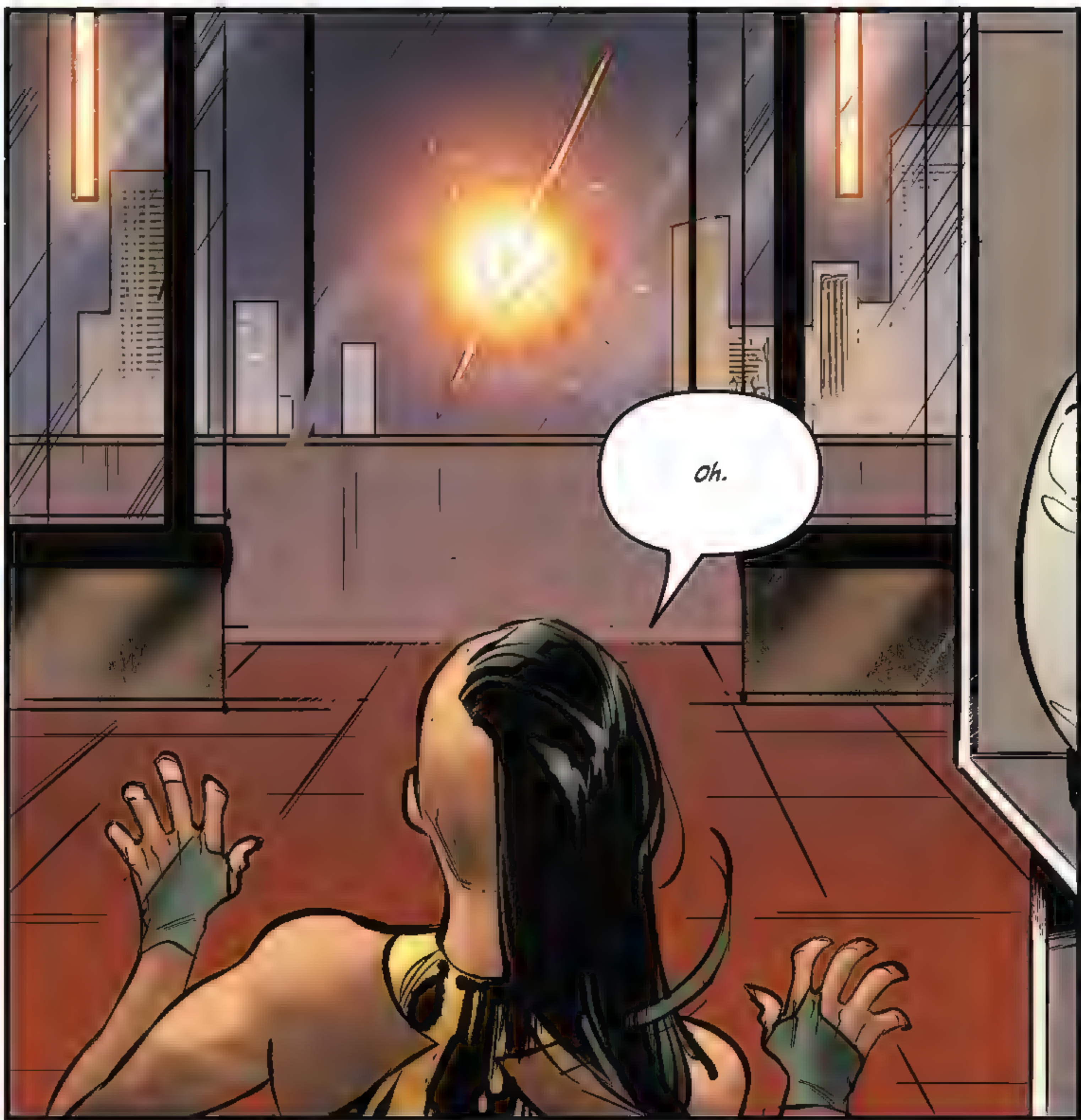


RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE

WHAT--



Oh.



USUALLY, I TRY
TO GO FOR THE
SMART MOVE.

THERE'S
NO PROFIT
IN REVENGE.

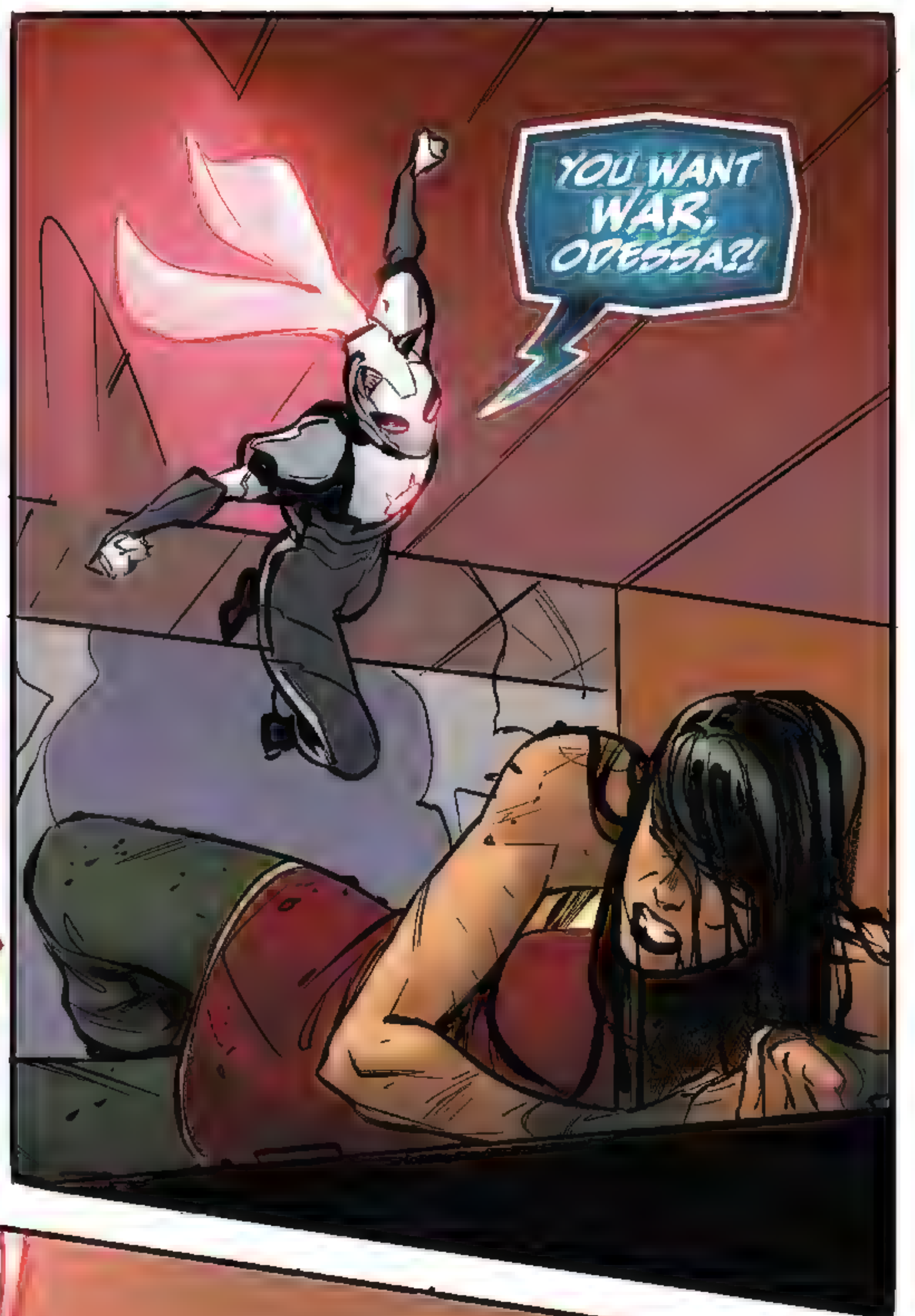
BUT I'M SICK OF
ODESSA PUSHING
ME AROUND.

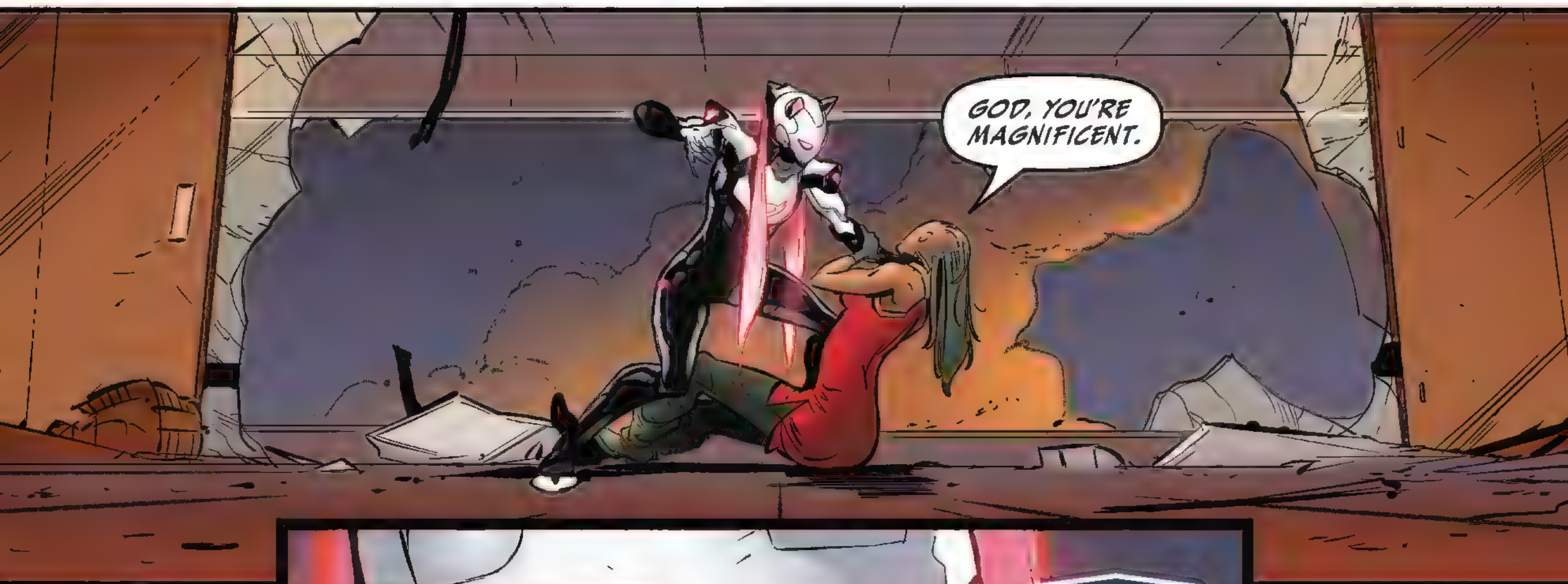
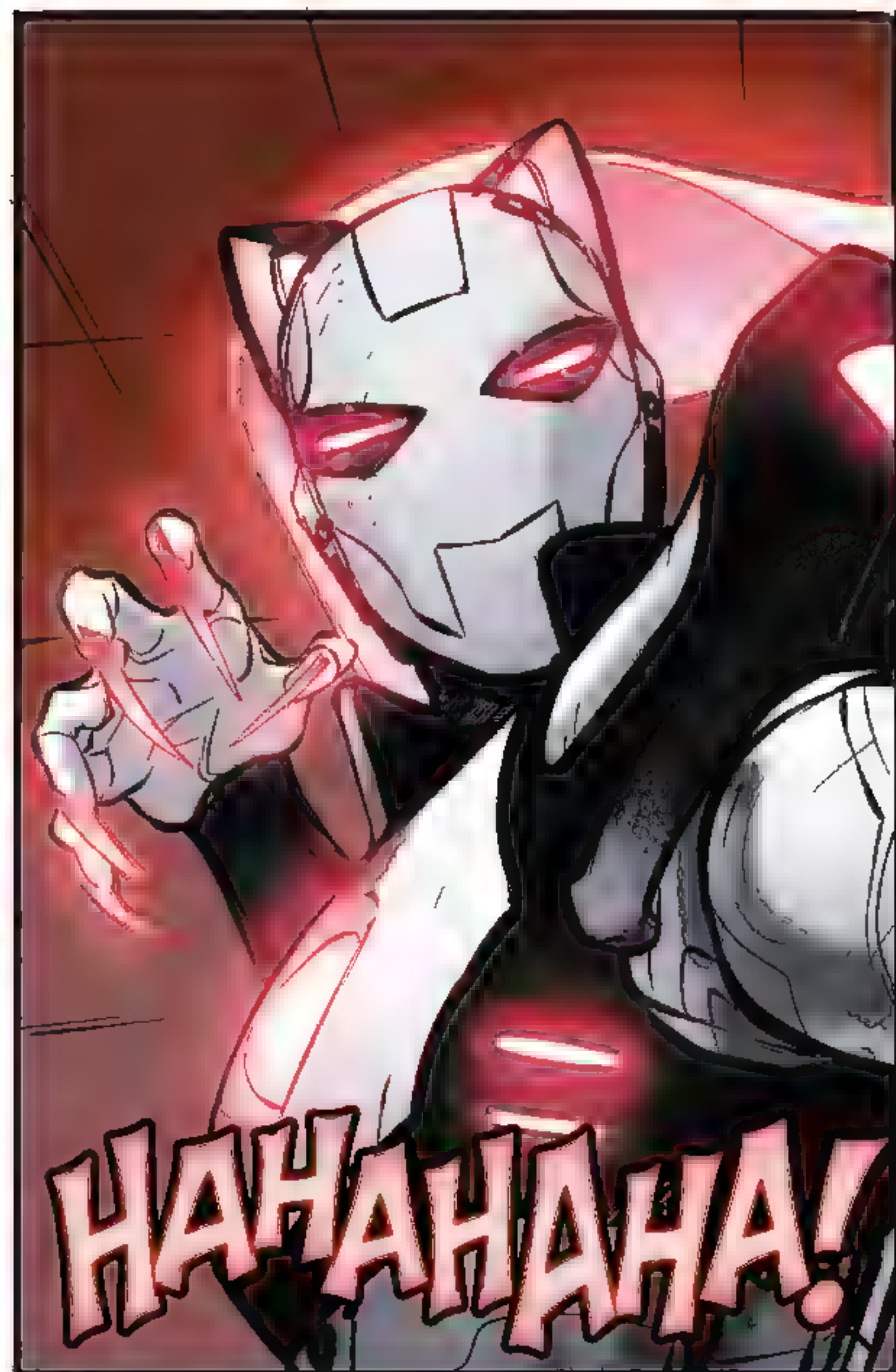
AND SOMETIMES...

WOW!

...SOMETIMES
REVENGE IS ITS
OWN PROFIT.









I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THE GRAVITY OF YOUR SITUATION.

=Gurk=

I--I UNDERSTAND IT PERFECTLY.



YOU ARE WHAT I NEED.

YOU ARE WHAT THIS GUILD NEEDS.

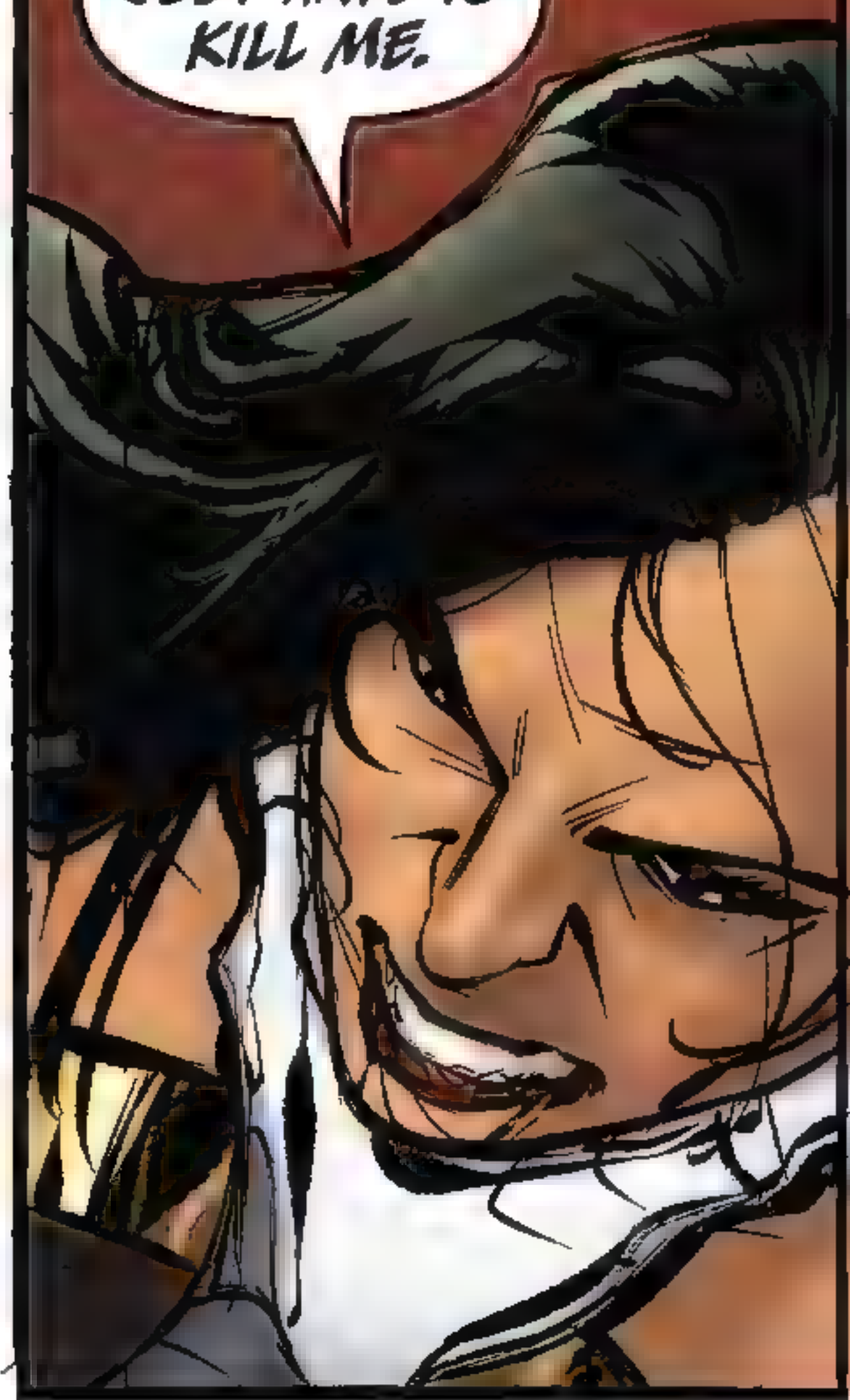
YOU ARE A THIEF OF SUPREME SKILL, OF IMPECCABLE LINEAGE, OF OBNOXIOUS INDIVIDUALISM.

YOU BELONG WITH US.

YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME, FELICIA.

AND I WILL HAVE YOU.

SO YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO KILL ME.



YOU'D BET YOUR LIFE THAT I WON'T?

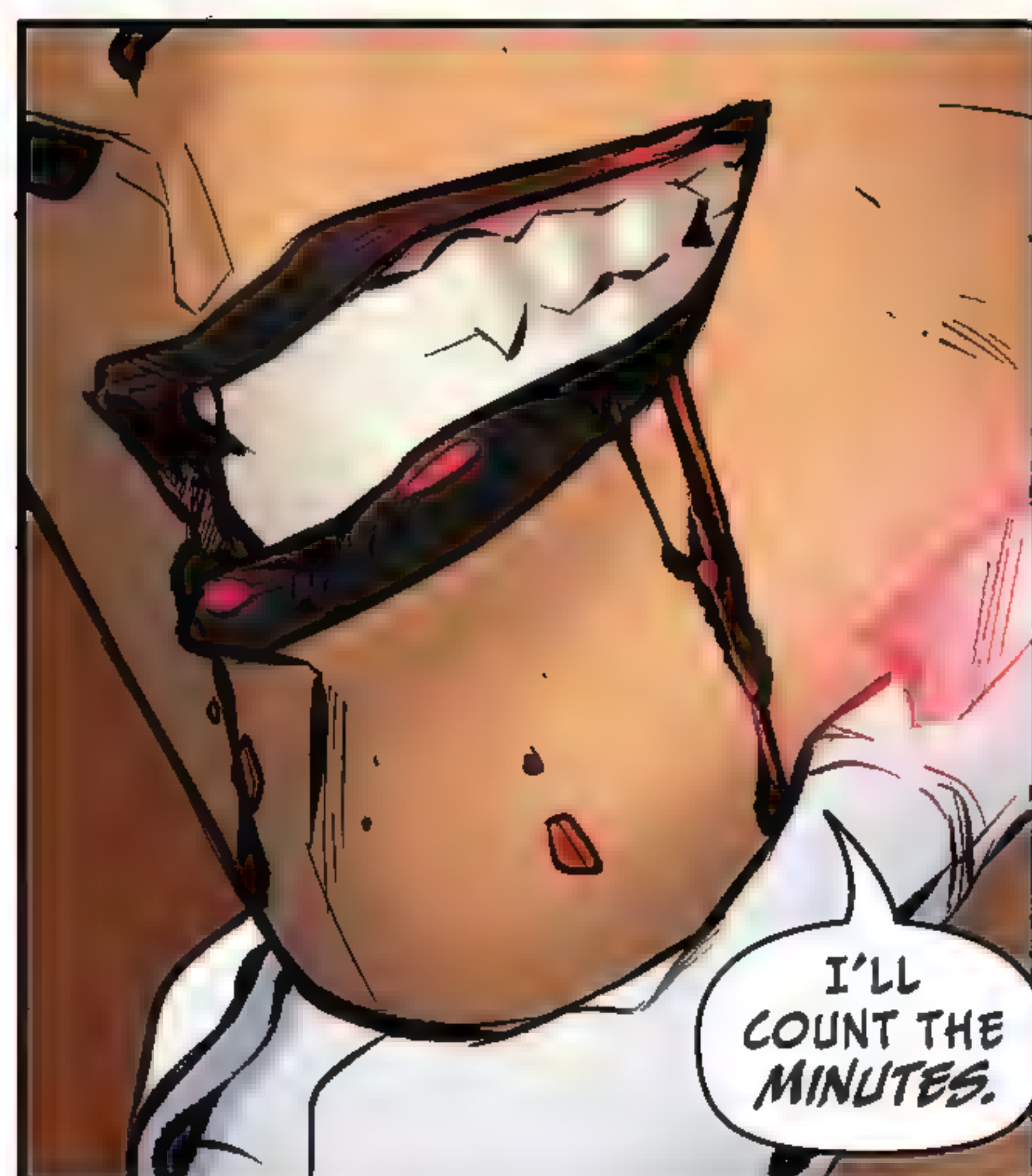
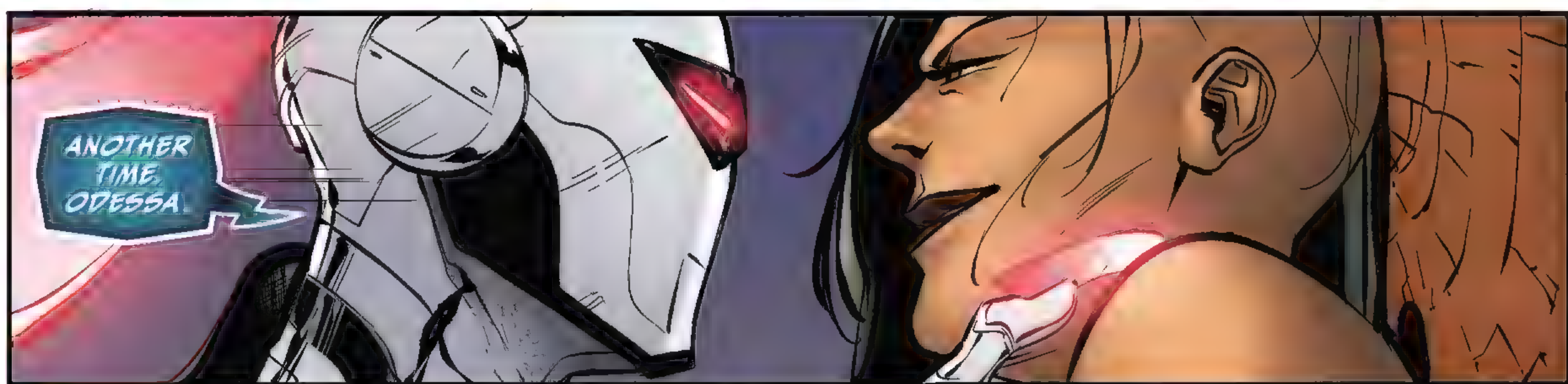
Whuuuff!

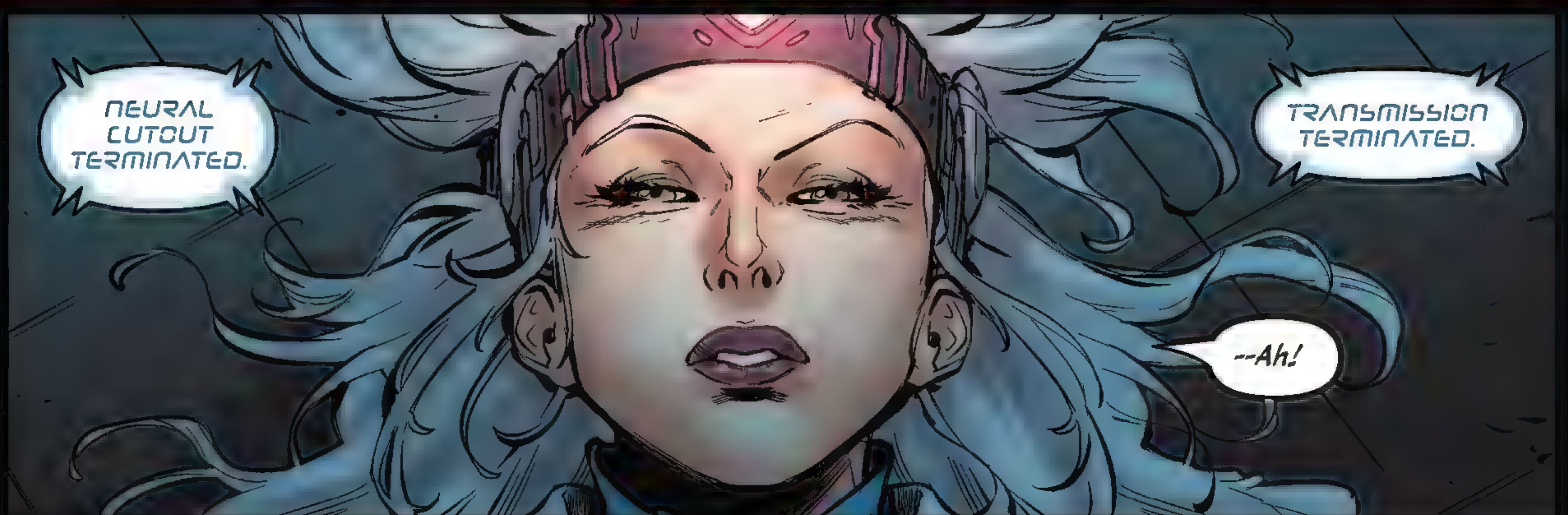
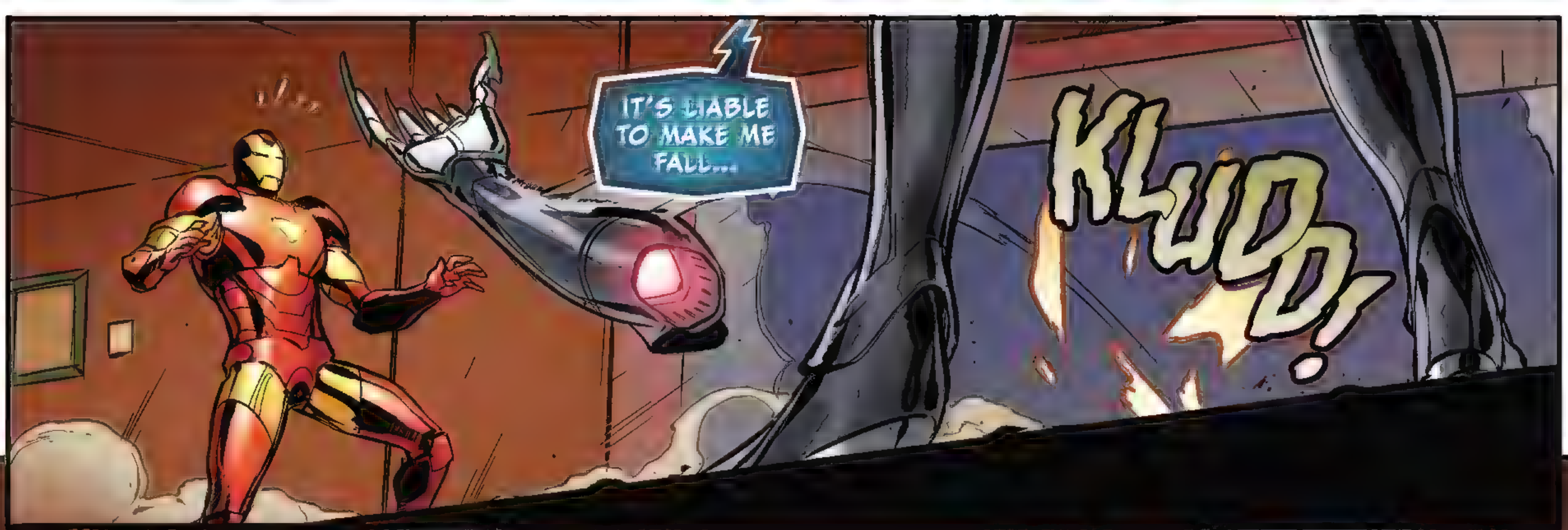


YOU DON'T HAVE IT IN YOU. THE RUTHLESSNESS.

WE'LL HAVE TO WORK ON THAT.

LAST WARNING. LET HER GO AND POWER DOWN.







Whooo--
HOT
DAMN,
WHAT A
RIDE...



STARK'LL BE BACK
ANY MINUTE.

HE'S A SMART GUY,
HE'LL FIGURE OUT
I'VE BEEN HERE ALL
ALONG, PILOTING
REMOTELY WITH THIS
NIFTY INTERFACE.

(TURNS OUT
YOU CAN HANDLE
CRAZY G-FORCES
IF THERE'S NO
BODY THERE TO
SUFFER THEM.)



BUT I'LL
BE LONG
GONE BY
THEN...



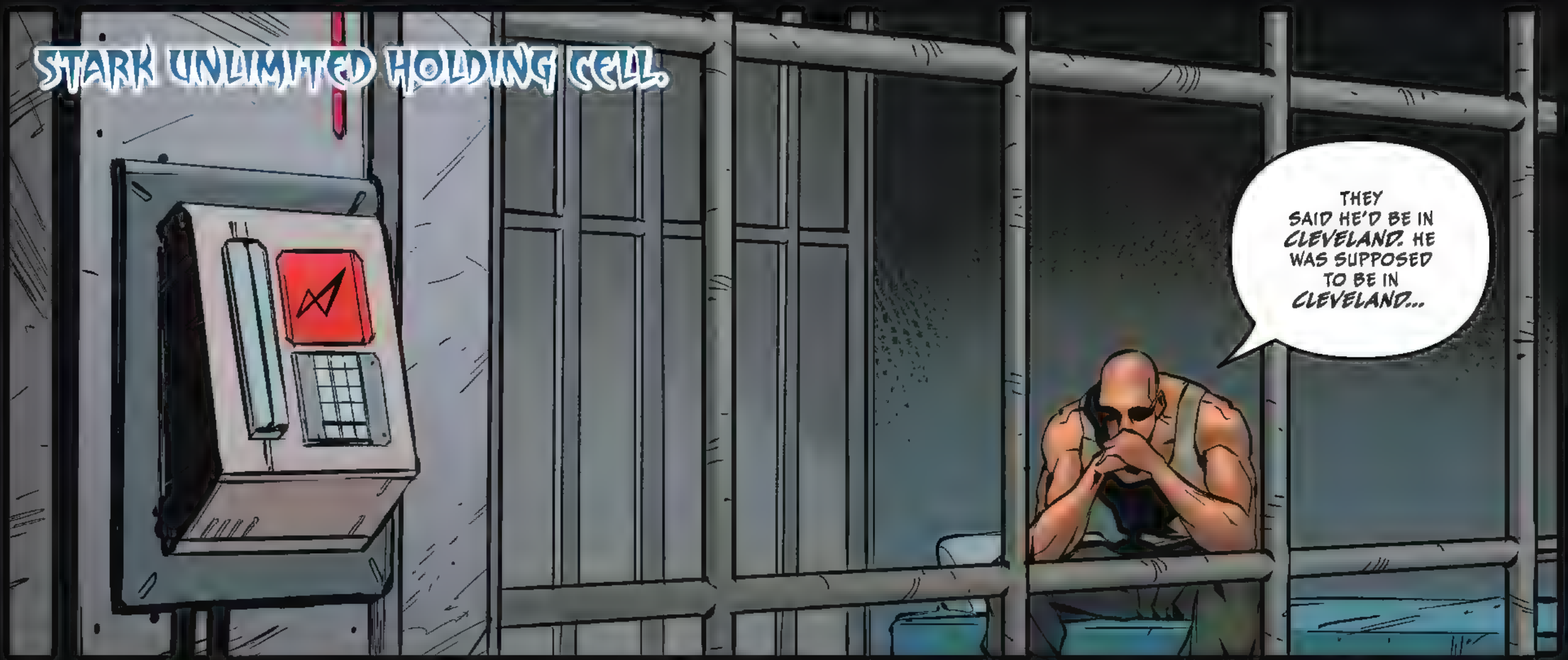
...ALL THANKS
TO SOMETHING
I BORROWED
FROM A FRIEND.



BUT FIRST,
A GOOD
DEED...

ENJOY
YOUR DAY,
MS. CABE.

STARK UNLIMITED HOLDING CELL.



THEY
SAID HE'D BE IN
CLEVELAND. HE
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE IN
CLEVELAND...



HEY, TAGGERT.

FIREPOWER.

Huh?



SHAKE
A LEG,
BABY.

WE'RE
LEAVING.

CERES' HIDEOUT:
PARAMUS, NEW JERSEY.

NOTHING LIKE GETTING
BACK TO MY OLD STOMPING
GROUNDS AFTER THAT THING IN
MADRIPOOR, AND THEN THAT
KOREAN NIGHTMARE.*

...AND YOU SHOULD HAVE
SEEN HER FACE WHEN
I BUSTED THROUGH
THAT WINDOW...

POW!

*LOOK OUT FOR BLACK CAT ANNUAL #2!

MASTERFUL,
DARLING.
MASTERFUL.

YOU'VE
MADE AN OLD
MAN VERY
PROUD.

I JUST WISH
YOU HAD BROUGHT
THAT *SUIT* BACK.

THE *TERROR* WE
COULD INSPIRE WITH
SUCH A WEAPON...

I DUNNO,
BOSS... ARE
YOU SURE THAT
WAS SUCH A
GOOD IDEA?

TAKING A POKE
AT ODESSA
LIKE THAT, WHEN
WE'RE ALMOST
READY TO RIP
HER OFF?

I MEAN,
MAYBE
NOT.

I DIDN'T
EXPECT HER
TO BE SO...
INTENSE.

BUT...

"...WITH US
SO CLOSE
TO WINNING..."

Hmm...

"--WHAT COULD
GO WRONG?"

...THIS
WON'T DO
AT ALL.

DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
**BLACK
CAT:
THREAT
AND
MENACE?!**

TO BE CONTINUED...



BLACK CAT ANNUAL 1



*MARVEL COMICS proudly requests the honor of your
presence at the wedding of their daughter and son,*



Felicia Sara Hardy,
A.K.A. Black Cat
and
Peter Benjamin Parker,
A.K.A. Spider-Man

*On this day, **Wednesday, November thirteenth,**
in the year two thousand nineteen*

*At a location to be revealed within the pages of this comic book.
The bride and groom will be accompanied by their wedding party:*





NOPE.
NO WAY.

Oh
COME ON.
LIVE A LITTLE,
SPIDER.

SEE,
YOU SAY THAT,
AND WHEN I LISTEN,
I ALWAYS END UP
AROUND PEOPLE WHO
WANT ME TO LIVE
A LOT LESS.



PLEASE?
FOR ME?

NOPE.

HARD
PASS.



WHAT DO
YOU NEED ME
FOR? GET ONE OF
YOUR CRIMINAL
PALS!

WHAT
DO I NEED
YOU FOR?



I NEED YOU
FOR THIS BECAUSE
I TRUST YOU.

BECAUSE YOU
CAN HANDLE
YOURSELF.

BECAUSE,
ULTIMATELY, YOU
WANT TO HELP
PEOPLE.

BECAUSE...
THAT IS YOUR
THING, ISN'T
IT? HELPING
PEOPLE?



= Sigh... =

I COULDN'T
BE AN ALOOF
NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-MAN,
NOOOOO.

A HAUGHTY,
DETACHED
NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-MAN.

I
SHOULD
BE SO
LUCKY.



AND IT'S NOT
BECAUSE I'M THE
ONLY PERSON YOU
KNOW WHO THAT
TUX WILL FIT?

THE BLACK CAT

NO...?

ALRIGHT.

ALRIGHT,
ALRIGHT,
ALRIGHT,
FINE.

with

SPIDER-MAN

in

HE SAID
YES!

LET'S GET
MARRIED!



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, NORTHPORT, NY.

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND WHAT COMES NEXT, YOU NEED TO KNOW THIS:

THE MAGGIA ARE WEIRD.

"BUT FELICIA," YOU SAY, "THEY'RE JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL GANGSTERS WITH ESOTERIC TRADITIONS AND A FIXATION ON DEATH RAYS AND ROBOTS!"

"HOW IS THAT WEIRD?"

PART 1: THE WEDDING OF THE MARTYRS



TAKE THE WEDDING OF THE MARTYRS.

WHEN TWO FAMILIES HAVE BEEF, BAD BLOOD BORDERING ON WAR, THEN THE MARTYRS ARE WED.



TWO MAGGIA YOUTH, A PRINCE OR PRINCESS OF EACH FAMILY, ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER ON THIS SACRED OCCASION.

AT ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, SCIENCE-GANGSTER HOLY GROUND.

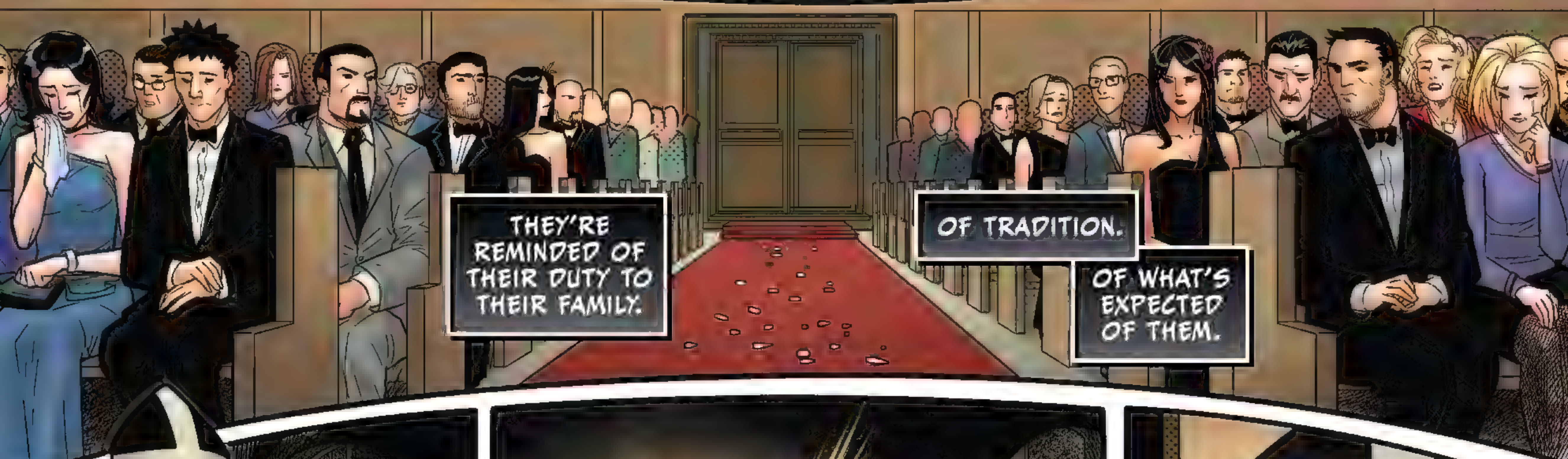
THEY'RE WED,
IN ANCIENT MAGGIA
TRADITION, BOUND
TOGETHER BY
OATH AND LAW.



THEY'RE
REMINDING OF
THEIR DUTY TO
THEIR FAMILY.

OF TRADITION.

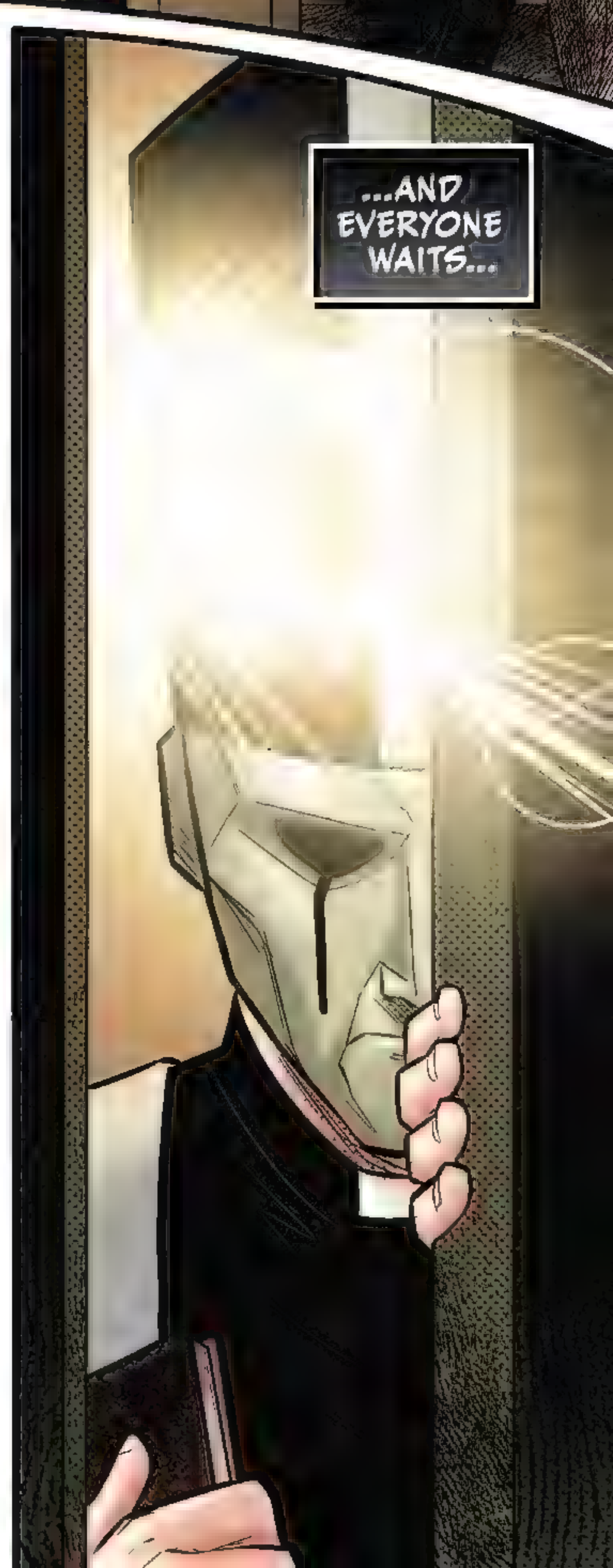
OF WHAT'S
EXPECTED
OF THEM.



AND THEN THE
PRIEST OPENS
THE DOOR THAT
ONLY HE CAN...

...USHERS
THE MARTYRS
THROUGH...

...AND
EVERYONE
WAITS...



...WHILE
THE NEWLYWEDS
FIGHT TO THE
DEATH TO SETTLE
THEIR FAMILIES'
DIFFERENCES.

SEE?

I TOLD
YOU IT'D GO
OFF WITHOUT
A HITCH.

OTHER THAN,
YOU KNOW,
US GETTING
HITCHED.

ONE
HITCH.

WE ARE
LOCKED IN A ROOM
WHERE THE *ONLY*
EXIT IS THROUGH TWO
ENTIRE MAGGIA
FAMILIES.

THAT'S
A LOT OF
DEATH RAYS
BETWEEN US
AND THE
STREET.

RELAX,
BABY.

DON'T
I ALWAYS
HAVE A
PLAN?

⇒ Sigh... ⇒

I MAY
NEVER
LIKE
THEM...

...BUT
YOU ALWAYS
DO HAVE
A PLAN.

MIDTOWN.

I'VE NEVER BEEN GIVEN A THING IN MY LIFE.

THAT IS NOT A COMPLAINT; ONLY LESSER MEN COMPLAIN ABOUT WHAT THEY HAVE AND HAVE NOT BEEN GIVEN.

RIGHT THIS WAY, MR.... COFFIN?

INDEED IT IS, CHRISTOPHER P. COFFIN, AT YOUR SERVICE.

PART 28
THE
SCIENTIFIC
METHOD

INSTEAD, IT IS A POINT OF PRIDE.

WHAT I AM, I HAVE MADE OF MYSELF.

WOULD YOU LIKE ANY ASSISTANCE, MR. COFFIN?

I'D BE HAPPY TO HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN.

YOUNG LADY, YOU ARE INDEED A DELIGHT. A RAY OF SUNSHINE, IF YOU WILL.

MY SKILLS, MY KNOWLEDGE, MY REPUTATION FOR TERRIFYING APPLICATIONS OF THE SCIENCES...

ALL HARD-EARNED. I AM BOTH PYGMALION AND GALATEA, SCULPTOR AND CREATION.

WELL, IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, JUST CALL OUT!

INDEED, YOUNG LADY. INDEED I WILL.

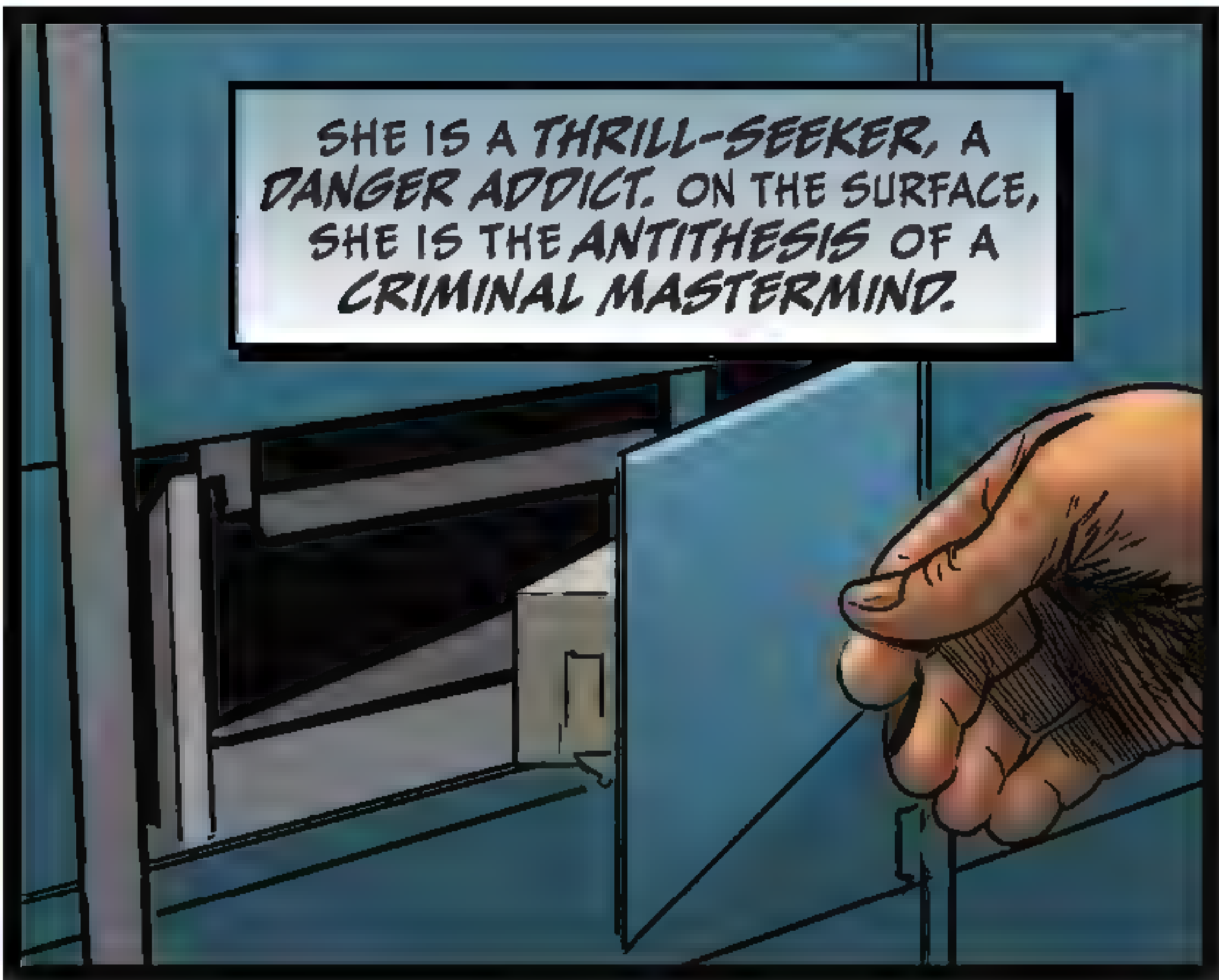
BOTH FRANKENSTEIN AND MONSTER.

I HAVE NO TRUCK WITH "LUCK" OR "FORTUNE."

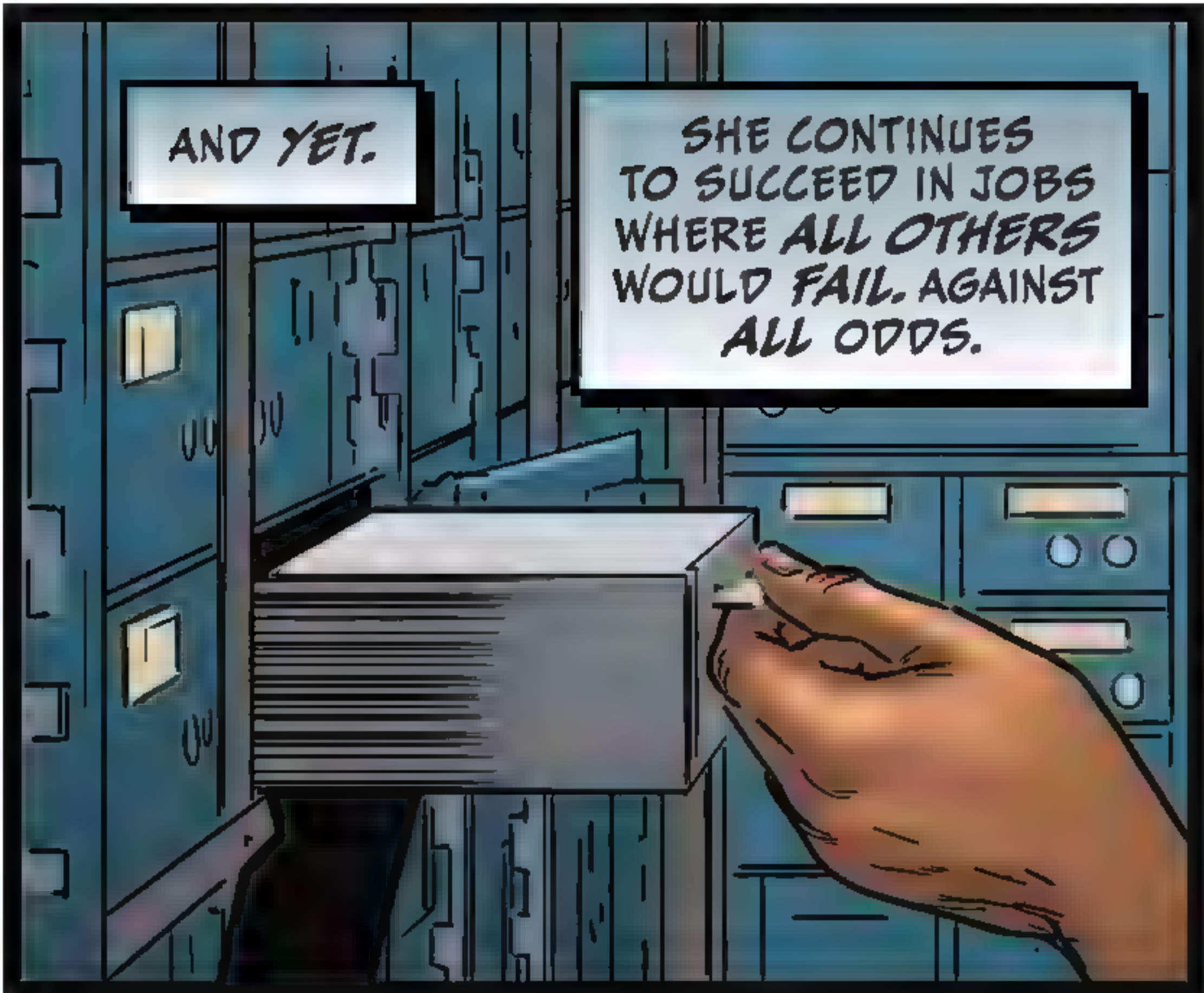
THUD!



WHICH IS WHY
FELICIA HARDY'S
CONTINUED SUCCESS
IS SO UTTERLY
BAFFLING.



SHE IS A **THRILL-SEEKER**, A
DANGER ADDICT. ON THE SURFACE,
SHE IS THE **ANTITHESIS** OF A
CRIMINAL MASTERMIND.



AND **YET**.

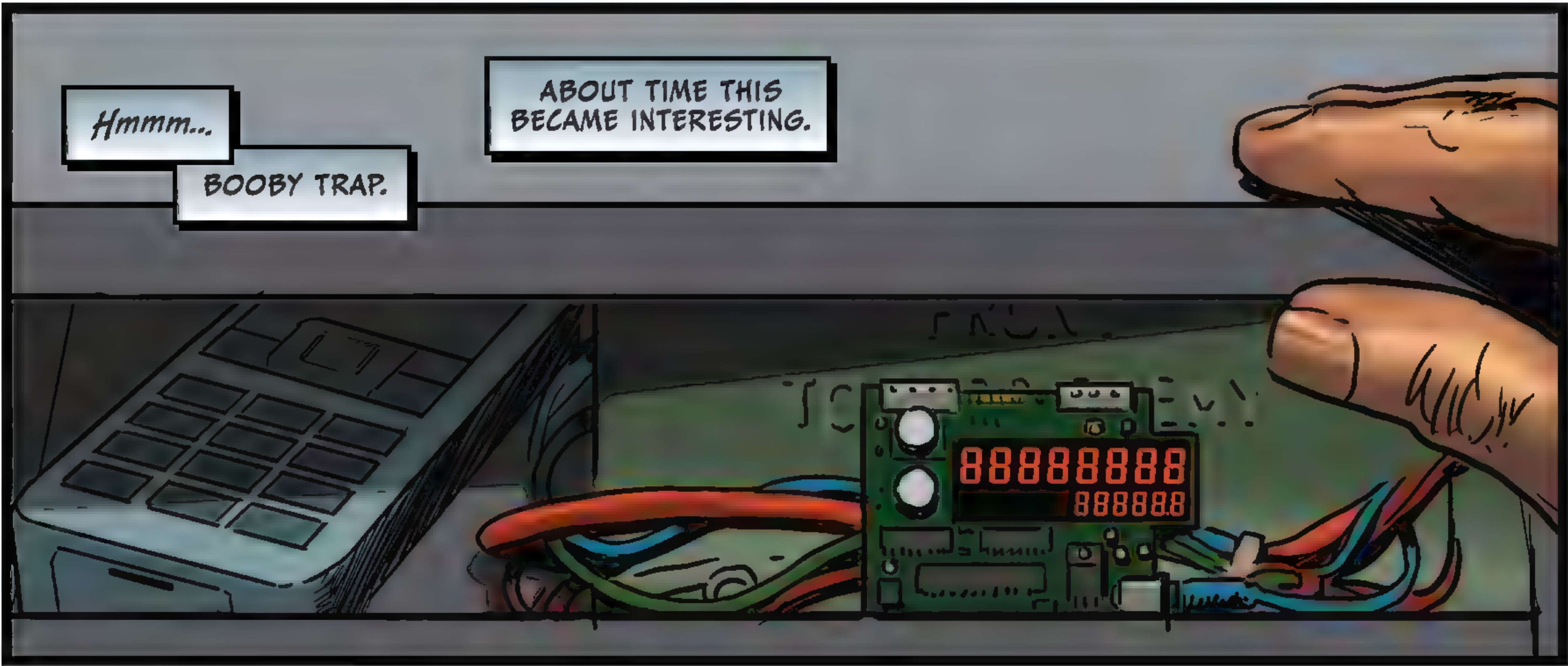
SHE CONTINUES
TO SUCCEED IN JOBS
WHERE **ALL OTHERS**
WOULD **FAIL**. AGAINST
ALL ODDS.



AND SO, AS A **SCIENTIST**,
I **OBSERVE** HER.

AND AS A **CRIMINAL**,
I **FOLLOW** HER.

MIXING **CRIME** AND **SCIENCE**
MAKES FOR A **HEADY BREW**, BUT
THERE IS NONE OTHER **WORTHY**
TO **QUAFF** SUCH A **DRAUGHT** AS I.



Hmmm...

BOOBY TRAP.

ABOUT TIME THIS
BECAME INTERESTING.

JERSEY.

WHEN YOU'RE
A BIG GUY,
PEOPLE ASSUME
YOU'RE *DUMB*.

PART 3:
DUMB GUYS

IF YOU'RE A BIG GUY AND
YOU DON'T SAY MUCH?

BROTHER, PEOPLE
ARE GOING TO THINK
YOU GOT THE BRAINS
OF A *CACTUS*.



THAT'S
OKAY
THOUGH.

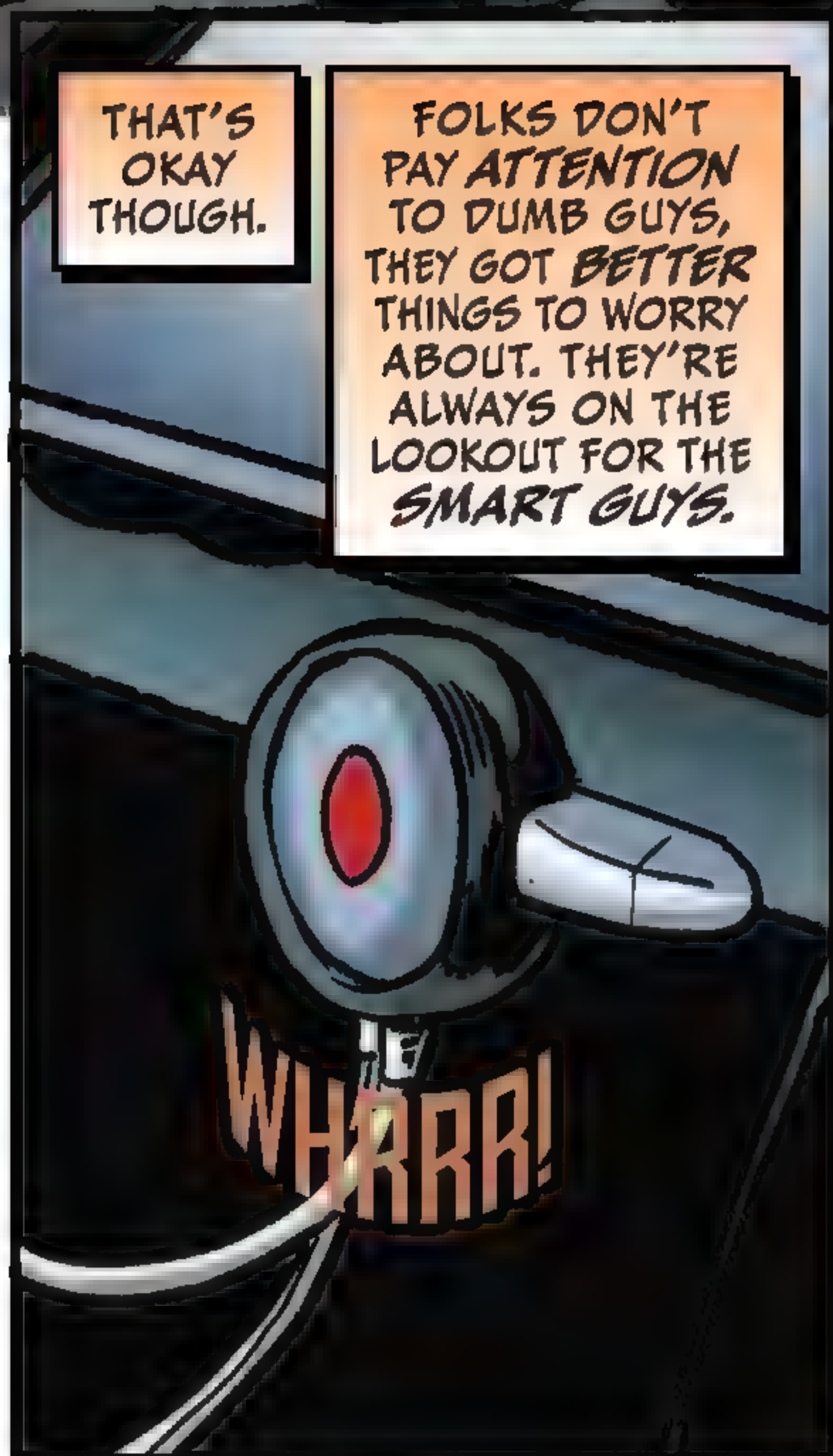
FOLKS DON'T
PAY ATTENTION
TO DUMB GUYS,
THEY GOT *BETTER*
THINGS TO WORRY
ABOUT. THEY'RE
ALWAYS ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR THE
SMART GUYS.

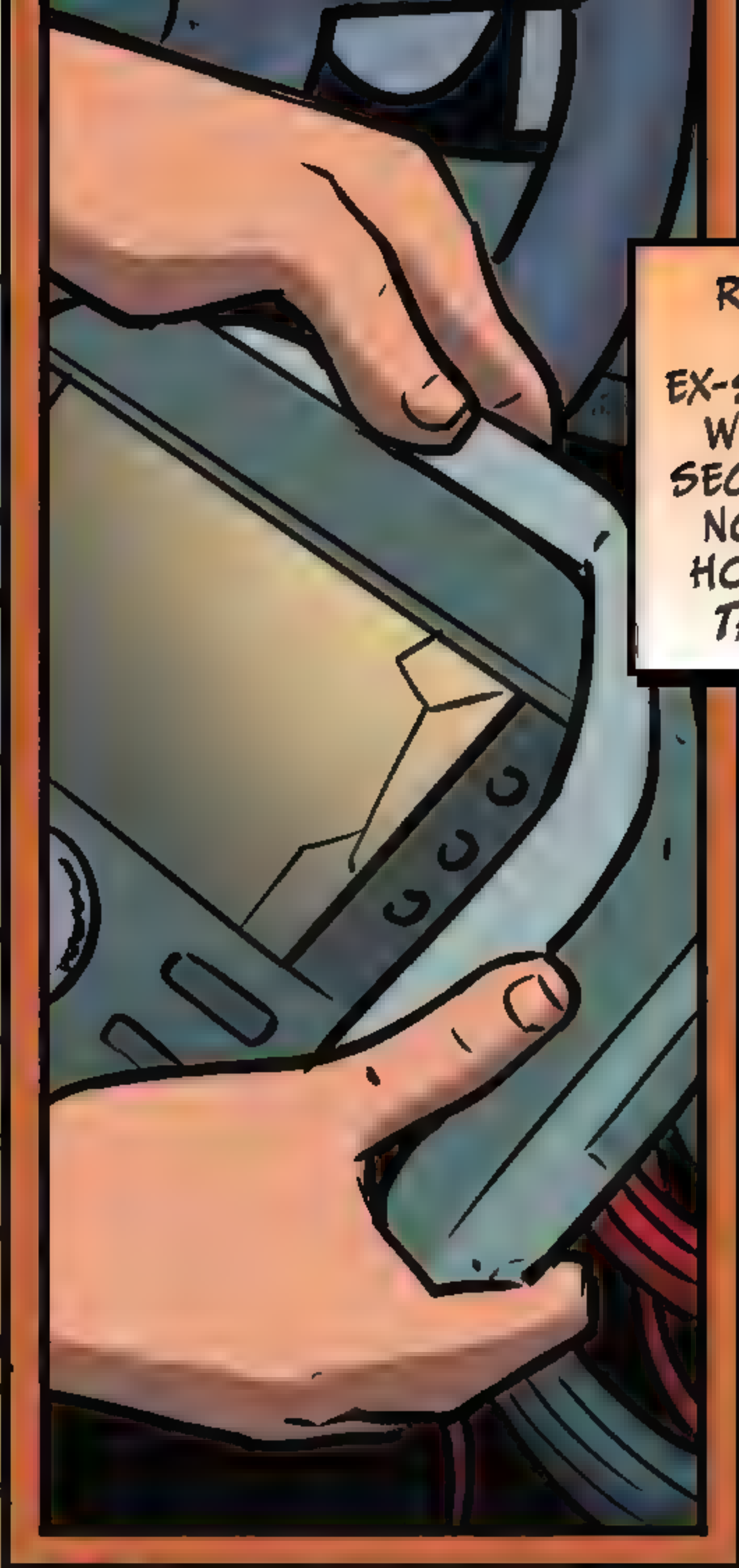
YOU PUT A DUMB GUY
IN *COVERALLS*,
WELL, THEY CAN
WALK INTO PRETTY
MUCH ANYWHERE.

INCLUDING A
DECOM YARD IN
JERSEY FULL OF
EX-S.H.I.E.L.D.
HARDWARE.

SECURITY'S
A JOKE
AT PLACES
LIKE THIS.

AND AFTER
S.H.I.E.L.D.
FOLDED,
THERE'S A LOT
OF THEM,
ALL OVER THE
COUNTRY.





REASONING IS,
THIS IS ALL
EX-S.H.I.E.L.D. STUFF,
WITH SUPERSPY
SECURITY SYSTEMS--
NOBODY COULD
HOT-WIRE ONE 'A
THOSE, RIGHT?

WHY, TO EVEN
TRY? YOU'D
HAVE TO BE
ONE DUMB
GUY.



Heh.



TRANSPONDER?
SEeya.

DON'T MATTER
IF WE'RE TALKING
S.H.I.E.L.D., HYDRA,
WHOEVER. DON'T
MATTER HOW
SUPER-SCIENCE
IT IS.

IF IT'S GOT
WHEELS AND
MOVES?

I CAN
STEAL IT.



I WAS THE ONLY KID
IN ALL OF PITTSBURGH
WHO GOT JUVIE FOR
RIPPING OFF A FLYING CAR.



CALL ME AN EARLY
BLOOMER.

PART 48
**JOURNEY
INTO
MYSTERY**

CAREFUL,
CAREFUL...

YES,
YES...

RRUUUM!

JEEPERS, MISTER,
HOW'D YOU GET
SO STRONG?

Uh...
VEGETABLES...MILK?
WHEATCAKES?

(WHY DON'T
I EVER LIFT WITH
MY LEGS?)

DON'T
SELL
YOURSELF
SHORT,
SPIDER.

THE MAGGIA USE
A DREADNOUGHT
TO LIFT THAT UP.

KRAAK!

SO
THAT'S
IT?

THAT'S IT.

THE SECRET
MAGGIA CATACOMBS.
THEY SAY THERE'S
SOME GHASTLY
GUARDIAN.

COOL.

SUPER
NOT-SCARY.

WHADDYA
SAY?

READY
TO RAGE?

SO LET'S
RECAP.



I'M
TOMB-RAIDING
A SECRET
MOB CRYPT
UNDER LONG
ISLAND WITH MY
SUPER HERO
EX-BOYFRIEND
THAT I SORT-OF
MARRIED AND I
LOOK TOTALLY
GREAT.

YOU THINK
CAPTAIN MARVEL
GETS UP TO STUFF
THIS COOL?

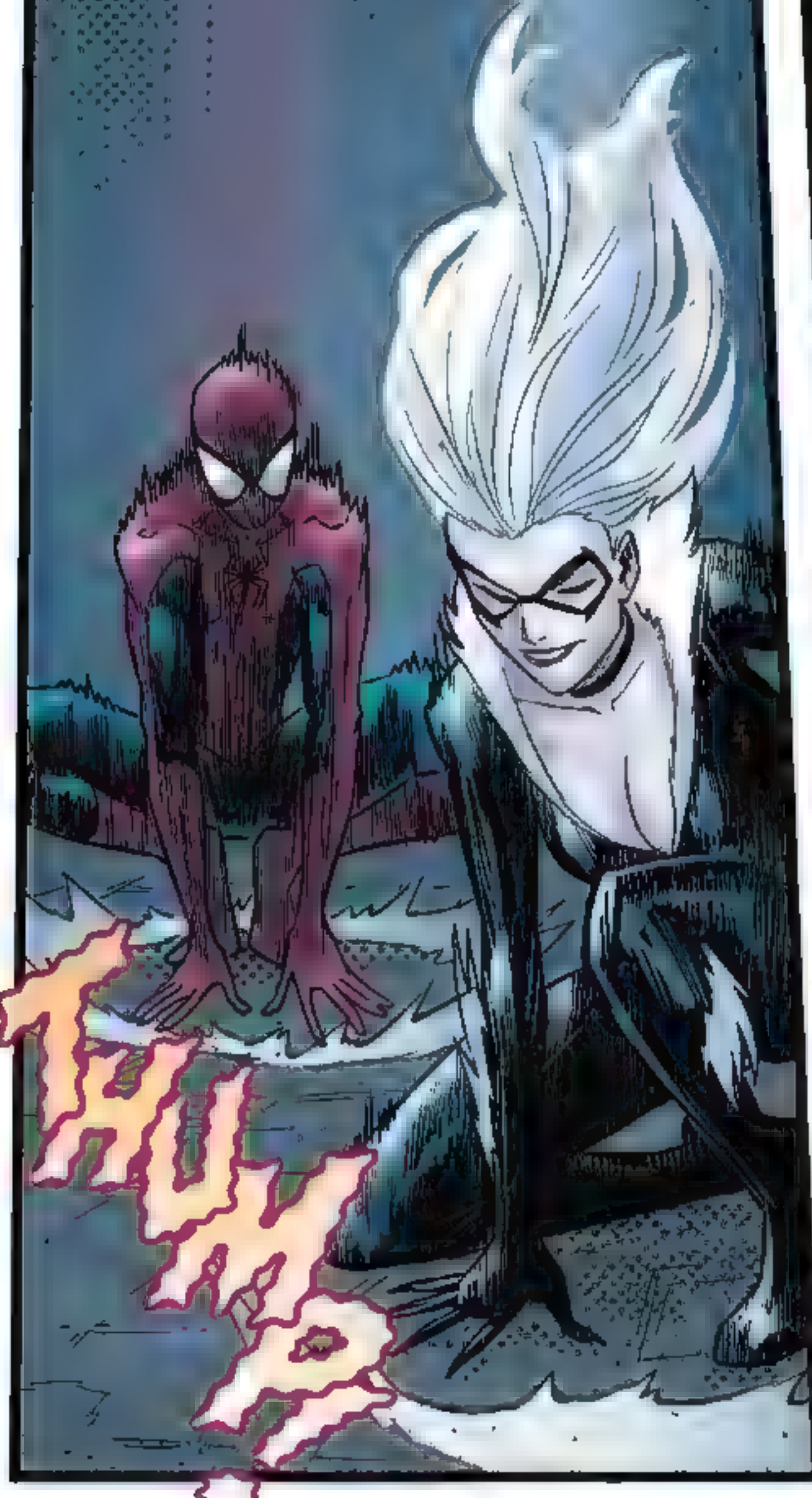
NO WAY.

SHE JUST
HANGS OUT IN
SPACE WITH
CANADIANS.



Heh.
WHAT A
NERD.

CRIME
RULES.





Whoof...
NICE SAVE,
THANKS.

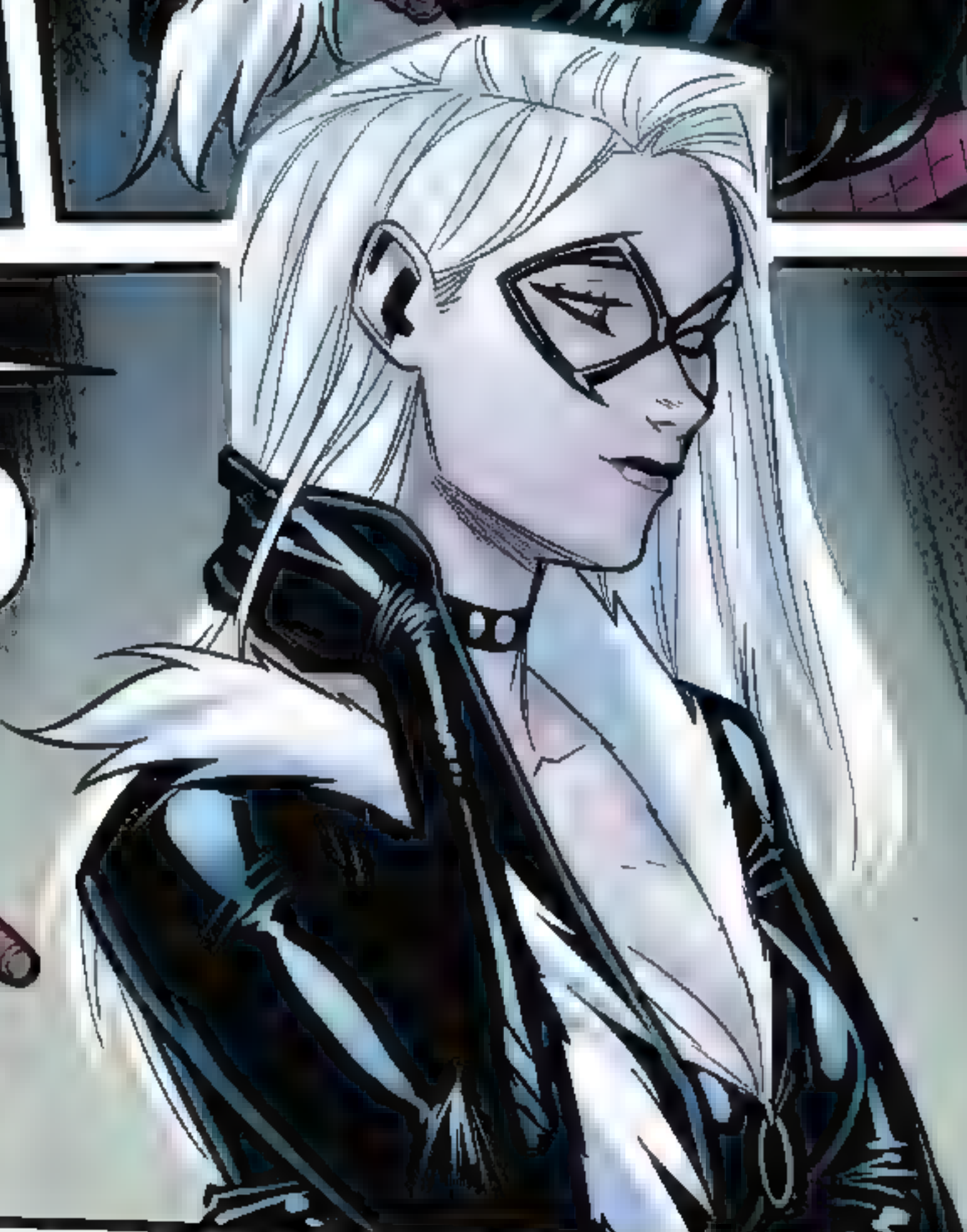
DON'T
MENTION
IT.



ZTANNING!



Ahem,
RIGHT.
RIGHT,
RIGHT. CRIME.



OKAY.

SO WE'VE
GOT TRAPS.
SCARY--

BUT
ALSO
PRETTY
COOL.

RIGHT?
YOU TAKE
POINT
AND SUSS
THEM OUT
WITH YOUR
SPIDER-
SENSE.

GOT IT.
NO TIME
FOR LOVE,
DR. HARDY.

AIN'T THAT
THE TRUTH.



SO TELL ME
THE STORY.

IT'S
ALL ABOUT
THE MONEY,
SPIDER.

MAGGIA
MONEY.

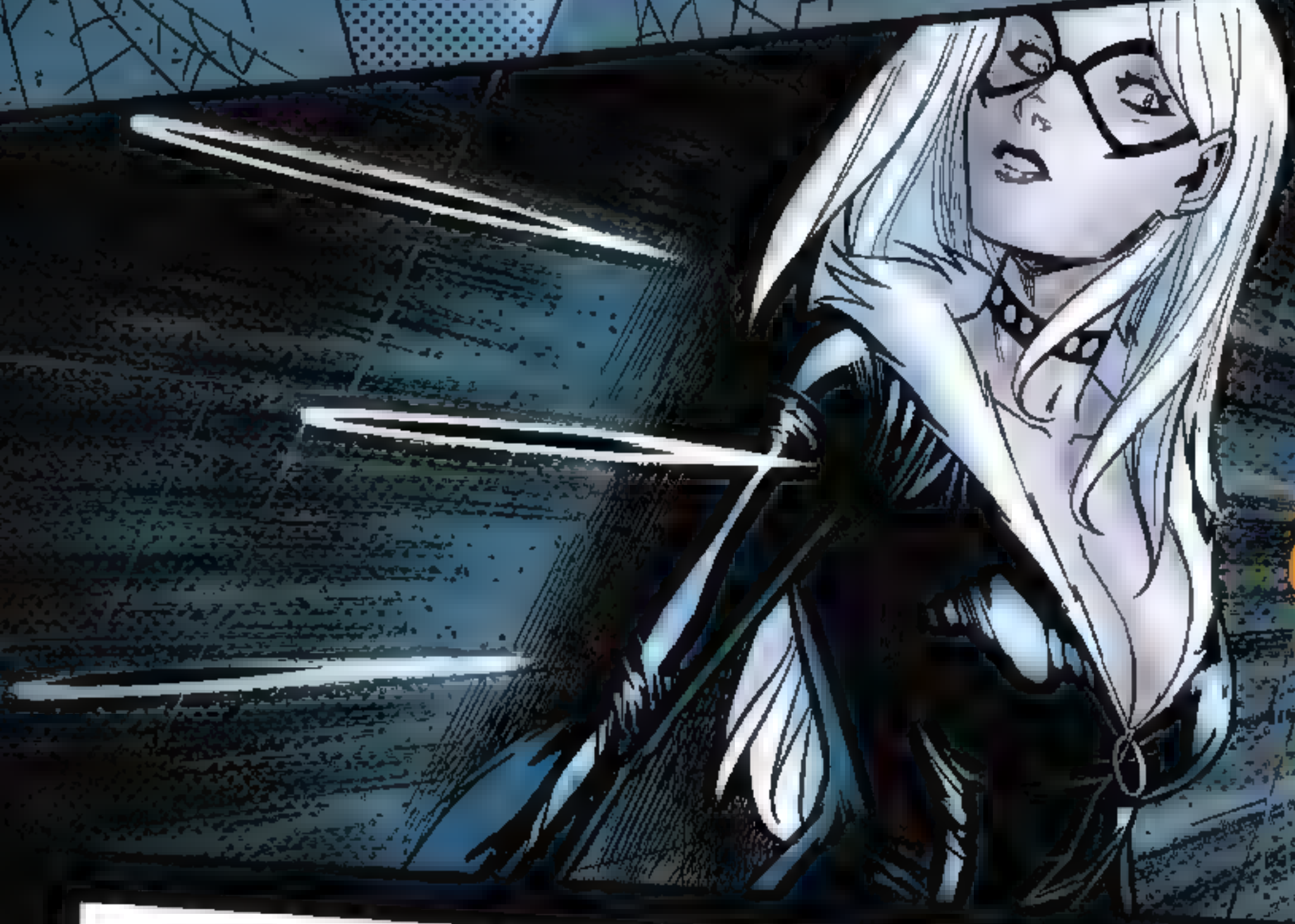


THE MAGGIA
HAVE ACCOUNTS
WITH PLUTO--

CRIMINAL
BANKING
ORGANIZATION.

PLUTO?

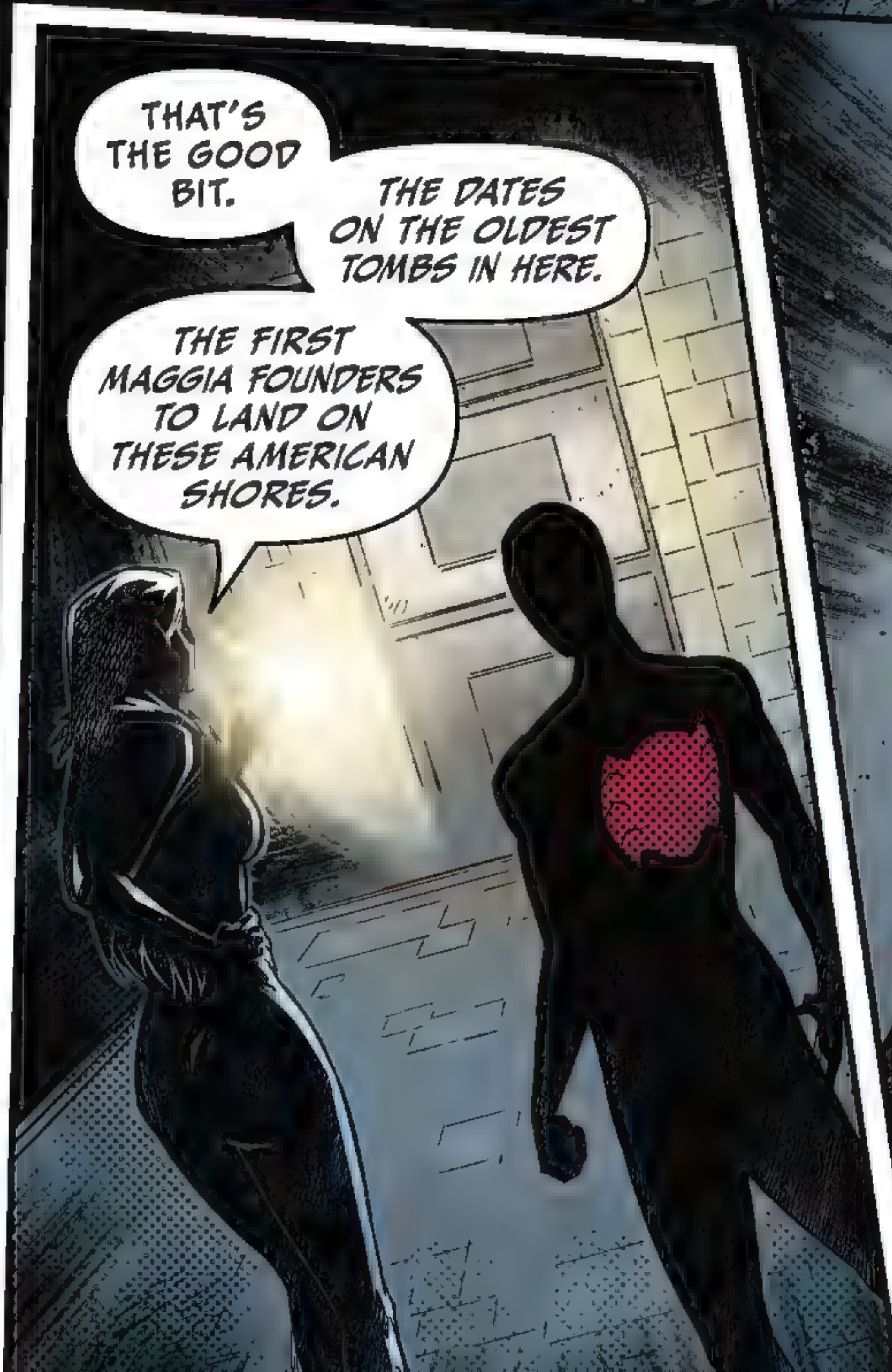
SO FAR
UNDERGROUND
THEY'RE
SUBTERRANEAN.
SCARY FOLKS.



ANYWAYS,
THE ONLY WAY TO
ACCESS THE PLUTO ACCOUNTS
IS WITH A CODE-STRING
OF NUMBERS THAT CHANGE
EVERY DAY ACCORDING
TO AN ALGORITHM.

SWAKT!

AND THAT
ALGORITHMIC
KEY?



THAT'S
THE GOOD
BIT.

THE DATES
ON THE OLDEST
TOMBS IN HERE.

THE FIRST
MAGGIA FOUNDERS
TO LAND ON
THESE AMERICAN
SHORES.

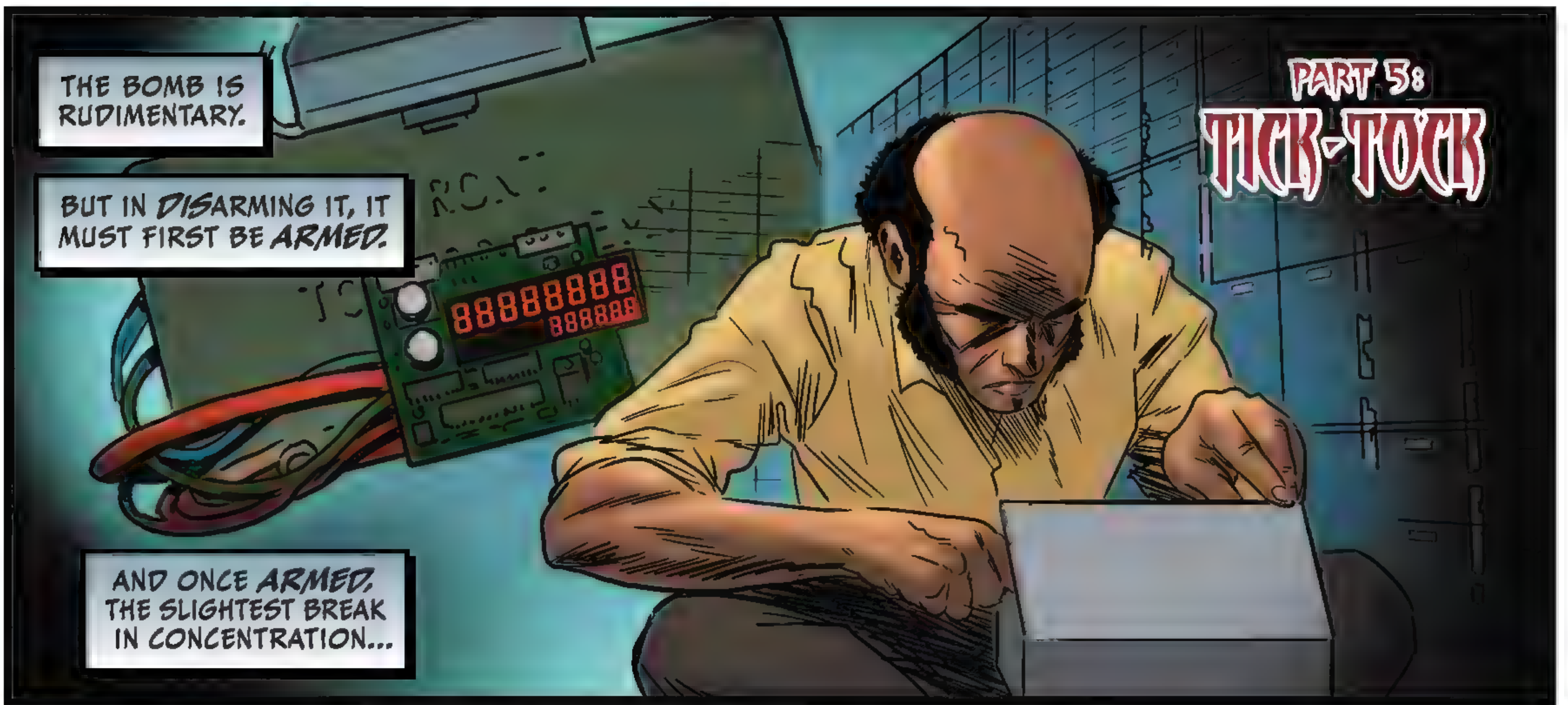


NOW I
TEXT THESE TO
MY GUY...

WAIT.
DIDN'T YOU
SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT A
"GUARDIAN"?

Pssh.
OLD WIVES'
TALE.

...err...



THE BOMB IS
RUDIMENTARY.

BUT IN *DISARMING* IT, IT
MUST FIRST BE *ARMED*.

AND ONCE *ARMED*,
THE SLIGHTEST BREAK
IN CONCENTRATION...

PART 3:
TICK-TOCK



Bee-deep!

Pffft!



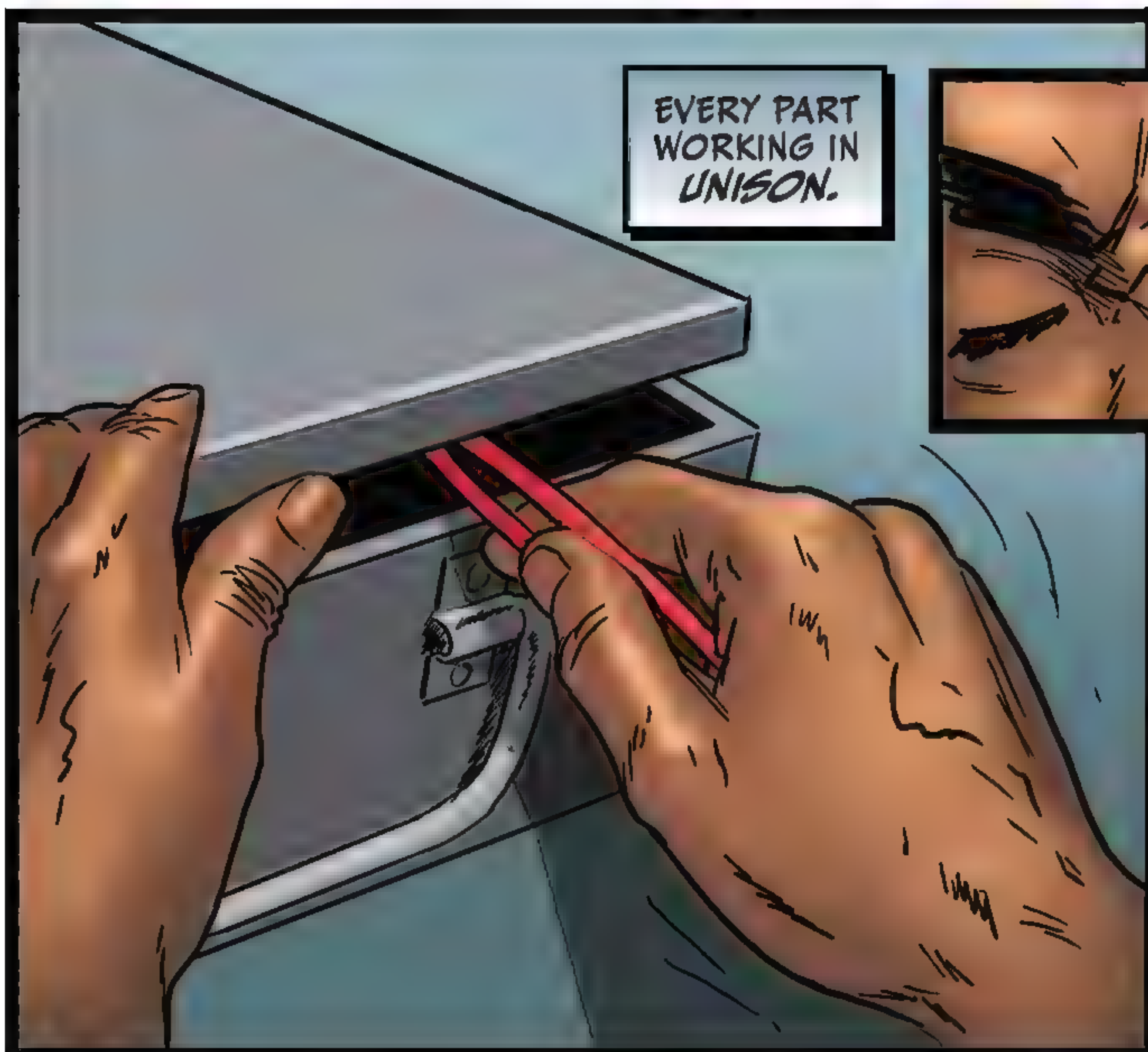
IT WOULD APPEAR HARDY AND
THE *BUG* HAVE DELIVERED.



AND NOW FOR
MY PART.

MY PIECE
IN TODAY'S
SYMPHONY
OF LARCENY.

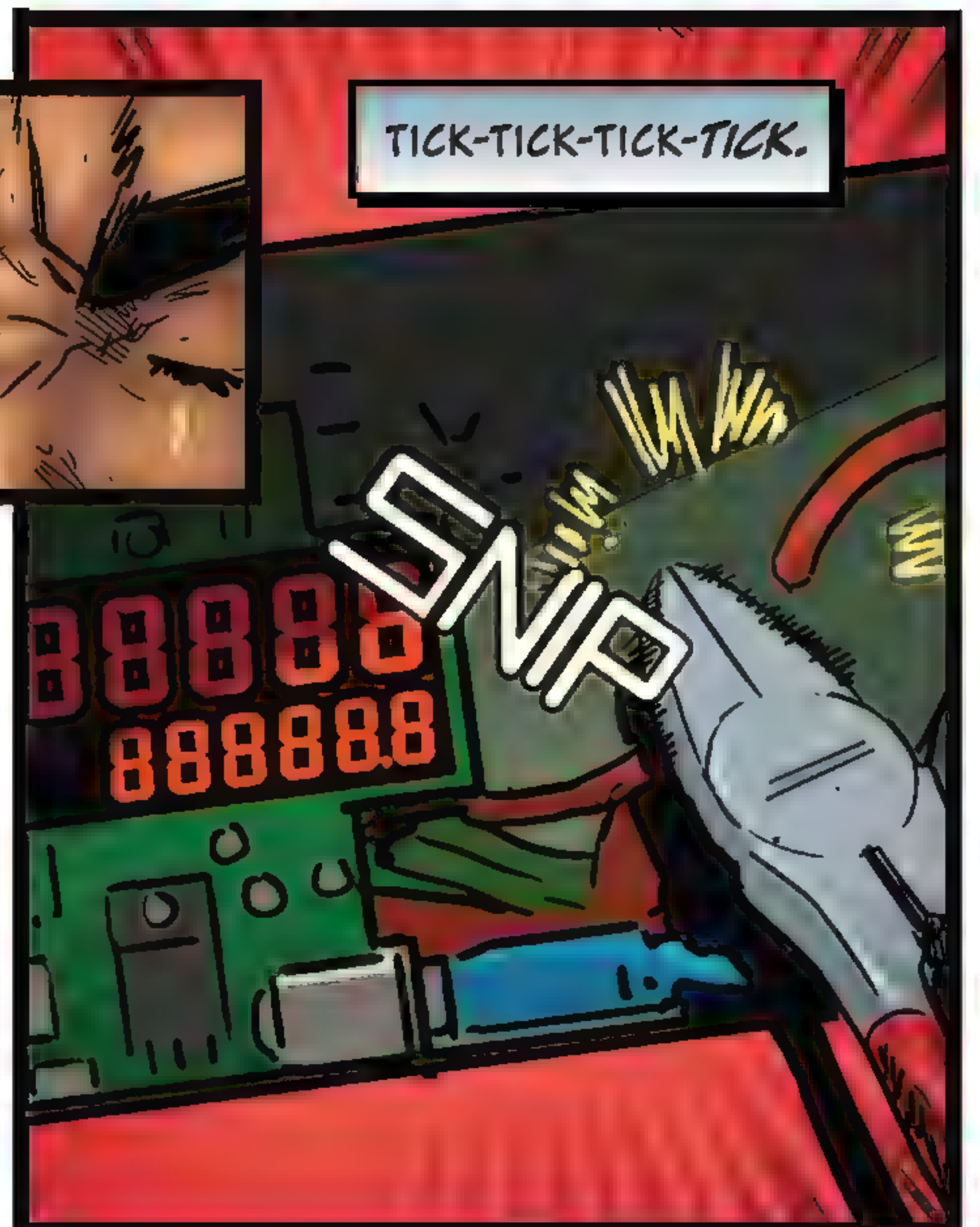
LIKE AN EXPENSIVE
WATCH. ONE YOU MIGHT
HEAR TICKING WHEN
HELD TO THE EAR.

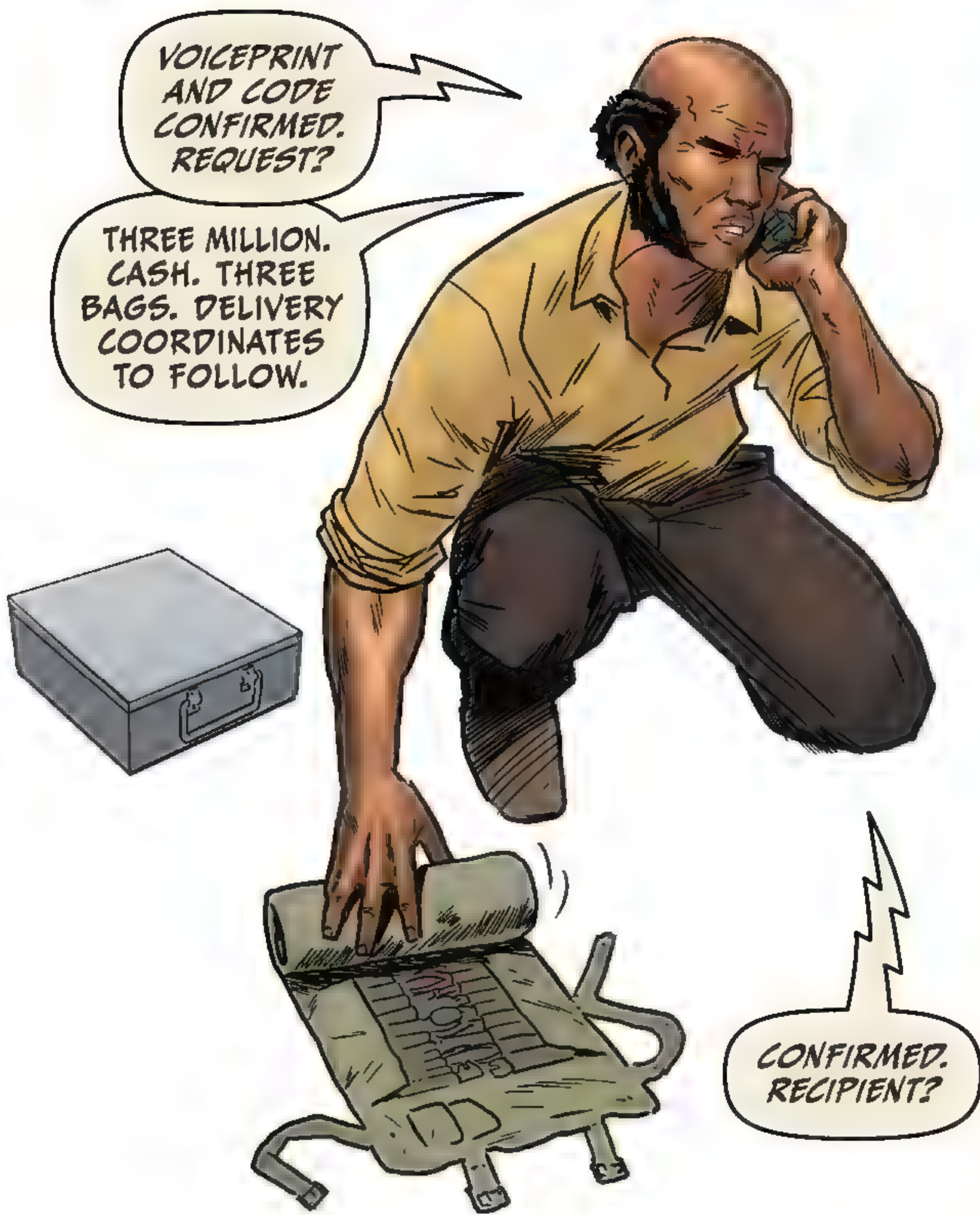
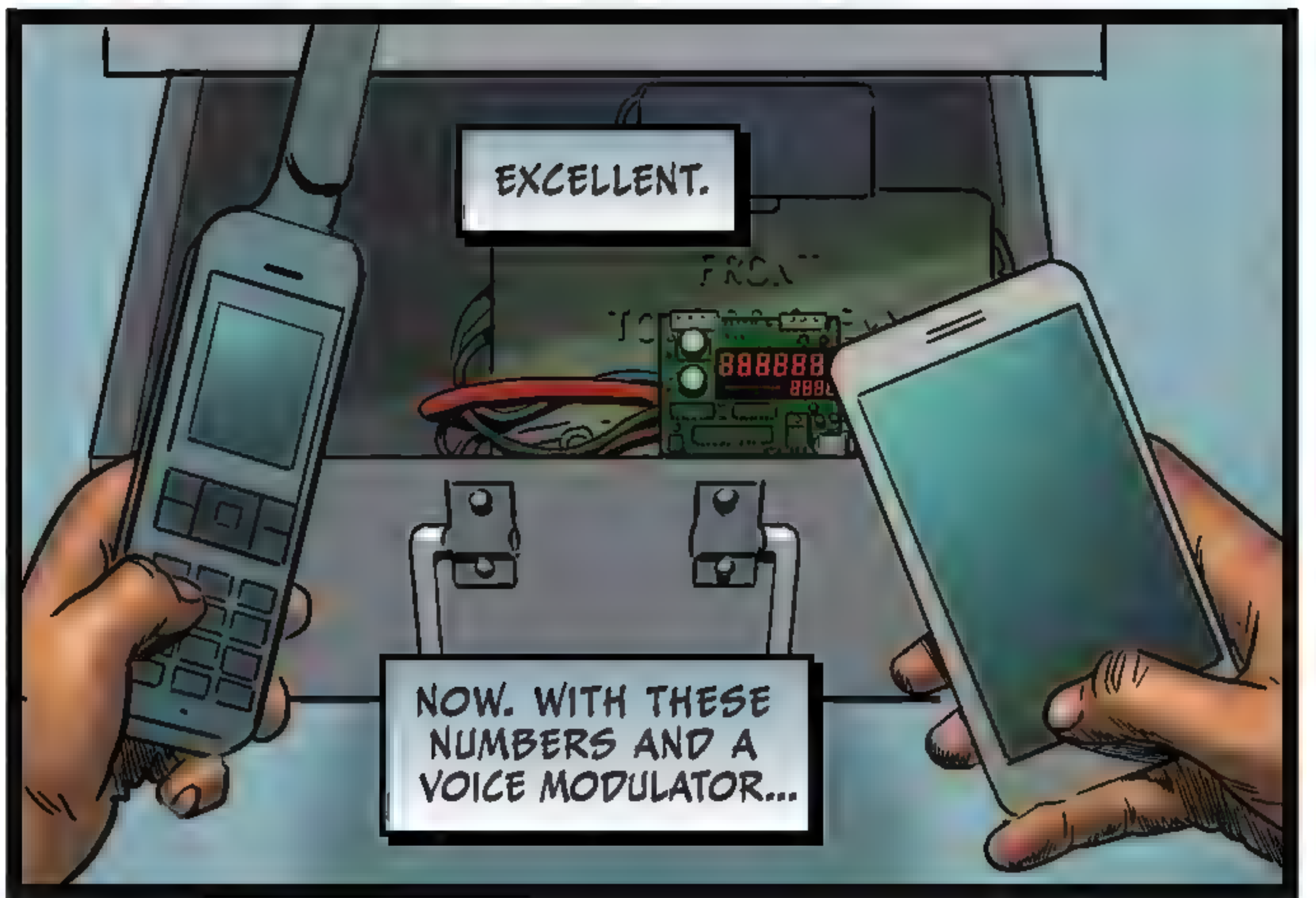


EVERY PART
WORKING IN
UNISON.



TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.





NONE-SHALL-DESECRATE-THE-SACRED-TOMB

HYDRA DREADNOUGHT.

USED TO BE CUTTING-EDGE TERROR WEAPONS FOR THE BOYS IN GREEN, NOW RELEGATED TO MAGGIA HEIRLOOMS.

WAAAA

PART 6:
DREAD NOT

EIGHT .30 CAL KNUCKLE SPIKES.

HYDRAZINE AND LIQUID OXYGEN FOR 192 SECONDS OF FLAME, PER HAND.

FREON FOR 15 SECONDS OF ICE BLAST.

ZTANG!

100K VOLT ELECTRIC DISCHARGE. GAMMA RAY PROJECTORS.

LOOK OUT, CAT!

THWIP!

MY SPIDER IS BRAVE AND STRONG AS ALL GET-OUT. I'VE NEVER MET A BETTER MAN.

BUT AN ASSASSIN-ROBOT AT CLOSE QUARTERS?

SPLATCH!

LOOK OUT YOURSELF!

AND, IF HE TRIES TO PROTECT ME--

--AND HE WILL--

--THEN IT'LL GET HIM BEFORE I CAN PLAY MY LITTLE TRICK.

Click!



MAGGIA USUALLY RUN THEIR DREADS THROUGH TELEPRESENCE, WITH A HUMAN OPERATOR.

REASON BEING, SOFTWARE AGES FAST.

HYDRA DREADNOUGHT 10 A.I. SOURCE CODE HIT THE DARK WEB YEARS AGO.

THEIR ECCM ISN'T ANYWHERE NEAR STATE OF THE ART, NOT ANYMORE.



NONE-SHALL-
NONE-SHALL-

-SHALL-ALL-
ALL-ALL-

ALL OF WHICH MEANS:
IF YOU BROADCAST
A VIRUS, CODED
BY A LUNATIC WITH A
PARTICULAR BENT FOR
WRECKING THINGS...

...WHO
WORKS
FOR ME...

...THEN THE DREAD'S
POOR OLD COLD WAR
CPU WILL BE LEAKING
CODE OUT OF ITS
CHROMED EARS.

THOOM!

WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

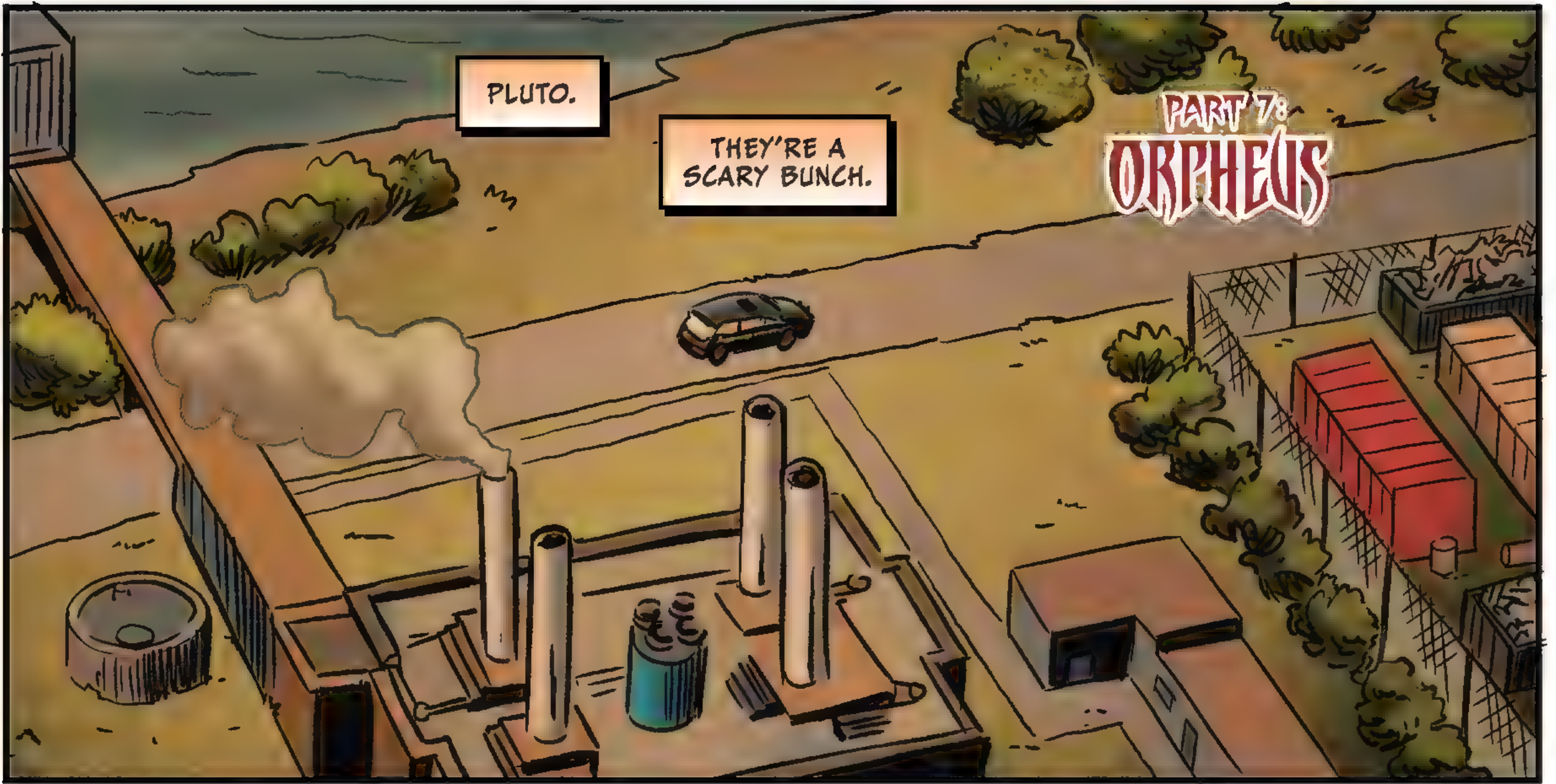
WOULD
YOU BELIEVE
FEMININE
WILES?

I'VE
SEEN
THE EFFECT
OF YOUR
FEMININE
WILES.

SO
YES.

COME ON.

IT'S
ALMOST
TIME TO PUT
THIS CAPER
TO BED.



PLUTO.

THEY'RE A
SCARY BUNCH.

PART 78
ORPHEUS



CROOK
BANKERS.

THINGS THEY DO TO THEM
WHO CROSS 'EM?

NOT
WORTH
THINKIN'
ABOUT.



BUT THIS IS
THE BOSS' PLAN.

AND IF SHE SAYS
THIS IS THE PLAY...

...THEN *THIS*
IS THE PLAY

HAIL
HYDRA.



DELIVERED
AND
WITNESSED.

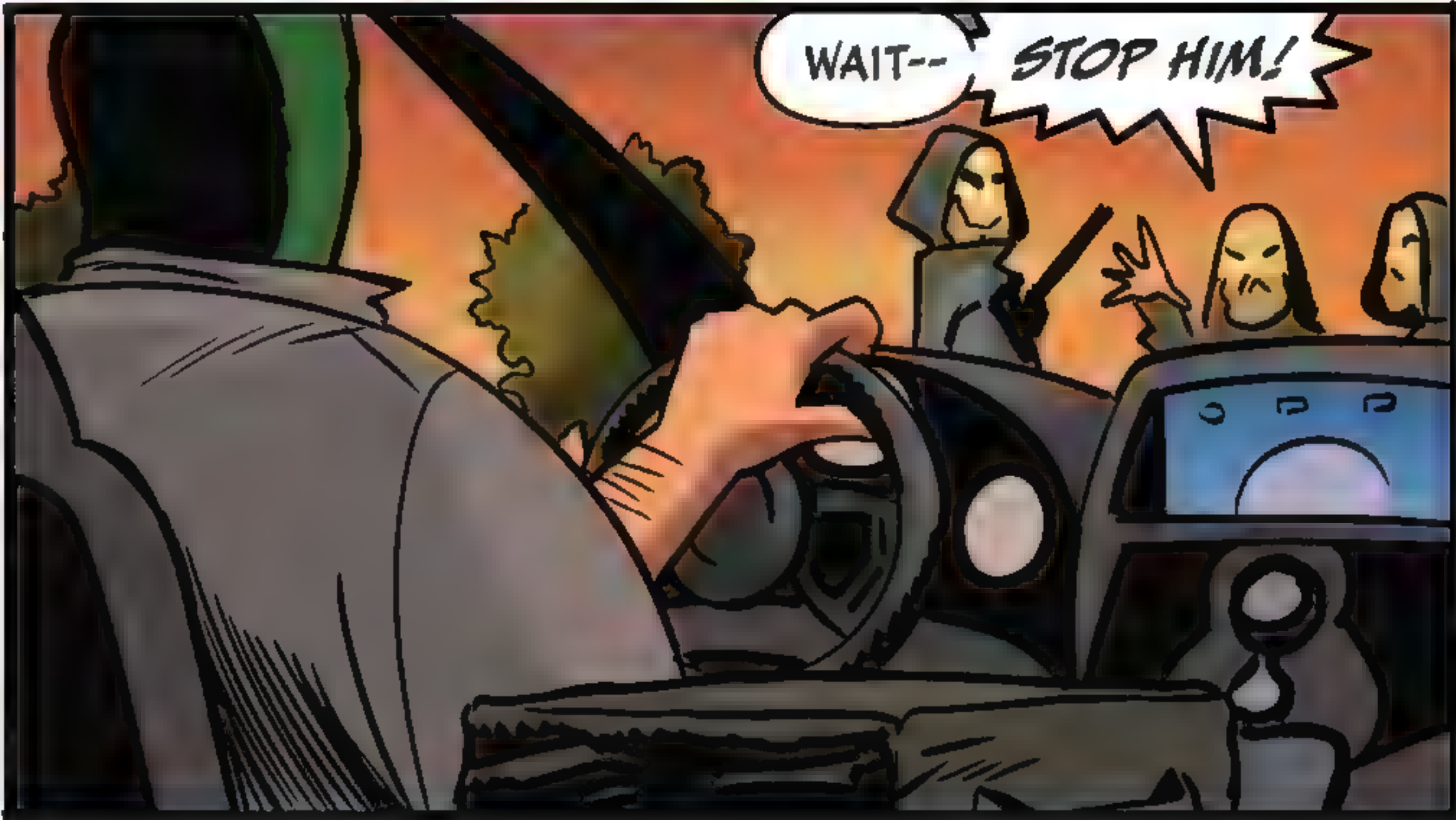
THANKS.



WELL, THAT
WENT OKAY.



BUT I DON'T LIKE
THEM WATCHING ME.



WAIT-- STOP HIM!



Ah, NUTS.

BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA!



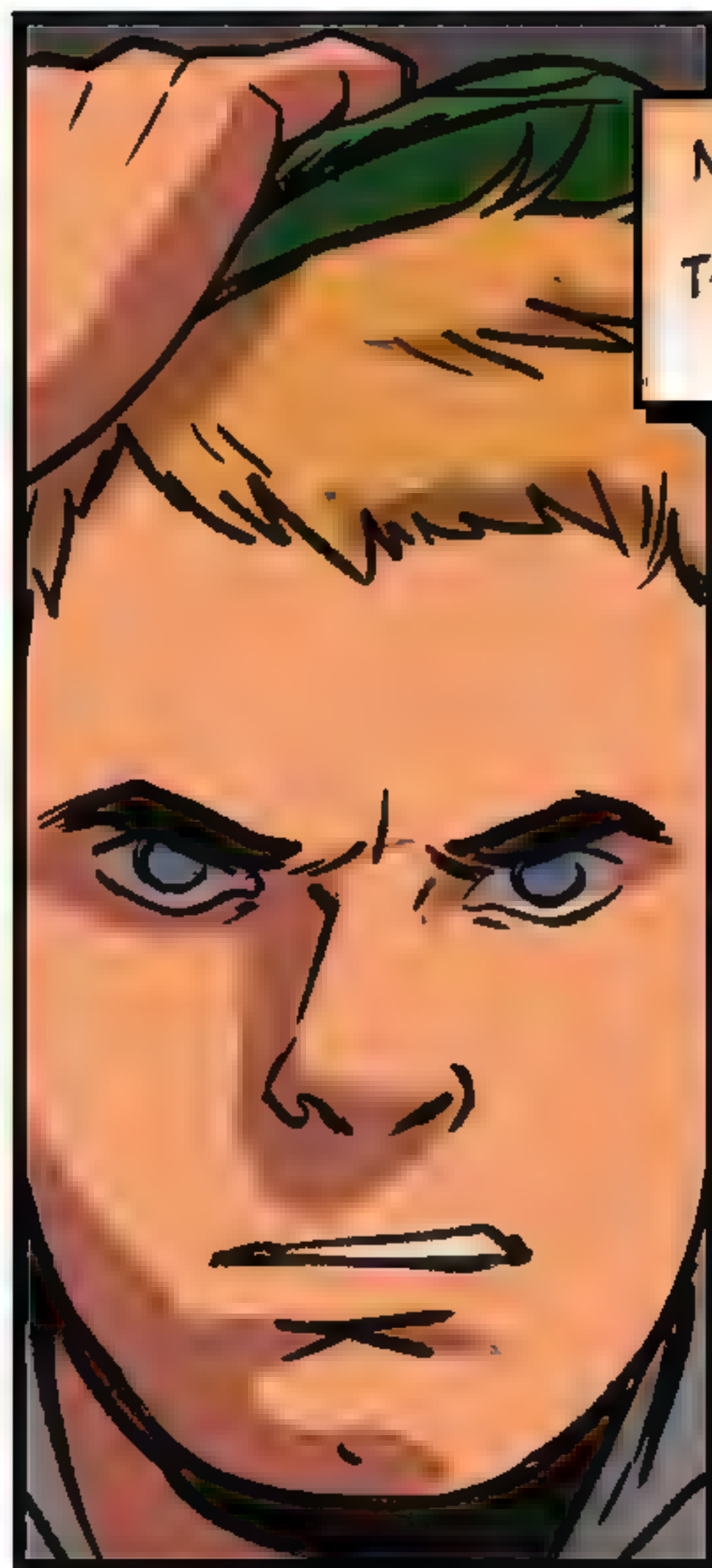


ASSETS:

I GOT A
S.H.I.E.L.D.
ARMORED SUV,
THREE MILLION
DOLLARS, AND
ELVIS IS BACK!
IN THE CD PLAYER.

PART 98

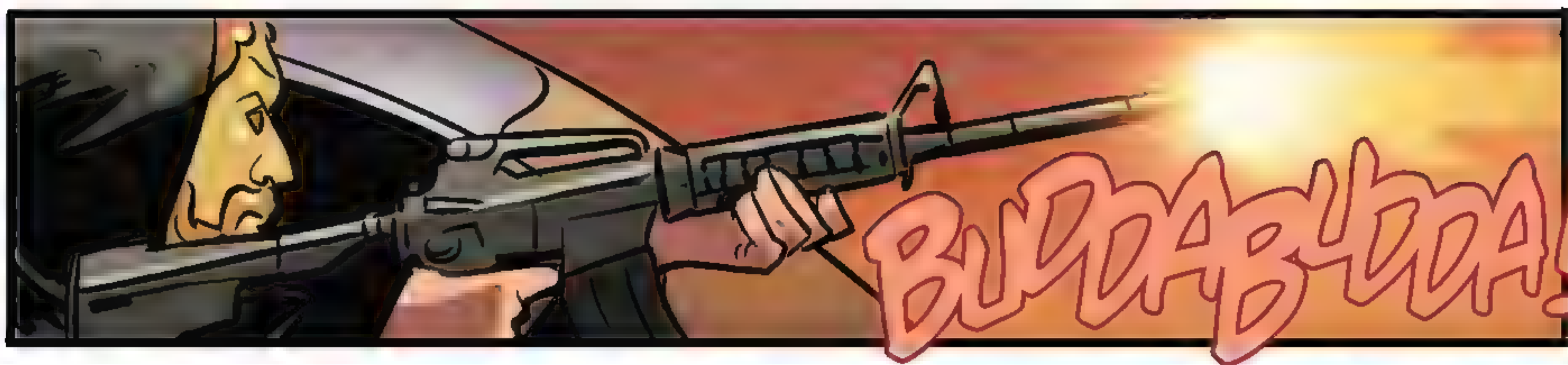
PITTSBURGH AMATEURS



NOW LET'S
SEE HOW
THESE BOYS
DRIVE.



NOT BAD,
NOT BAD.

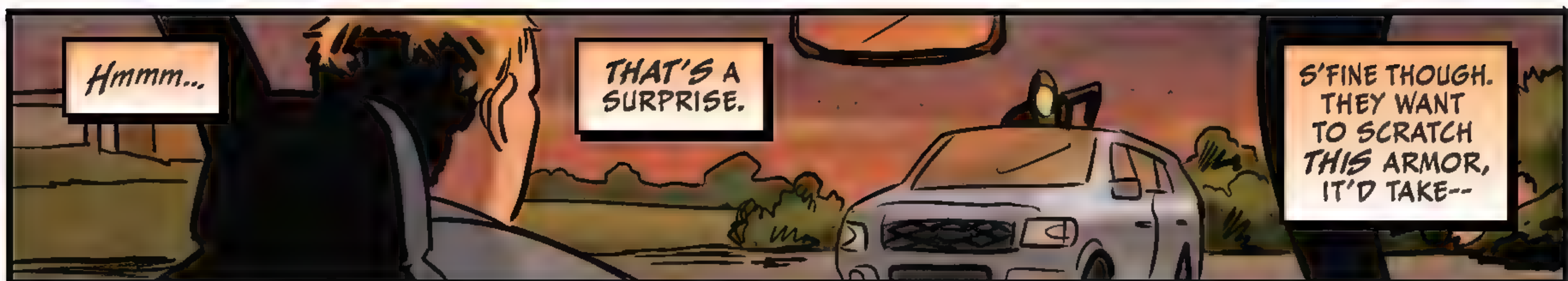


NOT BAD FOR JERSEY.



BUT BY
PITTSBURGH
STANDARDS?

AMATEURS.



Hmmm...

THAT'S A
SURPRISE.

S'FINE THOUGH.
THEY WANT
TO SCRATCH
THIS ARMOR,
IT'D TAKE--



--THAT!

GHAAHAAH!

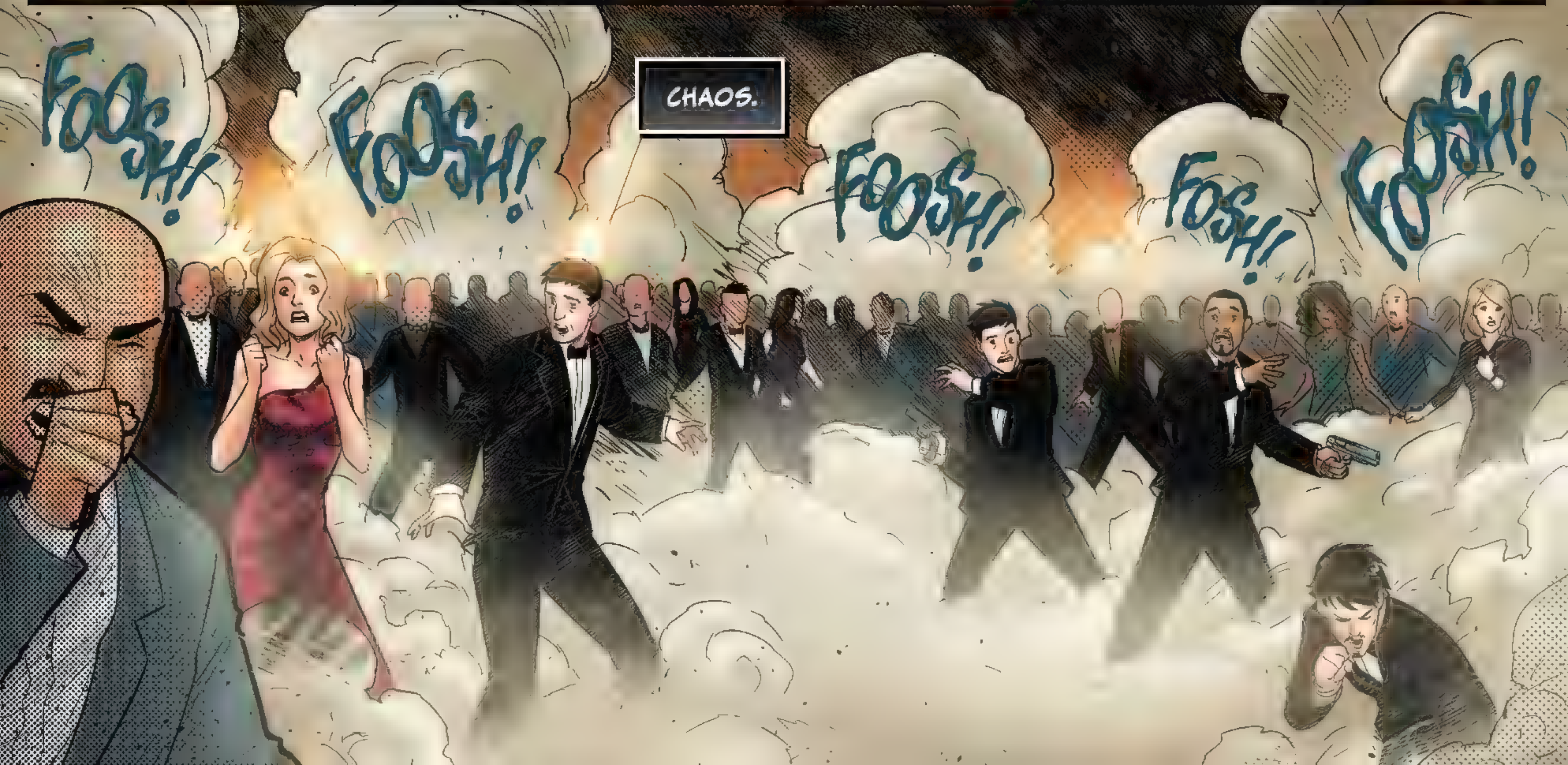
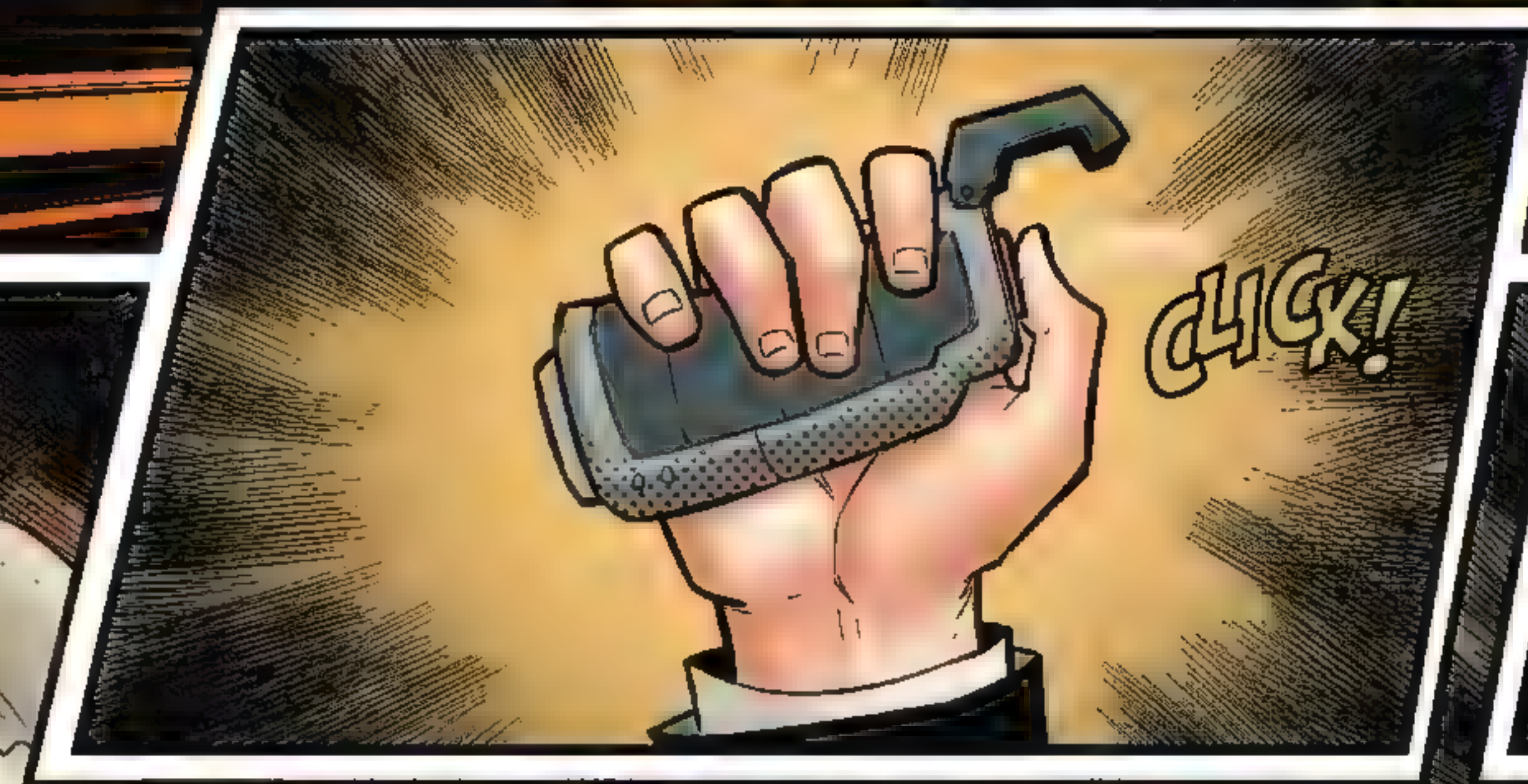
SPLASH

Heh.

SUBMARINE
MODE
ACTIVATED!

LIKE
I SAID.

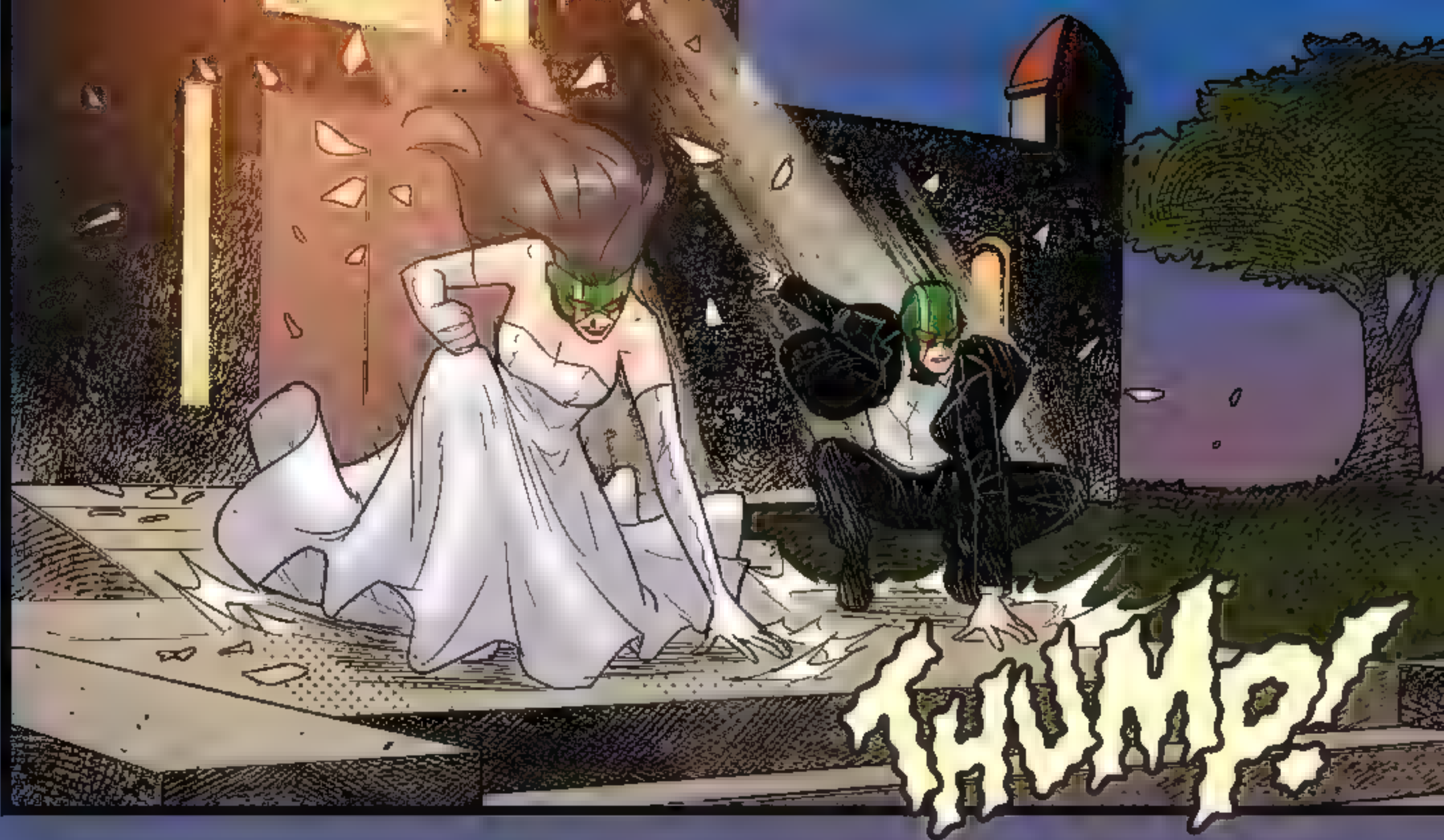
PITTSBURGH
AMATEURS.



BEAUTIFUL
CHAOS.

THE SMOKE
GOES OFF,
AND THESE
CLOWNS
THINK IT'S
THE END OF
THE WORLD.

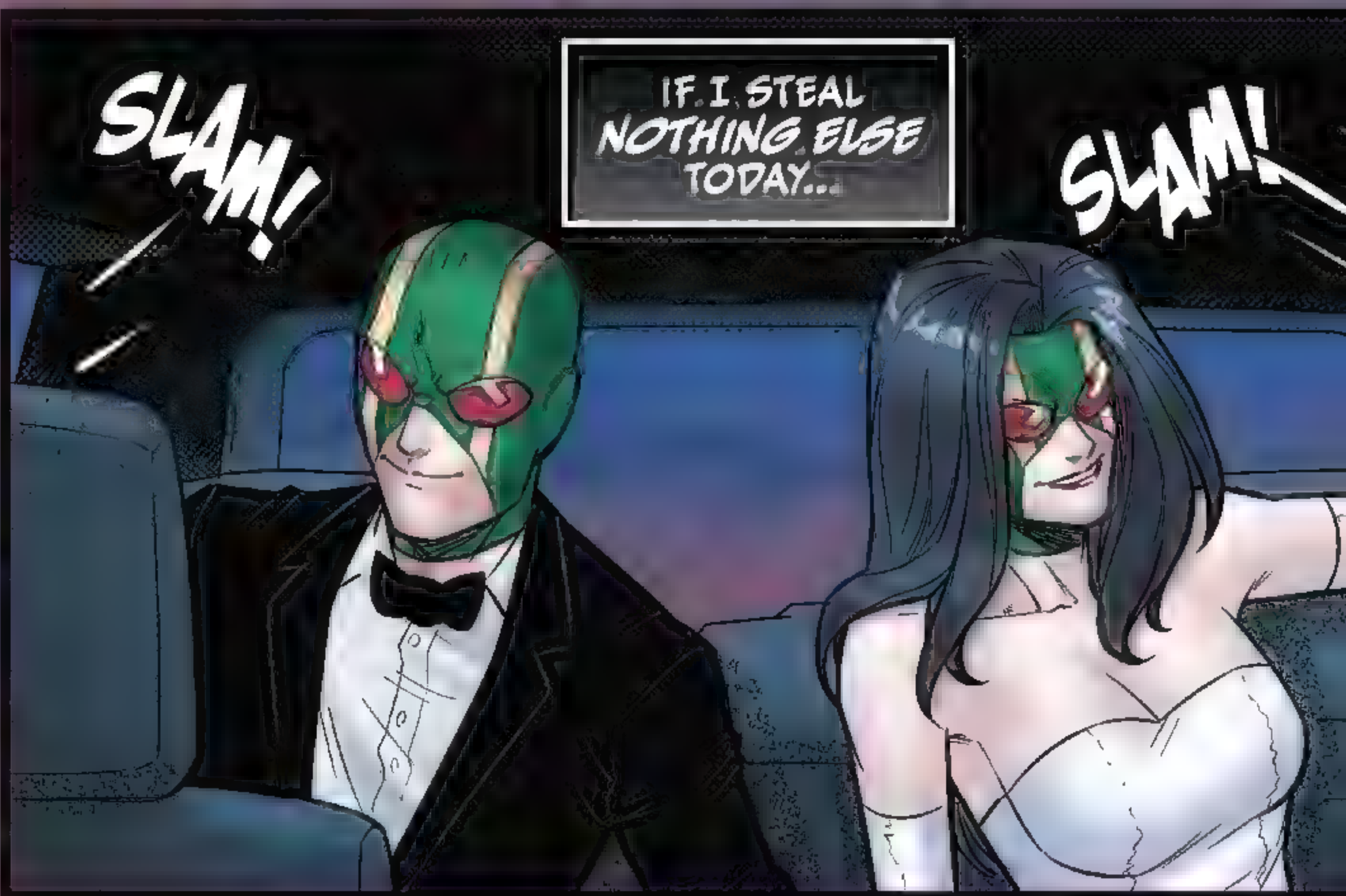
ALL THESE
MAGGIA LORDS
AND LADIES,
WHO SENT THEIR
OWN CHILDREN TO
KILL EACH OTHER,
WHO THOUGHT
THEY OWNED
THE WORLD.



REDUCED TO
BEING TERRIFIED
FOR THEIR LIVES
JUST LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE.



IF I STEAL
NOTHING ELSE
TODAY...



...I'LL BE SATISFIED
WITH TAKING THEIR
DIGNITY WITH ME.





"MY MOTHER WAS A MARTYR."

"TWICE. VICTORIOUS BOTH TIMES, OBVIOUSLY."

PART II: THE MARTYRS

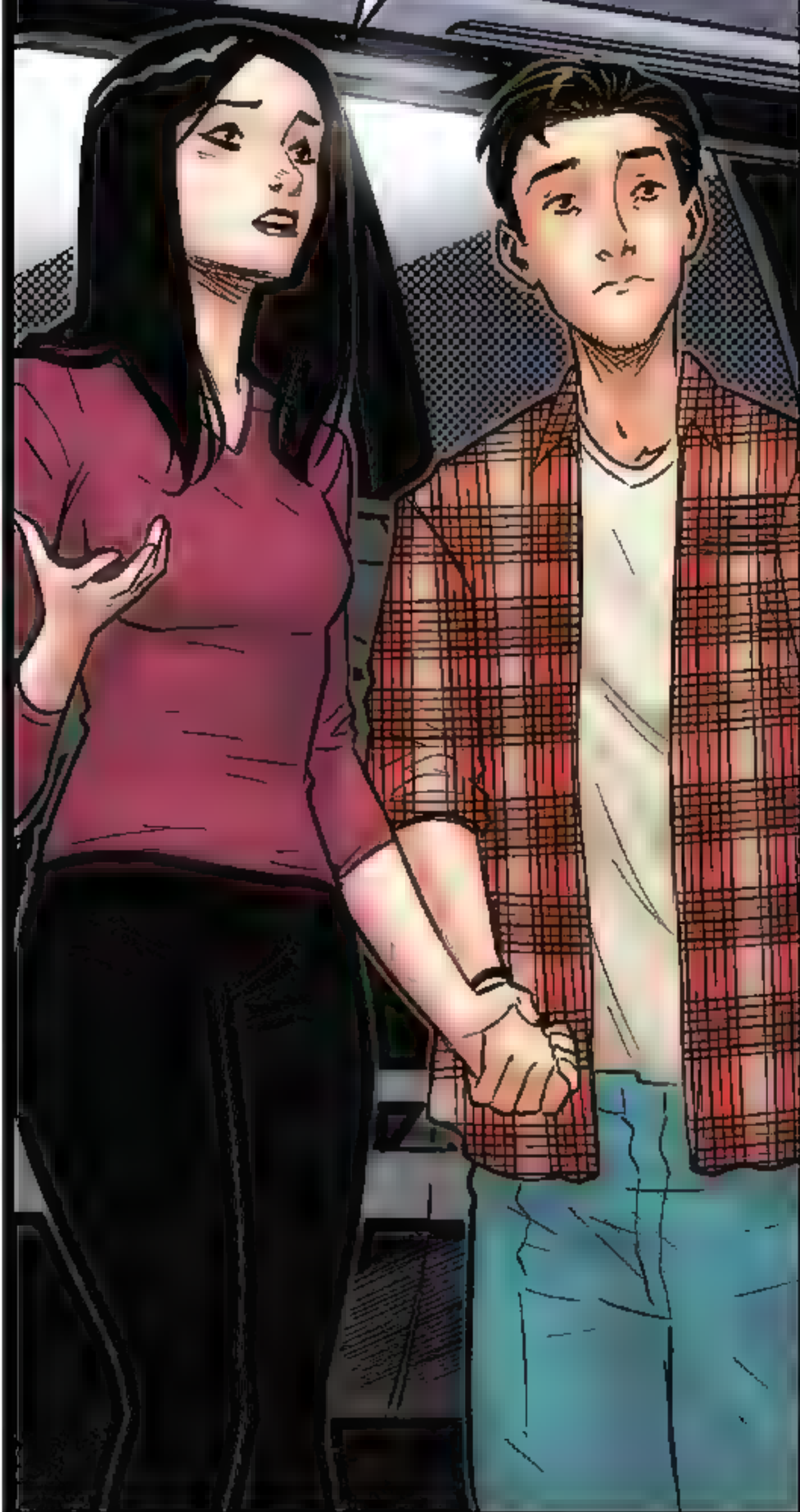
GROWING UP, THEY TOLD US THAT TO BE A MARTYR, TO KILL FOR THE FAMILY...

...IT WAS THE **FAST TRACK**. FOR RANK, FOR POSITION IN THE MAGGIA.



MY FATHER WAS A MARTYR. THREE TIMES.

FOR HIM, IT WAS AN **HONOR**. A WAY TO SHOW YOUR **COMMITMENT**, TO **REPAY** THE FAMILY FOR EVERYTHING THEY'D GIVEN YOU.



YOU BELIEVE IT... BECAUSE YOU WERE **RAISED** TO BELIEVE IT.

UNTIL YOU'RE CALLED TO BE WED. AND YOU **REALIZE...**

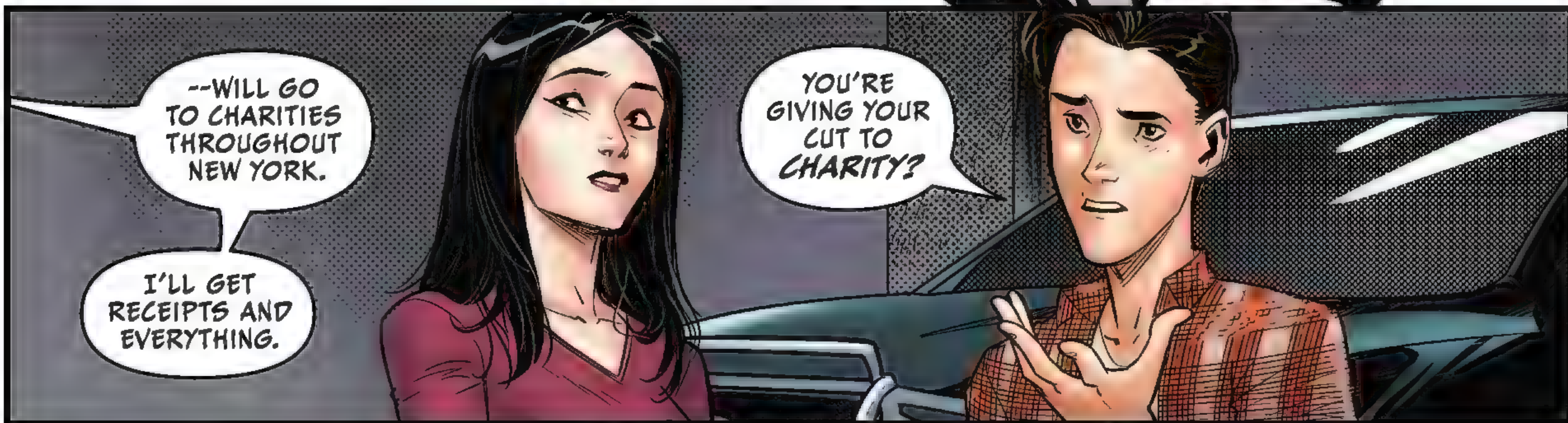
YOU REALIZE YOU'RE BEING TOLD TO **KILL** SOMEONE YOU'VE KNOWN ALL YOUR LIFE.

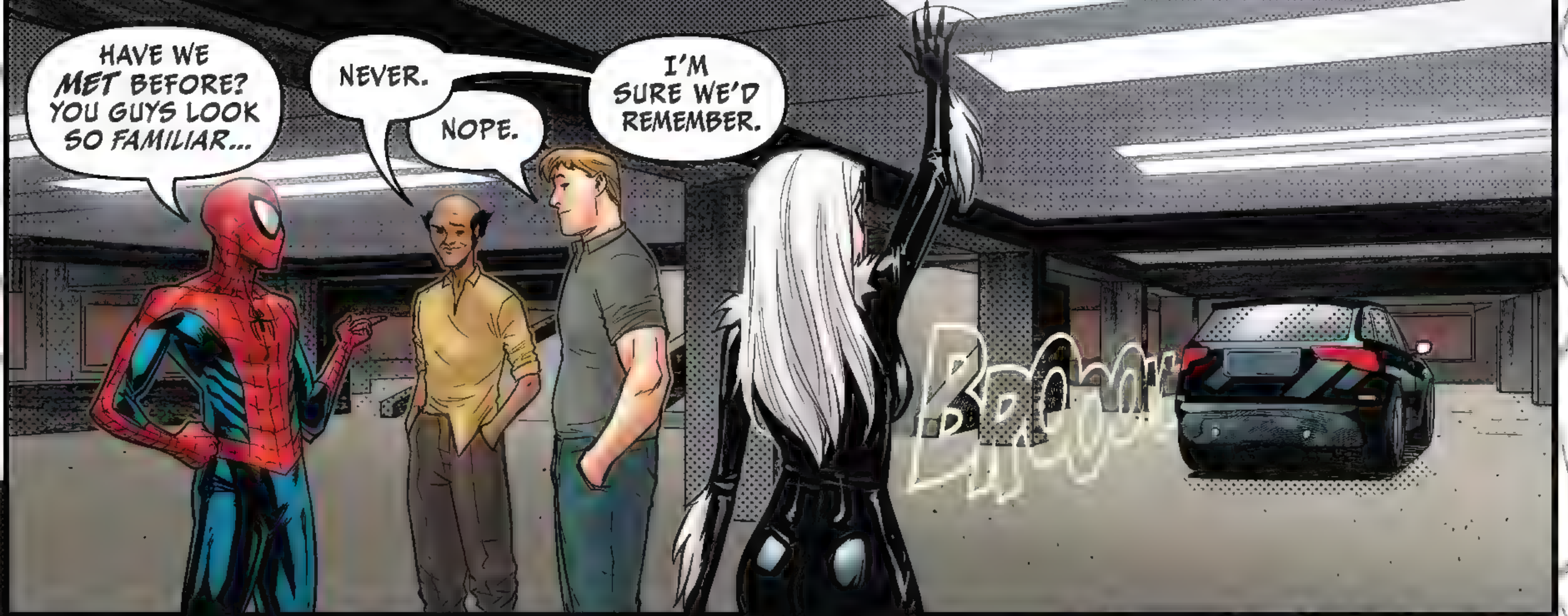
AND YOU TWO FELL IN LOVE! TWO MARTYRS, FROM FEUDING FAMILIES!

WHY, IT'S JUST LIKE A SEXY AND FREE-SPIRITED **THIEF** STEALING THE HEART OF A **BEAUTIFUL** BUT **REPPRESSED** SUPER HERO!

IT'S REALLY **NOT**.







HAVE WE MET BEFORE? YOU GUYS LOOK SO FAMILIAR...

NEVER.

NOPE.

I'M SURE WE'D REMEMBER.

WE DID A **GOOD** THING TODAY, SPIDER.

WE GAVE THOSE KIDS A LIFE.

IT...

IT WAS A GOOD PLAN.

CRAZY, BUT THEN EVERYTHING WITH YOU ALWAYS IS, ISN'T IT?

IT WAS **GOOD** THOUGH, WASN'T IT?

YEAH. WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD TEAM.

THOUGH I'VE STILL GOT A SCAR FROM THE LAST TIME YOU ASKED ME TO MARRY YOU.*

HA! THAT WAS A **GOOD** ONE, RIGHT.

**SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #300!*

WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER SWING OFF.

I NEED TO CATCH SOME MUGGERS OR SOMETHING TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THIS **CRIME**.

HA! I NEED TO TAKE THE BOYS OUT TO DINNER FOR ALL THEIR HARD WORK--

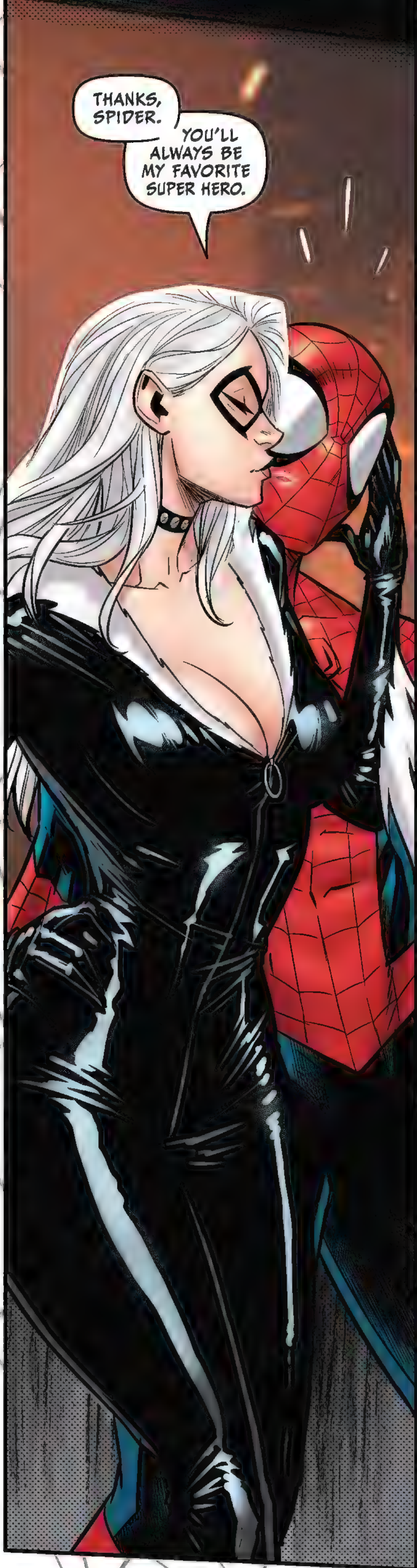
--THEN I'M GETTING FIRED UP ON CHAMPAGNE.

YOU COULD COME ALONG, IF YOU LIKE...

CAT...

...BUT THAT'S NOT WHO WE ARE ANYMORE.

AND YOU'VE GOT THAT **REDHEAD** TO GET HOME TO.



THANKS,
SPIDER.

YOU'LL
ALWAYS BE
MY FAVORITE
SUPER HERO.



BYE, FELICIA.

THAT NEVER
GETS OLD, NO,
NEVER...

THWIPP!



WELL, BOYS,
WHAT DO YOU
SAY WE SPLIT UP
THE **THIRD BAG**
AND THEN GET
SOME DIN-DINS?
I'M BUYING.

AND
THEN...

...LET'S
TALK ABOUT
THE **NEXT GIG**
I GOT LINED
UP.



YOU BOYS
UP FOR A
MUSEUM
JOB?

TO BE
CONTINUED...
IN **BLACK**
CAT #1!



FREE COMIC BOOK DAY 2020 • MOONLIGHTING

"THERE
HE IS."

"I TOLD YOU.
DON'T I ALWAYS
COME THROUGH?"

"KEEP IN MIND
THIS IS ALL
YOUR FAULT."

"HEY, BABE, I DIDN'T
CRASH THAT MAGGIA
WEDDING **ALL BY**
MYSELF."

"BESIDES, IS THAT ANY
WAY TO TALK TO YOUR
BEAUTIFUL WIFE?"

I'M HERE,
I'M HERE.

"YOU--I--WE'RE
NOT **MARRIED!**"

"WHAT?!"

"WHAT ABOUT OUR
VOWS? DID THEY MEAN
NOTHING TO YOU?"

WE REALLY
GOT TO DO THIS
UP HERE?

BECAUSE:
YIKES.

"NO! IT WAS A
SCAM! IT WAS A
SCAM WEDDING!"

"HAHAHA!"

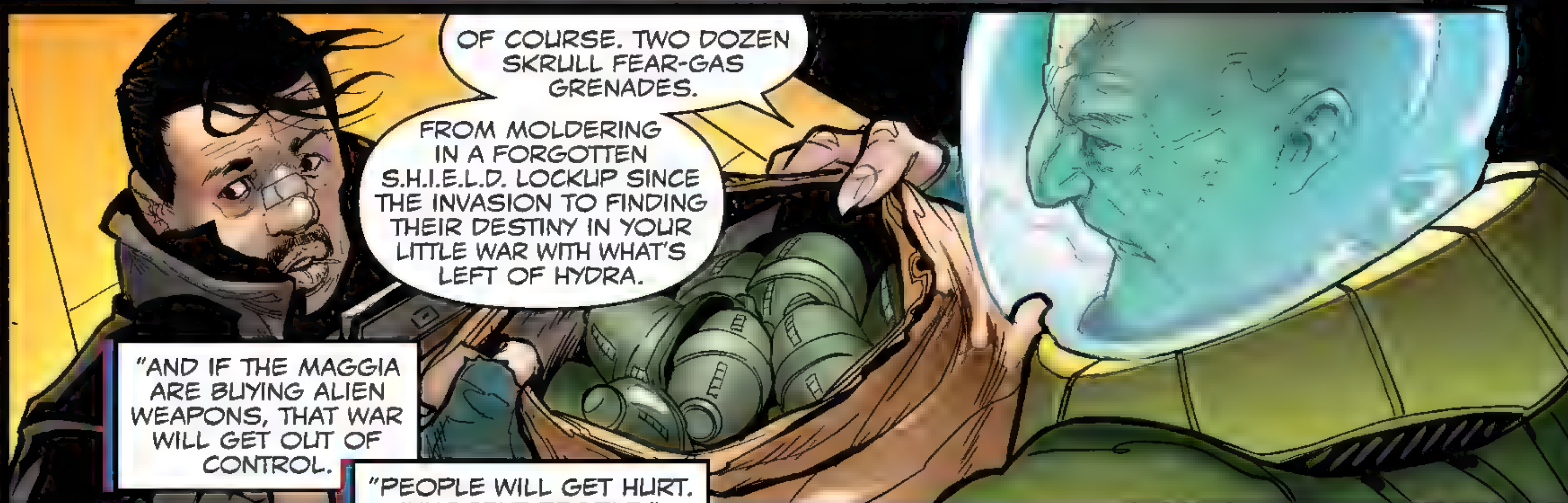
I AM
THE VULTURE,
YOU CRETIN.

I DO
MY BUSINESS
WHERE I PLEASE.
AND YOUR
TERROR...

...PLEASES
ME.

UH, YEAH,
OKAY. YOU GOT
THE STUFF?

"WHEN WE **WENT UNDERCOVER**
TO SAVE THOSE KIDS FROM THE
MAGGIA'S 'WEDDING' AND YOU...
CONFISCATED THEIR...**ILL-GOTTEN**
GAINS, THEN FRAMED HYDRA, THEY
WENT TO WAR IN THE STREETS.



OF COURSE. TWO DOZEN SKRULL FEAR-GAS GRENADES.

FROM MOLDERING IN A FORGOTTEN S.H.I.E.L.D. LOCKUP SINCE THE INVASION TO FINDING THEIR DESTINY IN YOUR LITTLE WAR WITH WHAT'S LEFT OF HYDRA.

"AND IF THE MAGGIA ARE BUYING ALIEN WEAPONS, THAT WAR WILL GET OUT OF CONTROL."

"PEOPLE WILL GET HURT. INNOCENT PEOPLE."

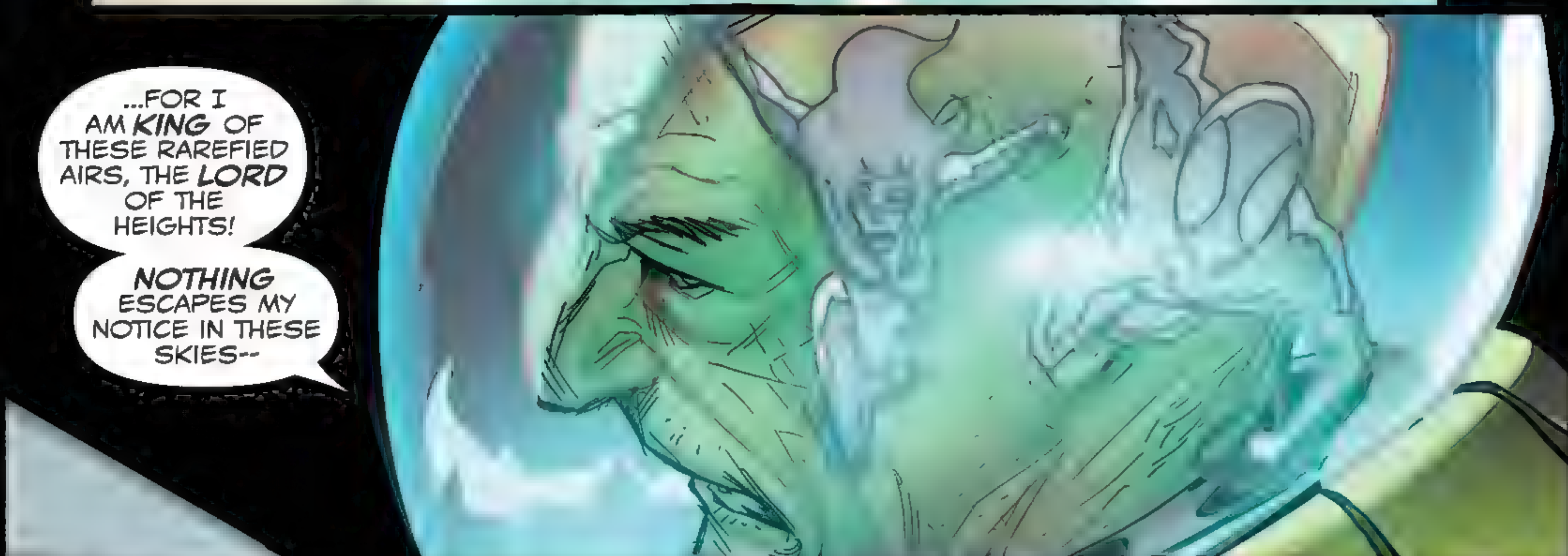


HMM? SORRY, SPIDER. I NODDED OFF.

WERE YOU DOING YOUR "RESPONSIBILITY, DUTY, INNOCENT PEOPLE" SPEECH AGAIN?

~SIGH~... WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER?

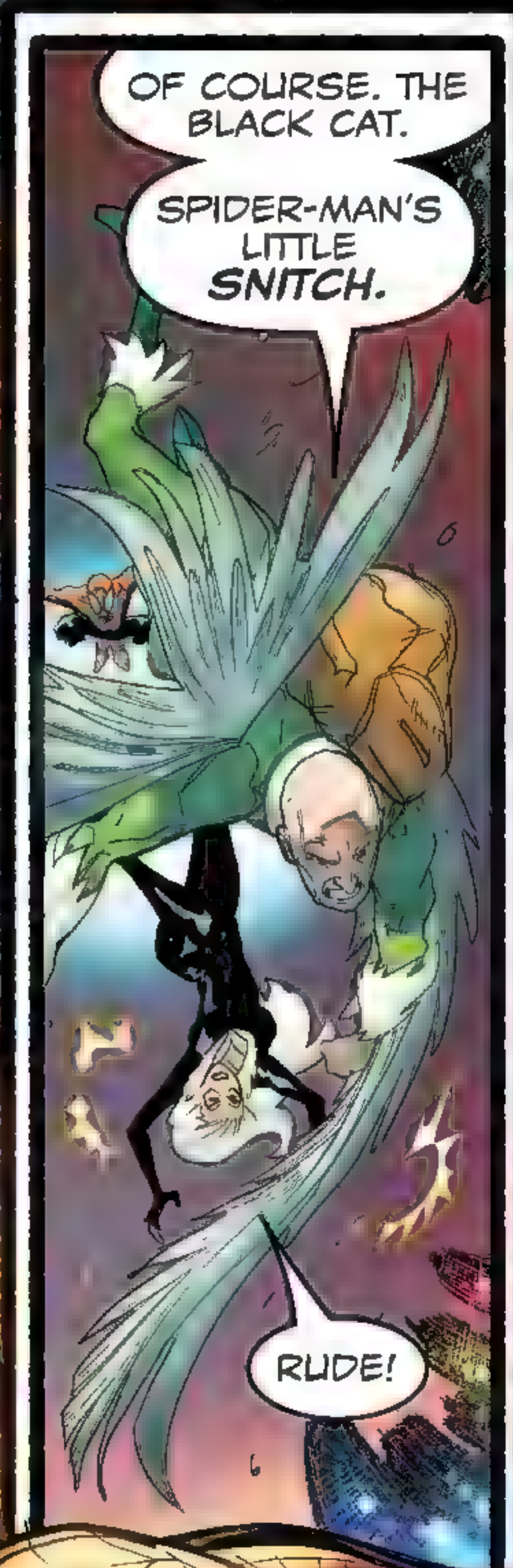
WHATEVER, LET'S DO THIS.



...FOR I AM KING OF THESE RAREFIED AIRS, THE LORD OF THE HEIGHTS!

NOTHING ESCAPES MY NOTICE IN THESE SKIES--





OH,
THAT WAS
ME.

HI,
ADRIAN.

GAHH!

OF COURSE. THE
BLACK CAT.

SPIDER-MAN'S
LITTLE
SNITCH.

RUDE!

HOW DARE YOU
CALL YOURSELF
A **THIEF**, WORKING
WITH THAT WALL-
CRAWLER. HOW
DARE YOU!

AND AFTER I
OFFERED YOU
A SPOT ON THE
**SAVAGE
SIX!**

I'M A
STICKY-FINGERED
RECIDIVIST THROUGH
AND THROUGH,
ADRIAN.

I JUST
HATE YOU, THAT'S
ALL.



BECAUSE
YOU **SUCK.**

AND YOU'RE
OLD.

THAT'S
NOT VERY **NICE,**
CAT.

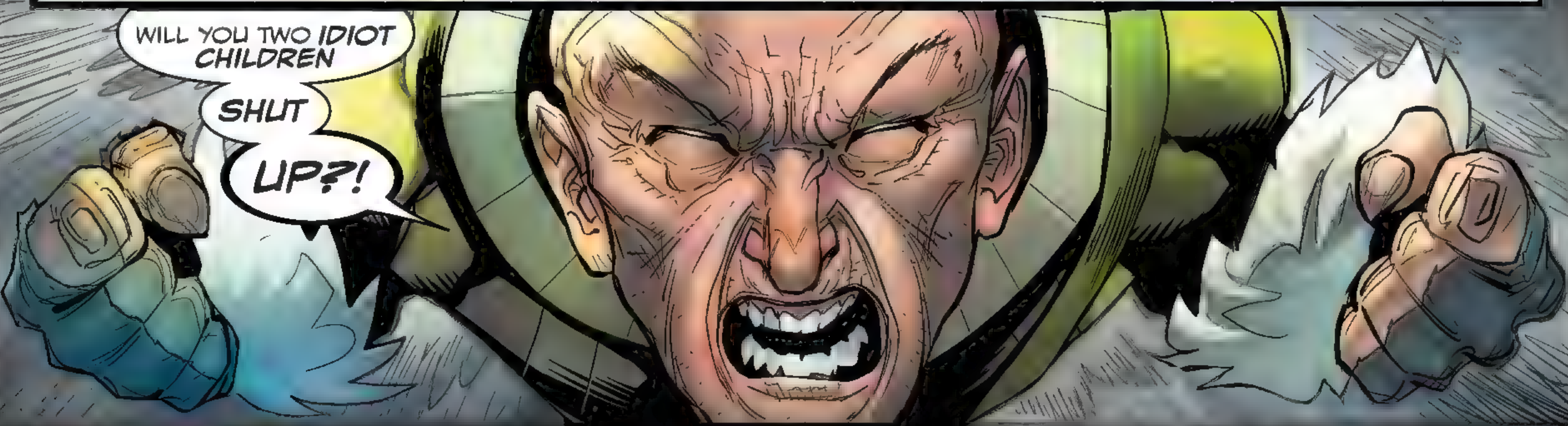
YOU'RE RIGHT--
I APOLOGIZE,
ADRIAN. I DON'T HATE
YOU BECAUSE
YOU'RE OLD.

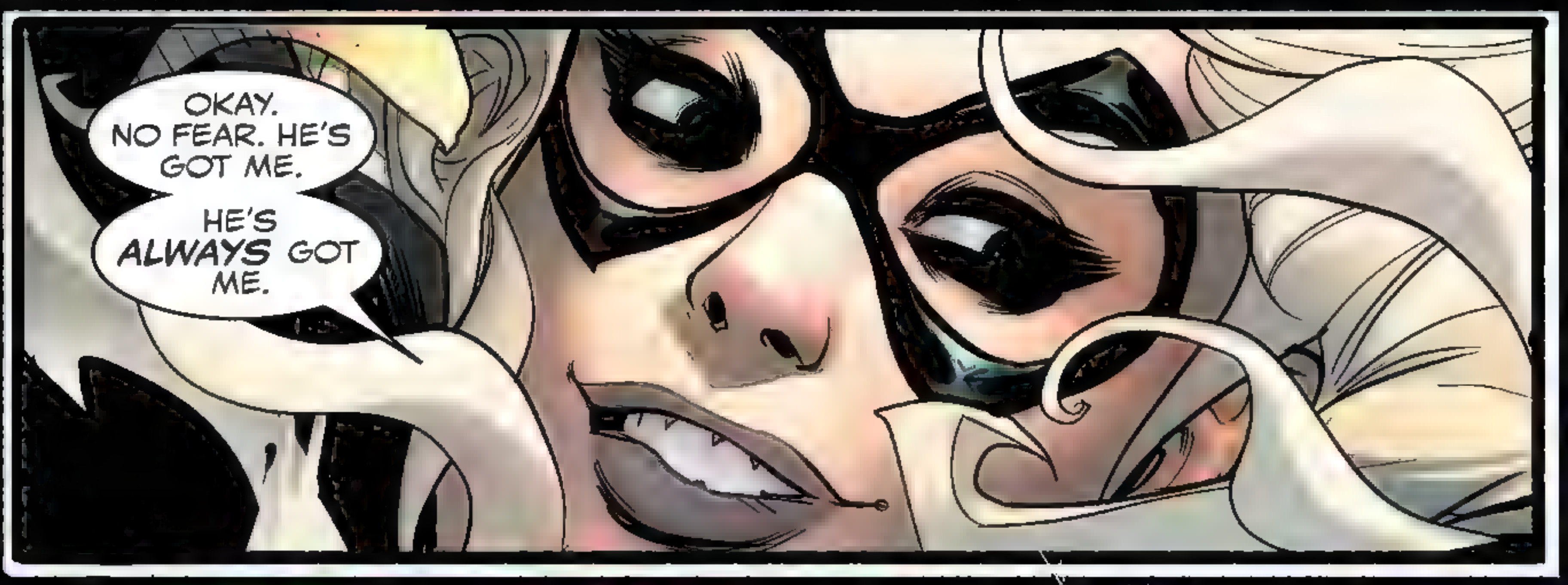
I HATE YOU
BECAUSE YOU **SUCK.**

WILL YOU TWO IDIOT
CHILDREN

SHUT

UP?!





OKAY.
NO FEAR. HE'S
GOT ME.

HE'S
ALWAYS GOT
ME.



FELICIA!
ARE YOU
OKAY?

WHOOF!
PURRR-FECT,
SPIDER.

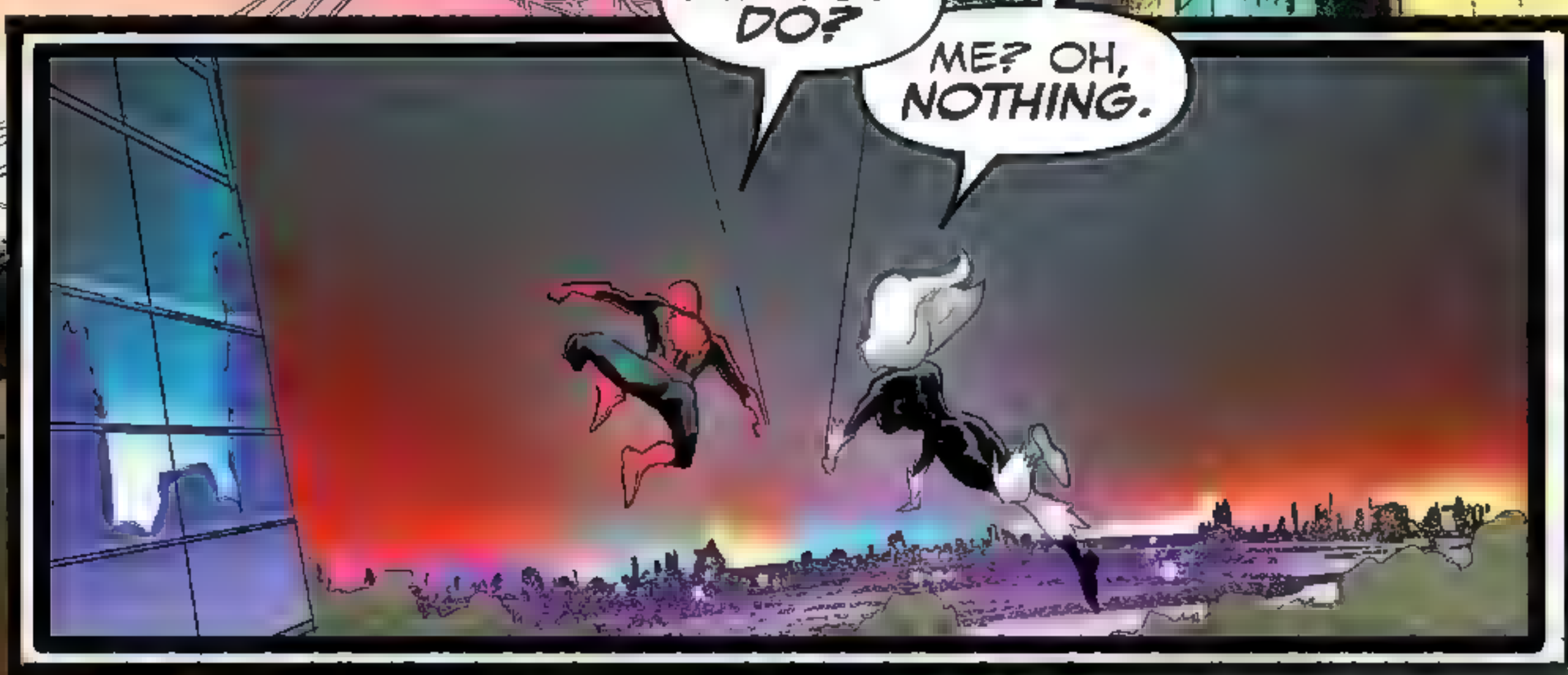
THANKS
FOR THE
SAVE.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE HE
GOT AWAY.

OH, I
WOULDN'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT.

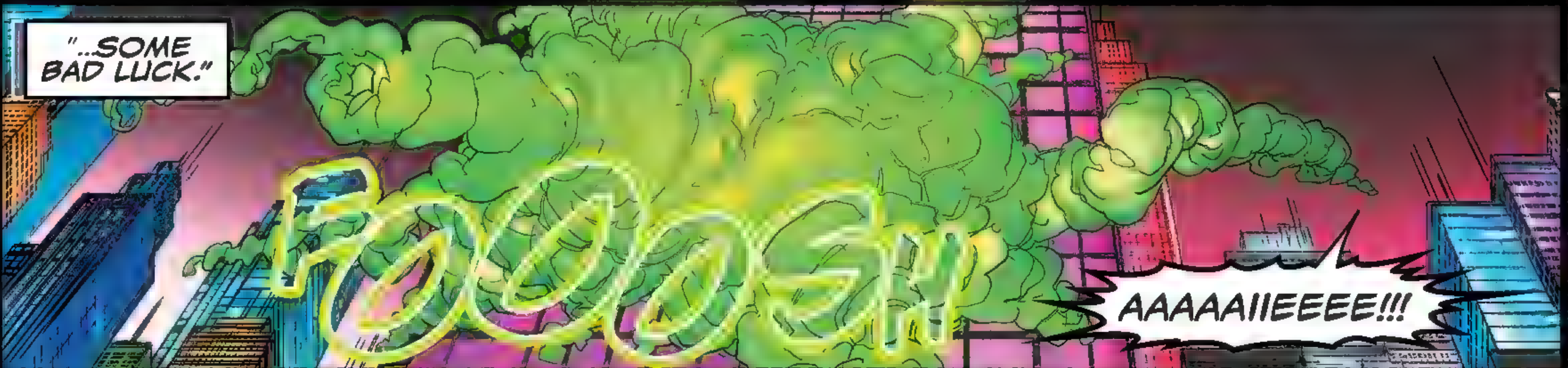
WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

ME? OH,
NOTHING.



OH NO.

"I JUST
THINK HE'S
GOING TO
RUN INTO..."



"...SOME
BAD LUCK."

AAAAAIIIEEEE!!!

Later.

BUT I
ALREADY ATE
SUSHI TODAY! AND
THIS TIME IN
ASTORIA NO
LESS!

QUIT YOUR
MOANING. I
PAID FOR IT,
DIDN'T I?

LORD, MY
MERCURY LEVELS
ARE GOING TO BE
THROUGH THE
ROOF.

LOOK, I'VE
BEEN MEANING
TO ASK, AND THIS
IS AS GOOD AN
OPPORTUNITY
AS ANY:

WHAT
ARE YOU UP
TO?

WHY,
WHATEVER
DO YOU
MEAN?

FELICIA,

WHAT

ARE

YOU

UP TO?





FIRST I
HEAR THAT
SILVER SABLE
BROKE INTO DOCTOR
STRANGE'S
PAD--

WOW, YOU
THINK YOU KNOW
SOMEONE--

AND
STOPPED AN ALIEN
INVASION.

I
DIDN'T **STEAL**
ANYTHING--

WHAT CAN
I SAY? I'M AN
IT GIRL.

--THEN I
HEAR THAT
YOU WERE AT THE
**FANTASTIC
FOUR'S**
PLACE--

--THEN **DANNY
RAND** TELLS ME
YOU BROKE INTO HIS
BUILDING, WITH THE
BEETLE--

--AND THEN,
TONY STARK
COMES TO ME
ALL IN A LATHER,
WANTING TO
KNOW ABOUT
YOU!



AND YOUR
CREW, FROM THE
MAGGIA WEDDING?
THEY **BEAT ME UP**
ONE TIME, BACK
WHEN **WE** FIRST
MET!

WAIT,
SERIOUSLY?

I THOUGHT
THEY WERE
LYING...



LOOK, SPIDER...

I DO THINGS YOU DON'T LIKE. YOU DO THINGS I DON'T LIKE.

LIKE WHAT?!

LIKE SHACKING UP WITH REDHEADS.

THOUGH SERIOUSLY, YOU'RE SHACKED UP WITH **BOOMERANG** NOW? REALLY? BOOMERANG?

ERR...



OUR RELATIONSHIP-- OUR **FRIENDSHIP**--IS A WEIRD BALANCE.

MAYBE I'M RUNNING A CAPER. OR MAYBE THOSE ARE ALL JUST COINCIDENCES. BUT YOU KNOW ME WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I'M NOT GOING TO **HURT** ANYONE.

OR NOT ANYONE WHO DOESN'T HAVE IT COMING, AT LEAST.

I GUESS THAT'S AS GOOD AN ANSWER AS I'M GOING TO GET, ISN'T IT?

PRETTY MUCH. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SPIDER.



HAVE YOU MET ME? ALL I DO IS WORRY ABOUT THE PEOPLE IN MY LIFE.

HA!



SPEAKING OF WHICH, DO YOU THINK THE **VULTURE'S** GOING TO BE OKAY?



"HONESTLY?"

"WHO CARES?"

SPIDERS
THAT EAT
BIRDS!

SPIDERS
THAT EAT
BIRDS!

**CATS AND
SPIDERS THAT
EAT BIRDS!**



The End



#11 variant by **GREG LAND** and **FRANK D'ARMATA**



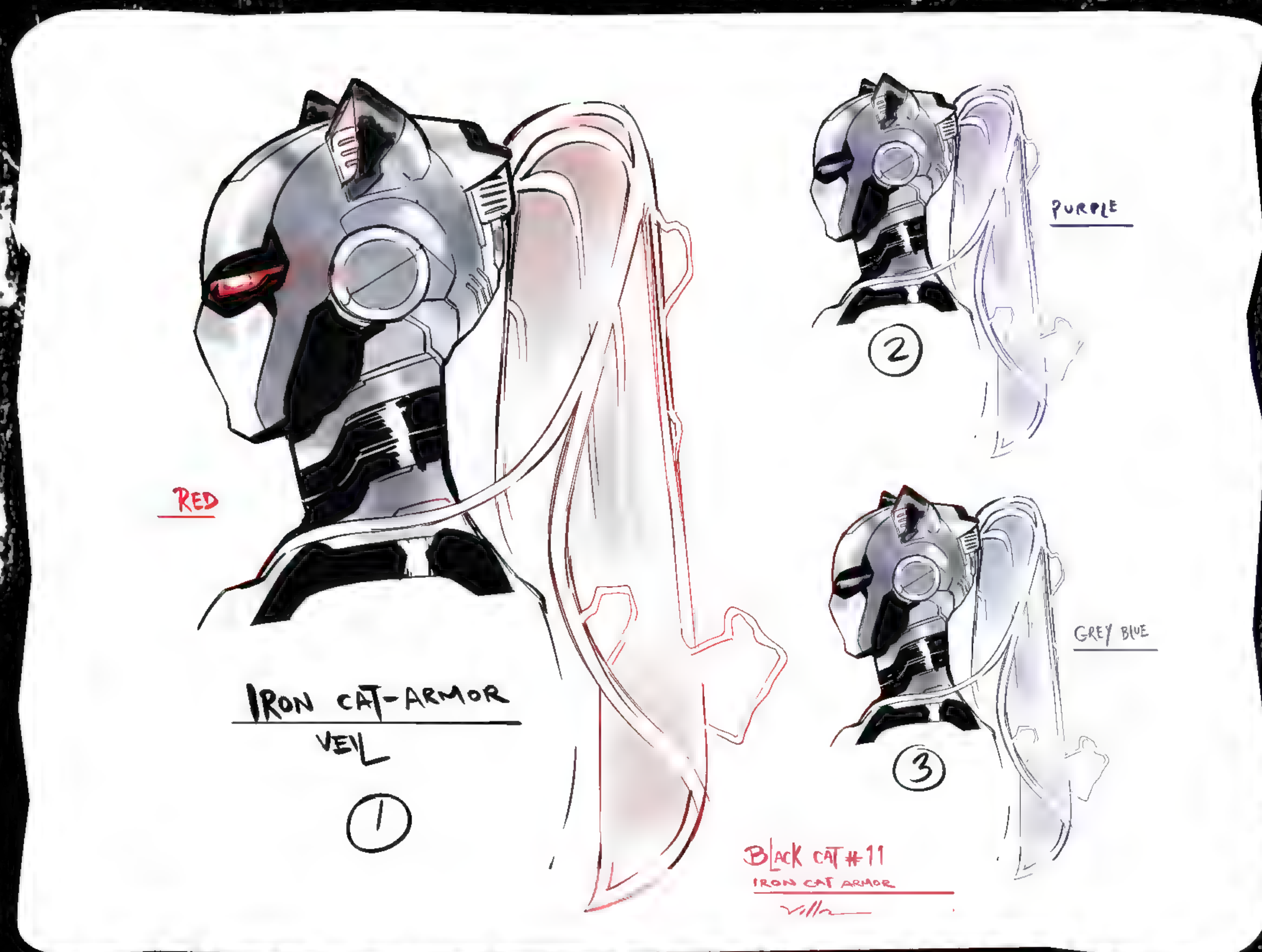
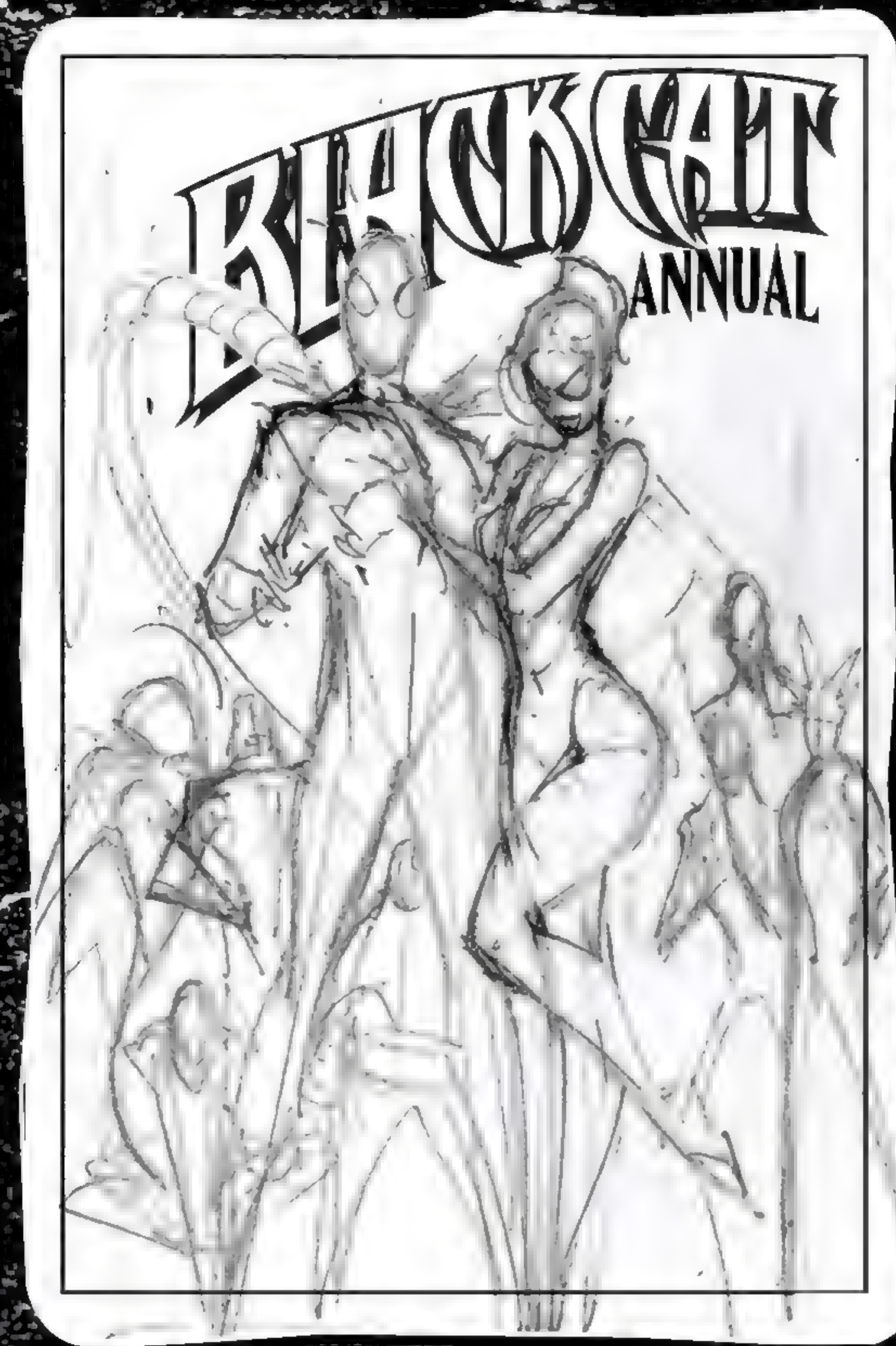
#12 variant by **SKAN**



Annual #1 variant by **TODD NAUCK**



Annual #1 variant by **GERARDO SANDOVAL** and **MORRY HOLLOWELL**

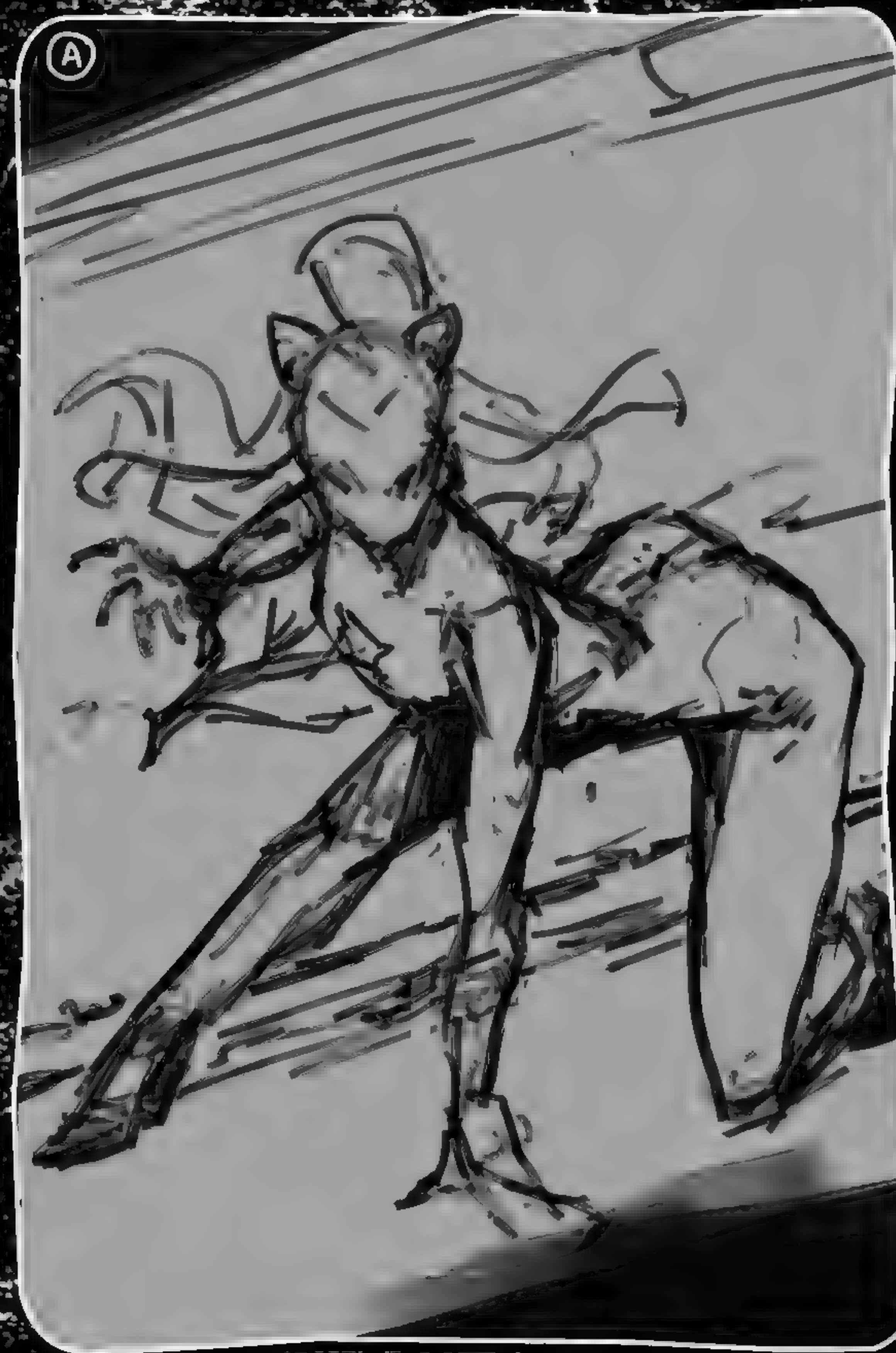


Iron Cat designs by C.F. VILLA





Annual #1 cover art by **TODD NAUCK**



#12 variant cover sketch by **SKAN**



#12 variant cover sketch by **SKAN**



Annual #1 cover sketch by **GERARDO SANDOVAL**



Annual #1 cover sketch by **GERARDO SANDOVAL**



Annual #1 cover sketch by **GERARDO SANDOVAL**



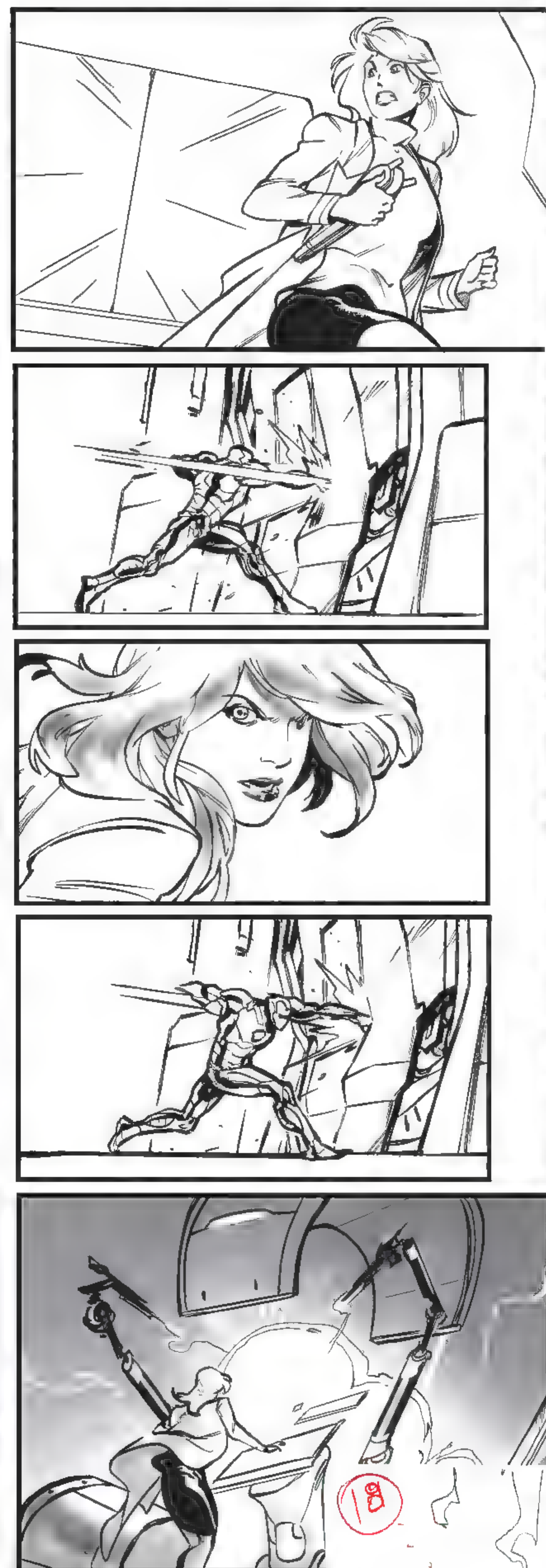
Annual #1 cover sketch by **GERARDO SANDOVAL**



Annual #1 cover art by **GERARDO SANDOVAL**



#11, page 18 art by **C.F. VILLA**



18



#11, page 18 layouts by **C.F. VILLA**

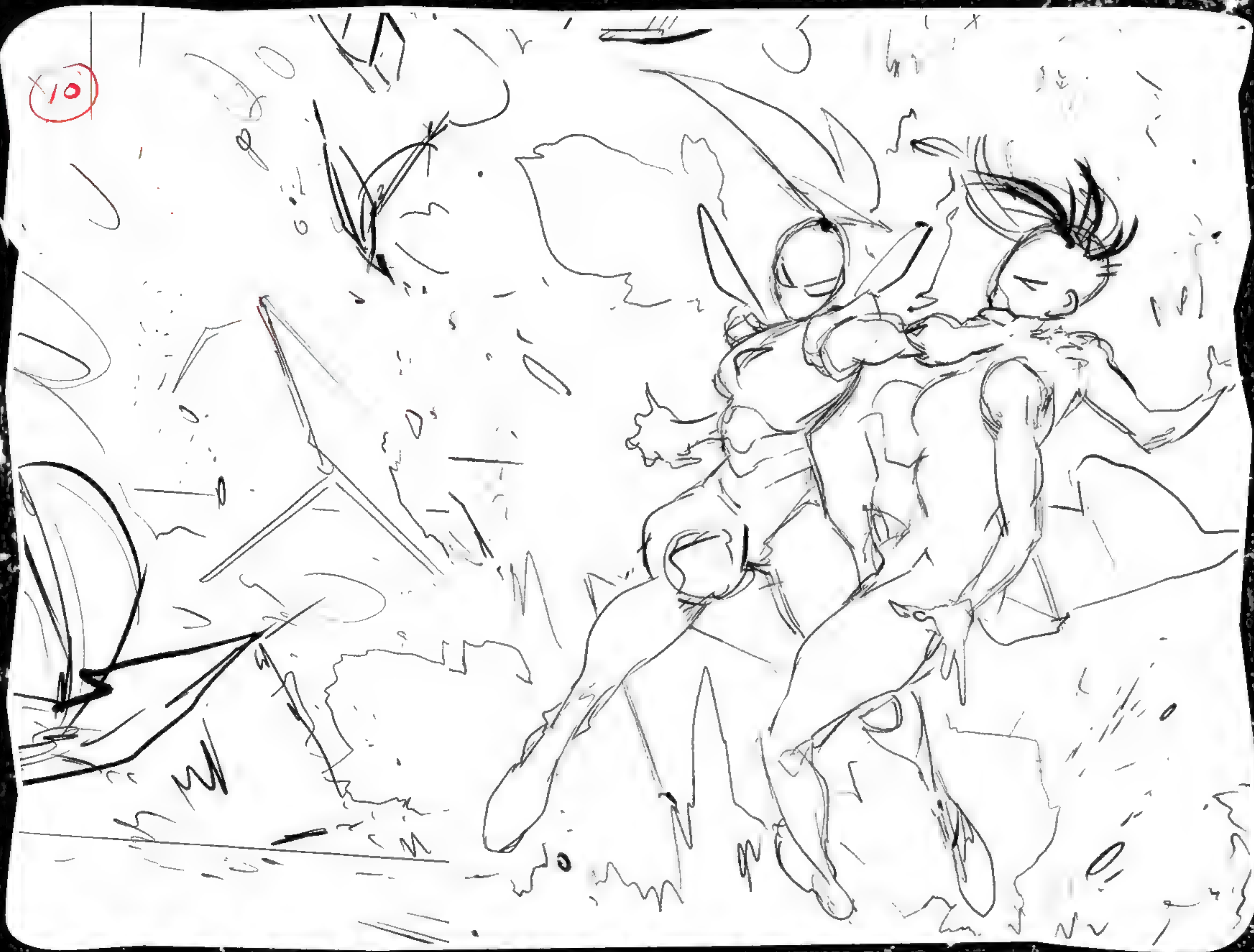


#11, page 20 art by **C.F. VILLA**



20

#11, page 20 layouts by **C.F. VILLA**



#12, page 10 layouts by **C.F. VILLA**



#12, page 10 art by **C.F. VILLA**



#12, page 20 art by **C.F. VILLA**



#12, page 20 layouts by **C.F. VILLA**



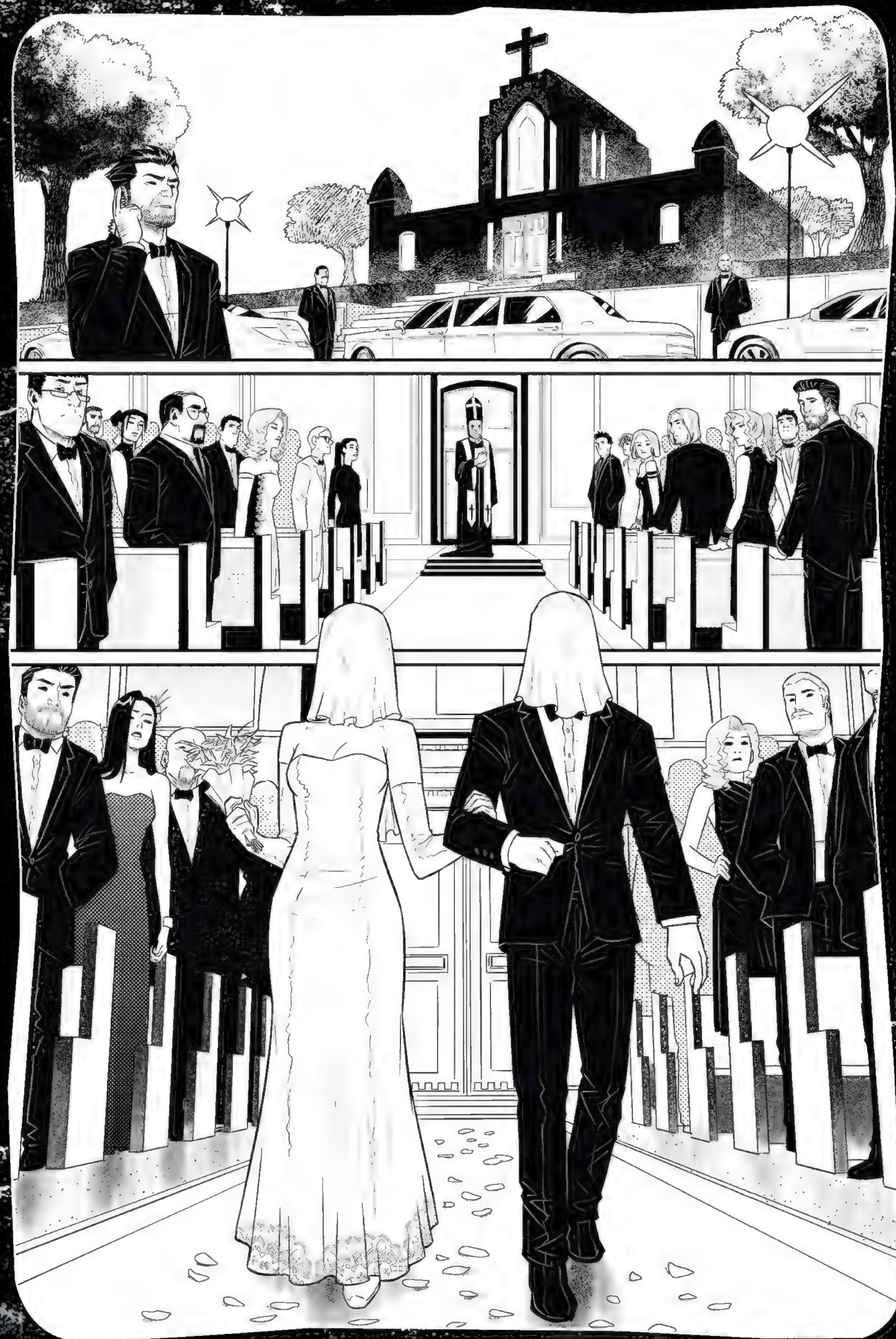
Annual #1, pages 1-20 thumbnails by JOEY VAZQUEZ



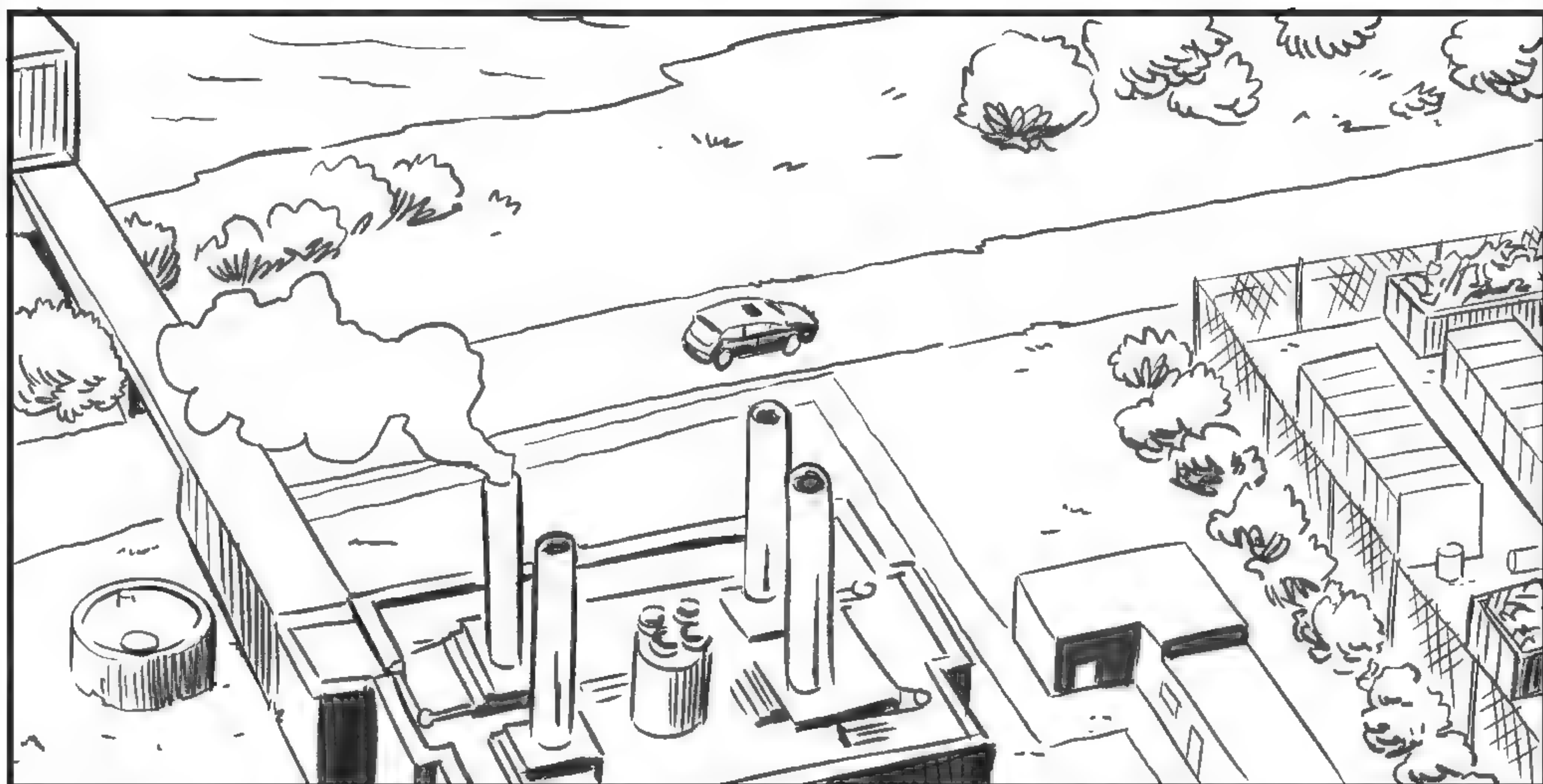
Annual #1, page 1 art by JOEY VAZQUEZ

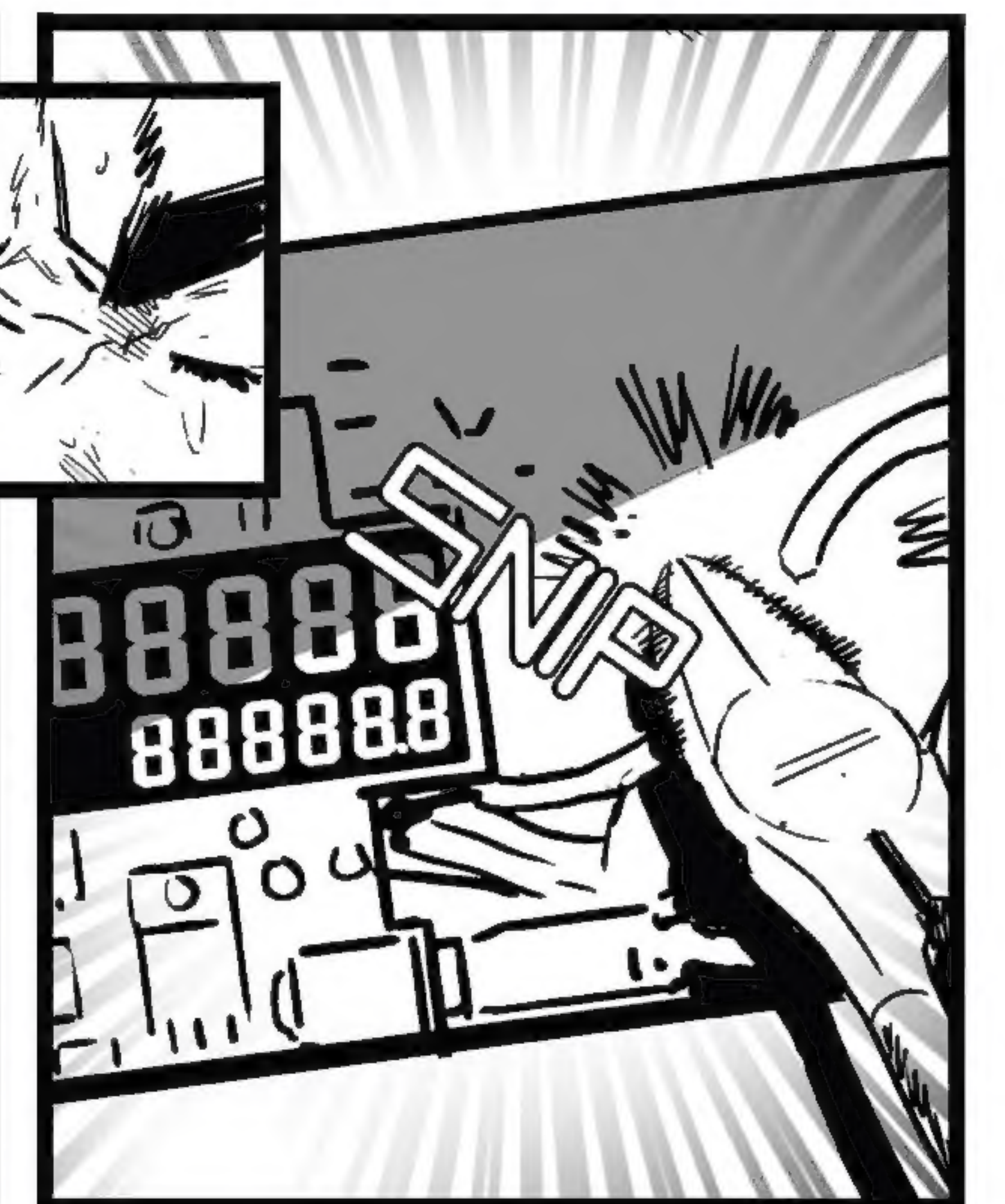
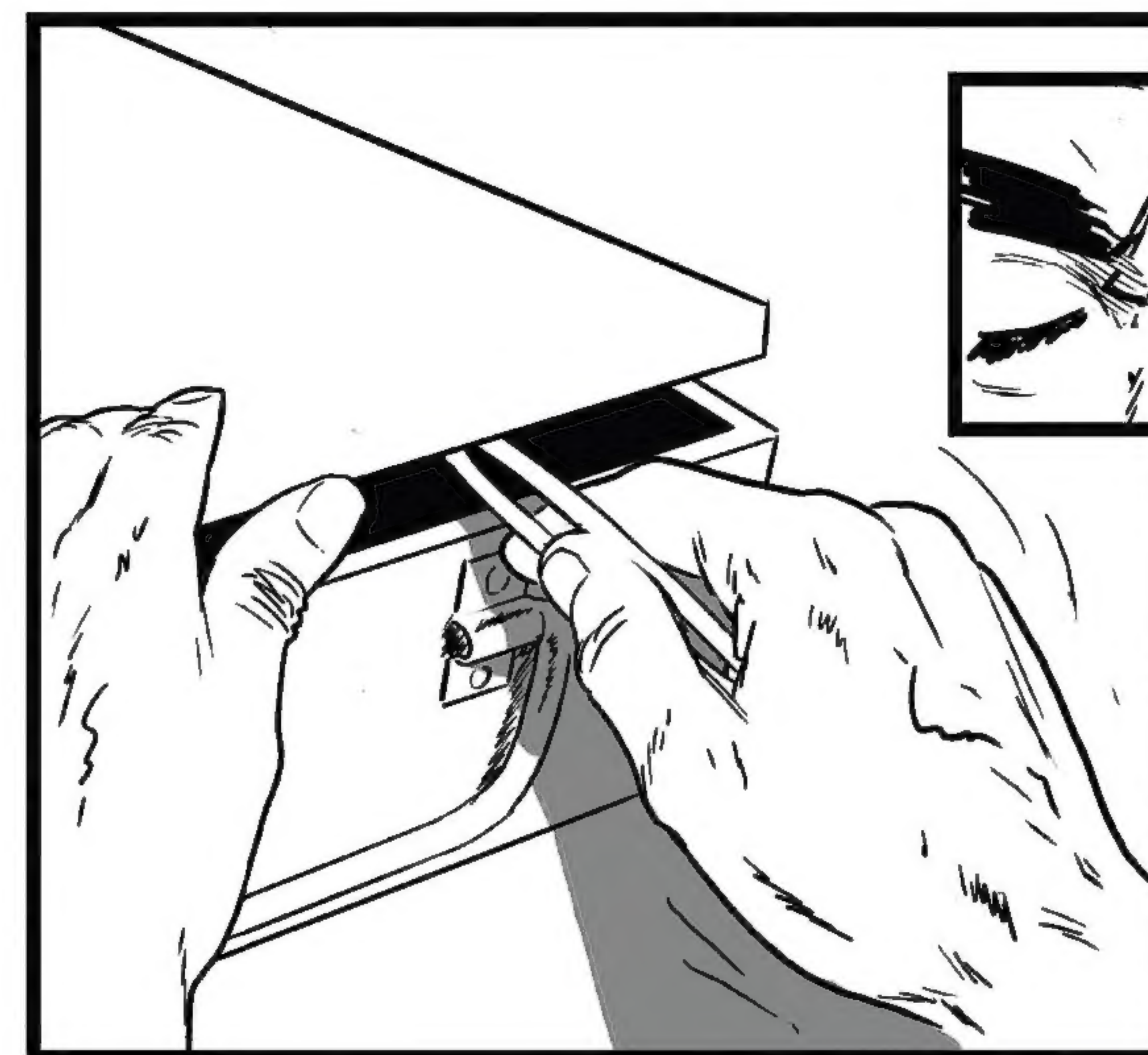


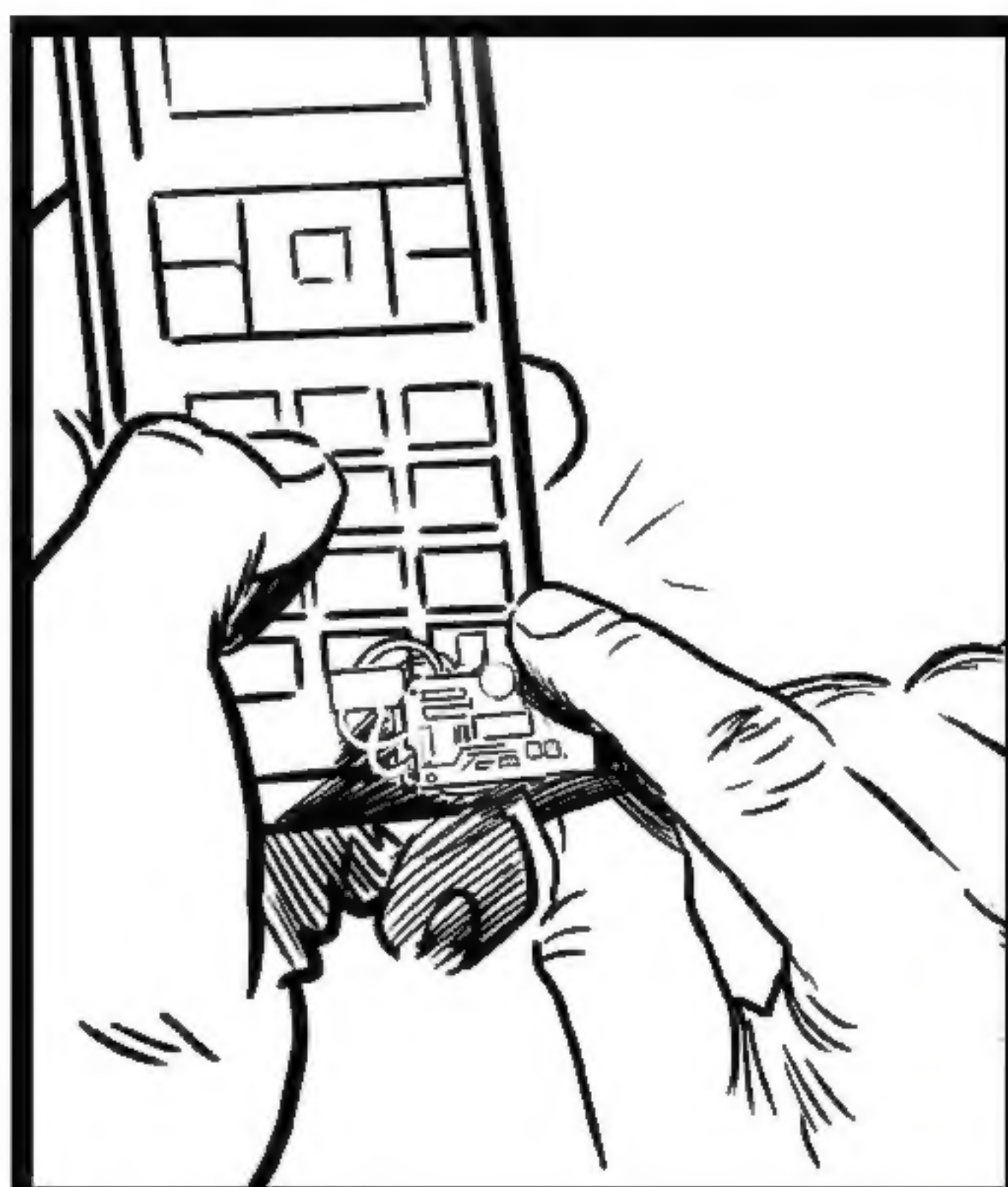
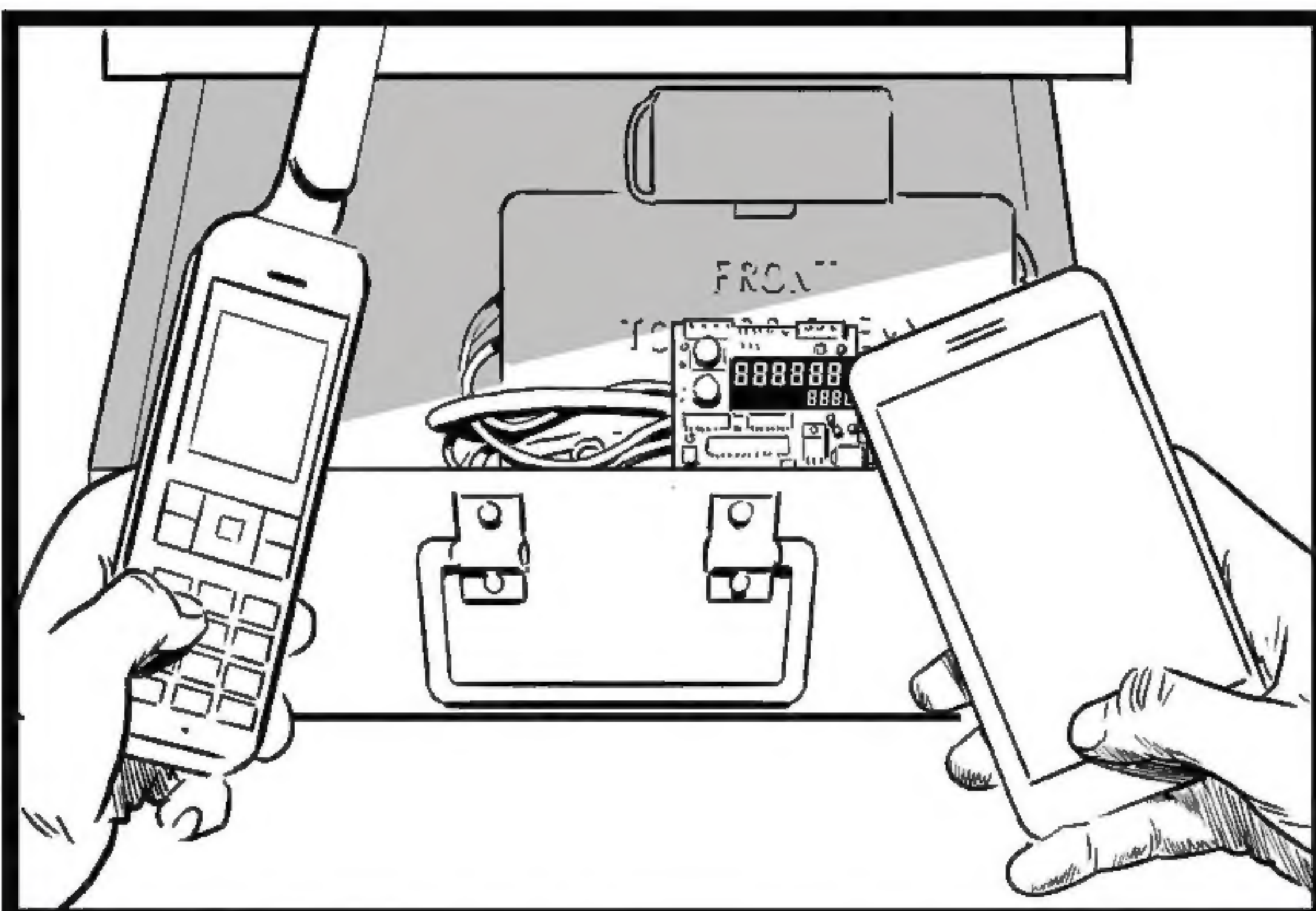
Annual #1, page 2 art by JOEY VAZQUEZ



Annual #1, page 3 art by JOEY VAZQUEZ







“This book, thanks to Jed MacKay and his team, is pure entertainment.” – Comic Crusaders

THE BLACK CAT'S MARVEL UNIVERSE *CRIME SPREE CONTINUES!*

AND HER NEXT TARGET IS STARK UNLIMITED! But stealing a suit of Iron Man armor is bold, even for a master thief like Felicia Hardy. And now she's on the run (on the fly, really) from Shellhead through the concrete canyons of Manhattan! But Felicia is also still on the run from the Thieves Guild – and it's possible that the armor wasn't really all she was stealing! Plus: You are cordially invited to the wedding of Black Cat...and Spider-Man?! Is this the comics event of the year, or is something else going on? Even if Spidey and the Cat are a happy couple, they won't be for long – because the Vulture is preparing to strike!



COLLECTING **BLACK CAT #11-12** AND **ANNUAL #1**; AND MATERIAL FROM
FREE COMIC BOOK DAY 2020 (SPIDER-MAN/VENOM) – BY JED MacKAY,
C.F. VILLA, JOEY VAZQUEZ, NATACHA BUSTOS, JUAN GEDEON, PATRICK GLEASON,
BRIAN REBER AND DAVID CURIEL.

MARVEL

